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October 22, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



AWSON
WOOD.

Richard L. Neuberger Robert G. Elliott
Ernest Haycox Jim Crowley Mil

Oct. 22, 1938

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MRS J O MAVOR
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"WELL, LOOK AT THE DUKE!"

"Listen, Bob—
you know you really
can't afford to wear
clothes like that."

"But I didn't pay any more
than usual. This is a
Hart Schaffner & Marx
Triple Test Worsted suit
—that's the difference!"



THIS scene is being duplicated in a thousand homes tonight all over the country—and the same feelings are no doubt being voiced about a thousand Triple Test Worsted suits. For Triple Test Worsted is America's ace clothing value . . . it looks like a million dollars—yet costs only thirty-five!

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Triple Test Worsted

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THE TRUMPETER LABEL



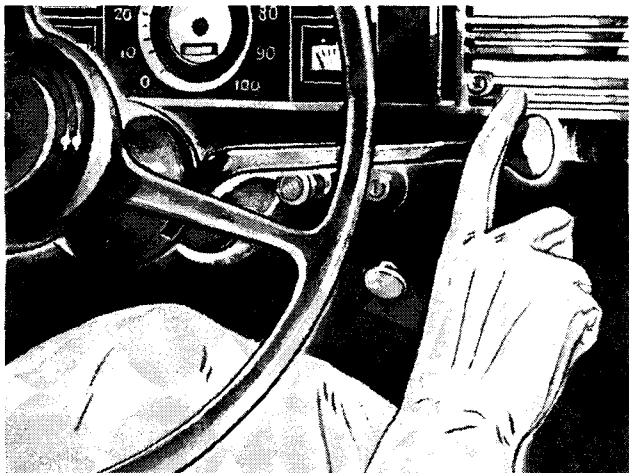
A Small Thing to Look for
. . . a Big Thing to Find

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

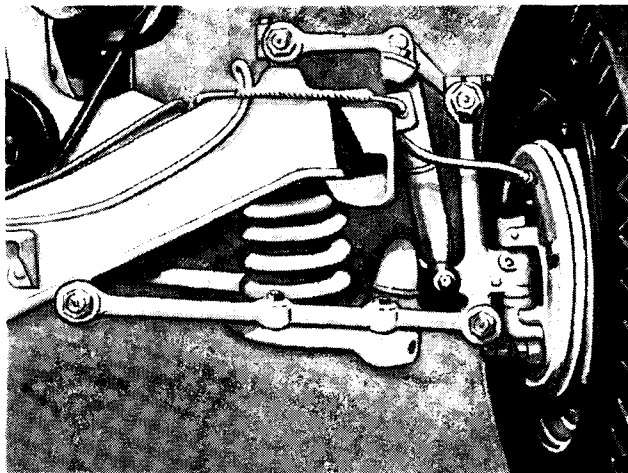
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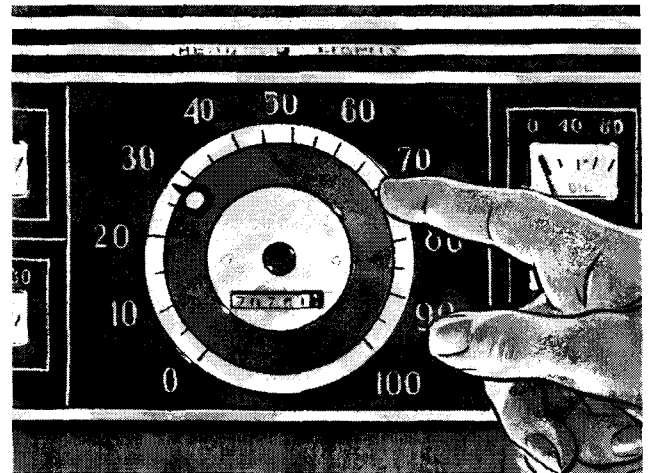
NEW 1939 PLYMOUTH...Glamorous New Styling...Longer Wheelbase...
New High-Torque Engine Performance with New Economy...Perfected
Remote Control Shifting...New All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission...New
Amola Steel Coil Springs...New "Safety Signal" Speedometer.



1 PERFECTED Remote Control Gear Shifting with All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission, standard on "De Luxe" models. Much easier to shift...nothing new to learn!



2 NEW AMOLA STEEL Coil Springs...finest design in the industry...give Plymouth its marvelously smooth new ride. Amola Steel is the new marvel of metallurgy.



3 INGENUOUS NEW "SAFETY SIGNAL" Speedometer helps you drive safely. Light on the speedometer dial shows green, amber, or a warning red, according to your speed.

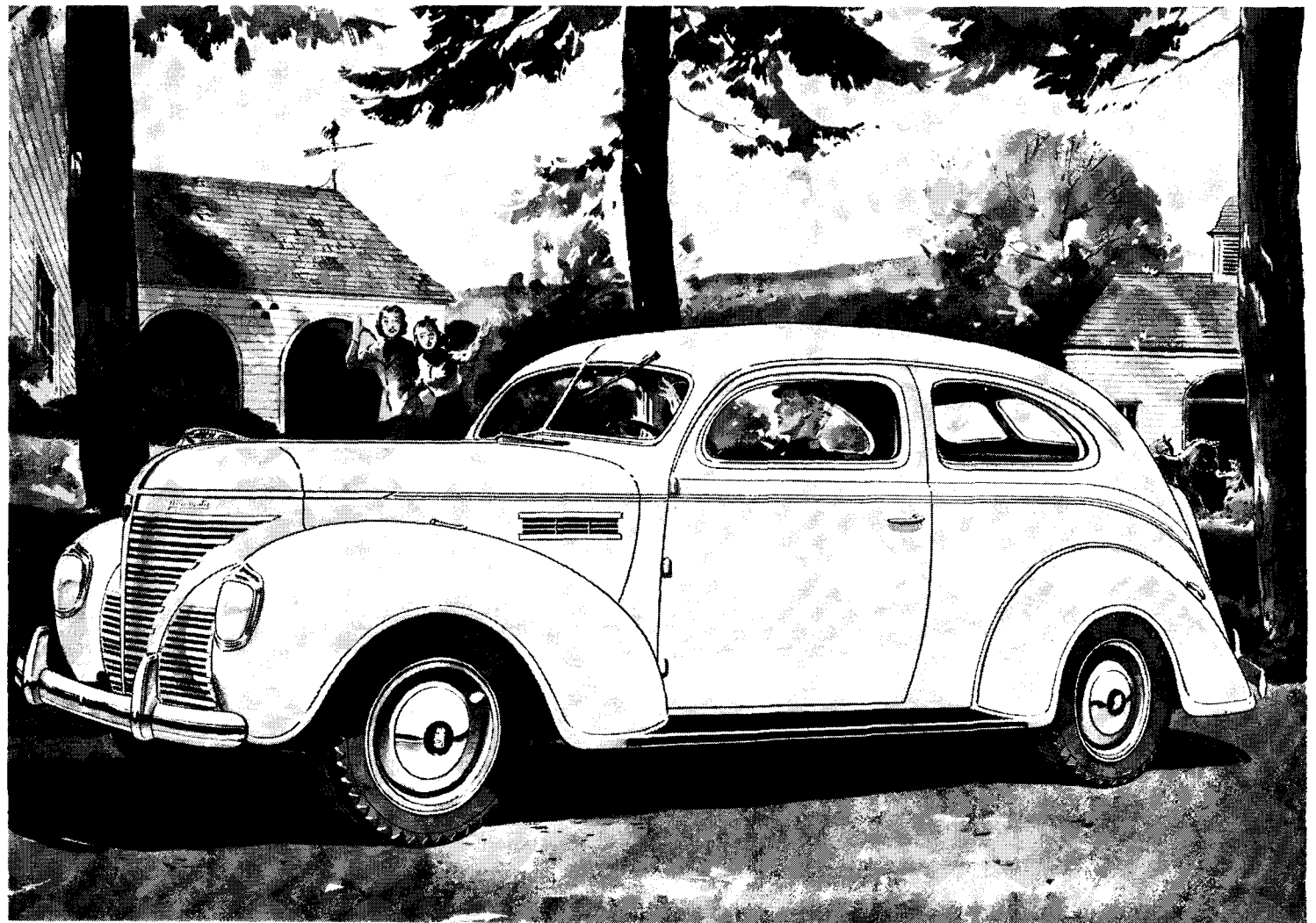
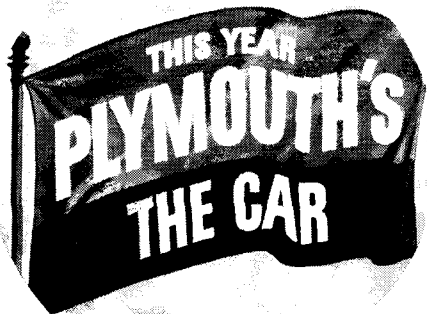
GREAT ENGINEERING IN NEW "ROADKING" AND NEW "DE LUXE"

PLYMOUTH'S GOT IT—more value, beauty, luxury, than any low-priced car in history. New High-Torque engine performance with new economy; new safety and a wonderful new ride!

Yet Plymouth prices are even lower!

See Plymouth—drive it—and you'll understand why people everywhere are calling it the "car of the year"!

Easy to own...your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price...balance in very low monthly instalments. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.



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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

New Lower Prices!

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TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR...
C. B. S. NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

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Collier's

October 22, 1938

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art

DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

THE friendship between Dick Patterson and Andrew Paige dated from a time long before they met and fell in love with Louise. After that the friendship went right on. And there wasn't any jealousy in it. They pretended to each other, and to themselves, that the girl meant nothing to them.

And then the war came, and pretense wasn't any good any more. Humphrey Cobb, author of "Paths of Glory," begins a novel of love in time of war, "None But the Brave."

FOR those who talk blithely about pension plans we suggest a brief but intensive look at the state of Colorado. Colorado has a pension plan, and Colorado's pension plan has Colorado down. The commonwealth has tried hard, and sometimes it must hardly seem worth while, for no uniform hymn of thanks rises from the pensioners. There are, in fact, murmurs of discontent. We hesitate to speak harshly of human nature, but you may be able to discern a weakness in it when you inspect Colorado's plan with Walter Davenport.

IT WAS almost too much for Nina when she saw "The Yacht in the Meadow." There was a canal there, of course, and so there was nothing supernatural or catastrophic about the boat's being there. But when you have spent five years working hard and saving every penny in order to marry a man who, perhaps, never will be able to marry you, it's hard to wake up and see a boat like that and know it could be yours if you changed your mind. The story is by Hamlen Hunt.

WE HEAR from time to time criticism of young people who fail to make the most of a college education. Kitty Davis of Chicago, we are happy to report, escapes this charge. She is doing very well, not only with her own college experience, but with that of others. In "Postgraduate Work" Quentin Reynolds shows you her particular blend of conviviality and higher learning.

WHEN Pete McKay and his crew got busy blasting out a road there wasn't much on earth that could stop them. The fact that Ruth Drake gave them pause is due to very peculiar circumstances—into which John Hawkins goes at length in "Home-Town Job."

OTHER contributors include J. D. Ratcliff, Charles Cox, Jr., Albert Richard Wetjen, Will F. Jenkins, Frank Morris, Jack Miley, John August and Freling Foster.

This Week

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COVER

LAWSON WOOD

Any Week

WE ARE having more than a little trouble keeping calm in the face of a situation recently uncovered by Mr. J. D. Kattel of Spokane, Washington. Having brooded for a season on the apparent inability of the world to increase the number of its virtues, Mr. Kattel decided to look to the rising generation for the reasons. So he invited twenty high-school boys and girls to a picnic as guests of his own son and daughter. A great deal of innocent merry-making was indulged in, interrupted only for half an hour whilst Mr. Kattel made a few tests and observations. He reports that the world's trouble may be laid with justice to our secondary educational system. "I examined them boys and girls," writes Mr. Kattel, "asking them questions and words a baby wouldn't have no trouble with. In a half hour they gave me the answer spelling six wrong and making plenty mistakes in grammar."

FOR years our ambition has been to hand out swift, satisfactory answers to correspondents like Mr. Kattel. We used to think that an occasional whacking good purge would do the trick. But we read the papers and have been losing faith in such measures. Besides, we're almost certain, at such moments, to receive a letter like this one from Miss Mary E. Schloemann of Denison, Texas. She wants to know "how to persuade the country to follow the tactics of the Honorable Lee O'Daniel, who is about to be elected governor of Texas, and elect a true Jeffersonian Democrat President in 1940." Continues Miss Schloemann: "I am seriously considering emigrating to God knows where. I wouldn't be much loss to the country, being quite homely and rather dumb. But I do pay taxes and Uncle Sam is going to need every little taxpayer."



MISS SCHLOEMANN'S next-to-last sentence hits us pretty hard. Possibly she's seen as well as read us and knew that she'd be striking a deeply responsive chord. Which seems to be a good place to insert a note from Mrs. June McTulley of Denver, Colorado: "I saw your picture in the paper but did not read the article, thinking from the picture that it was just another Public Enemy piece."

ANYWAY, we found ourselves talking to a beautiful and intelligent movie star. We'd been wanting to meet that gal for years. We were immersed in what we regard as a pretty profound conversation with her when we felt a tap on our shoulder. It was her husband. "Awfully sorry," said he, "but I merely want to ask my wife something. Let me have ten seconds like a good fellow, won't you?" Then he turned to her: "Listen, darling, have I any handkerchiefs?" She gave him a brief glance. "No," she said. Then he apologized and left us to our scholarly discussion. We've forgotten what it was.



ONE of the things we've got to do in the near future is dig up a suitable reply to an invitation to join a committee "to welcome new Republican members of Congress to Washington and keep them from falling under the spell of well-known un-American influences." It would not be necessary, Mrs. William Terence Trench of Washington, D. C., assures us, to be a Republican. "All we want are self-supporting Americans to do this blessed service," says Mrs. Trench.

A NUMBER of rather baffling problems have been left on our doorstep. For example, Mrs. B. Hoggwitt of Miami, Florida, wants to know: "Who will be the successor to Shirley Temple?" Mr. Bernie Largaia of Detroit, Michigan, demands that we advise him "whether there is more future in police work than writing stories" and Mr. George Delmo of Springfield, Massachusetts, would like to know whether we'd care to finance a "radio broadcast of Adolf Hitler's speeches in German-American dialect."

BUT perhaps we'd better stick to a decision we made lightly many years ago—stay out of politics. At that time we were convinced that life wouldn't be worth living if a certain girl didn't agree to marry us. She said that she would, provided we'd stop fooling around and devote our career to "public service." She warned us that she would marry no other kind of man and that the man she accepted would one day be a member of Congress. You should have heard us laugh.

BUT he is.

W. D.

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"I don't want to kiss daddy goodnight!"

(Perhaps your child, too, dislikes "5 O'Clock Shadow")

If your child shrinks from that messy, unsightly beard growth which appears on your face in late afternoon, isn't it reasonable to suppose that adults notice it, too?

Isn't it reasonable to suppose that "5 O'Clock Shadow" not only mars your appearance but handicaps you socially and in business?

1 1 1

Avoid "5 O'Clock Shadow"! Don't use inefficient shaving instruments which "top" your beard...

Switch to Gem! Gem Razor's face-fitting bevel automatically gives you the professional barber's root-level shave; the 50% thicker, super-keen Gem Blade not only lasts longer but never leaves a trace of whiskers behind!

Be neat *all day* the sure Gem way!

● \$1.00 buys a Gem Razor with 5 blades at all dealers. Or send coupon and 25¢ for "Proof" offer.



AVOID "5 O'CLOCK SHADOW" WITH GEM RAZOR AND BLADES

TWIST - IT OPENS! TWIST - IT CLOSES! All one piece - nothing to take apart!

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Please send me special "Proof" set containing 1 single- and 1 double-edge Gem Blade AND THE REGULATION CHROME-PLATED GEM RAZOR. Here's my quarter (stamps or coin).

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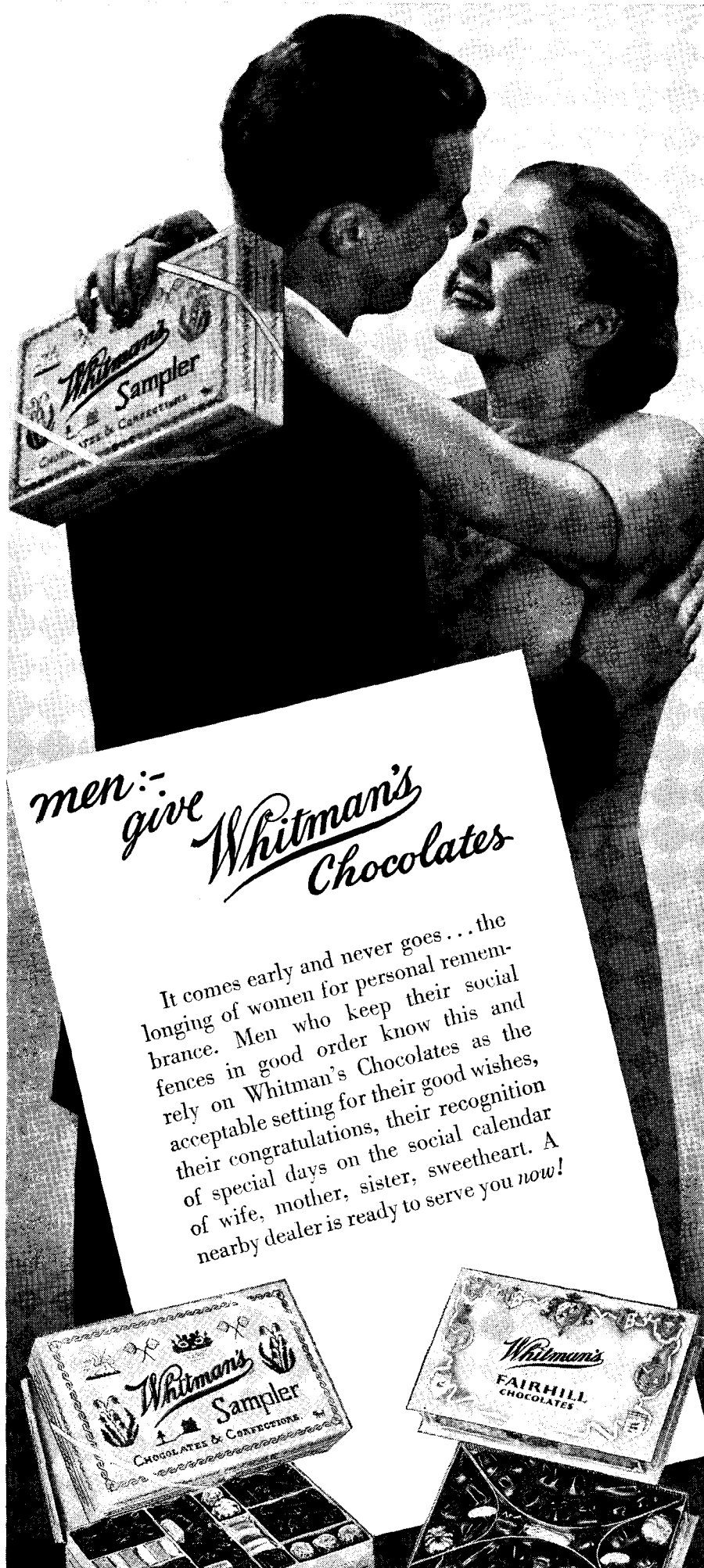
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men:-
give *Whitman's*
Chocolates

It comes early and never goes... the longing of women for personal remembrance. Men who keep their social fences in good order know this and rely on Whitman's Chocolates as the acceptable setting for their good wishes, their congratulations, their recognition of special days on the social calendar of wife, mother, sister, sweetheart. A nearby dealer is ready to serve you now!



The
SAMPLER

Most famous box of candy favorites—red-ripe luscious cherries in a fondant cordial, delectable honey nougat, crisp nut centers, in Whitman's incomparable chocolate. There are 100 pieces, 35 different kinds in the 17-oz. Sampler at \$1.50. Also in 2, 3 and 5 lb. sizes.



The
FAIRHILL

Outstanding box of candy at \$1 a pound. A taste-tempting variety of nut, caramel, marshmallow, cream and crisp centers in Whitman's velvety-smooth chocolate. 1 lb.—\$1. Also 25c, 50c, \$2, \$3, \$5 sizes.

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The custom of marking merchandise at such odd prices as 49 cents, 79 cents and 98 cents originated in a New York department store about 1860. As cash registers were not yet in use, these prices made it necessary for the clerks to go to a central cashier for change, thus avoiding the temptation to pilfer a coin or bill.—By Herbert I. Diamond, Brooklyn, New York.

The Social Security Board in Baltimore estimated that during the fiscal year that ended June 30, 1938, approximately 285,000 persons were eligible for their lump-sum payments, which are due at the age of 65 years—or at death. But claims were filed by only sixty per cent of them.—By Edward E. Brennan, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Throughout the world, statues of Buddha far outnumber those of Christ. In China and Japan particularly, millions of them, varying greatly in size and shape, fill temples, courtyards, caverns and public and private gardens. It is not unusual to find 10,000 small Buddhas carved in the walls of a remote and abandoned cave.

A unique form of public mourning was observed in New York City on the eve of the funeral of President Harding in 1923. More than a hundred large office buildings had their windows lighted, from dusk to dawn, so that they formed huge crosses of light, many of which were visible for miles.

Although photography is almost one hundred years old, no one knows exactly how the chemical action of light is able to form and fix a picture on the silver halide emulsion.—By George W. Thompson, Little Rock, Arkansas.

In 1925 the beginning of the astronomical day was changed from noon to midnight to conform with the civil or ordinary day and be more understandable to almanac readers.—By Beth Bain, New York City.

Although the crypt of St. Peter's in Rome is supposed to be reserved for the tombs of the Popes and princes of the Roman Catholic Church, it contains two women—Countess Matilda of Tuscany, who died in 1115, and Queen Christina of Sweden, who died in 1689.

When the automobile was commonly called the "horseless carriage," many names were proposed for the new invention, among them being autogo, autokinet, autovic, cabine, carleck, gasmobile, ipsomotor, kineter, sineque and victorine.—By Mrs. H. D. Robertson, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

One of the few magazine advertisements that ever carried a usable sample of its merchandise—a safety-razor blade—ran recently in a German trade journal. In an envelope pasted on the advertisement was a real blade.—By H. F. Rothe, Saltville, Virginia.

Man, apes, monkeys, marmosets and lemurs are the only creatures than can focus their eyes and distinctly see both near and distant objects.

Between the smallest and largest plant seeds there is a wide difference in weight. Those of the streptocarpus, a South African herb, are so light that 1,800,000 weigh only an ounce, while those of the coco de mar, a palm of the Seychelles Islands, weigh as much as thirty-two and a half pounds each. Thus, the one is 936 million times as heavy as the other.

The Marquess of Ripon (1827-1909), former British statesman, was probably the greatest hunter in history. Between 1867 and 1900, he killed 370,728 animals, ranging from rhinoceroses to rabbits.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's. The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.





“Write it down 50 times!”

JOE: Now, honey, you know I'm no Simon Legree... but this time I'm desperate...

JANIE: Lacey still mad about pretty shirt Janie bought?

JOE: Mad? Oh, no! No, I'm not mad! That pretty shirt you bought almost choked me to death, that's all!

JANIE: But Lacey, dear, the man said...

JOE: Sure, I know what he said. He told you that shirt was “pre-shrunk”... that's what he said.

JANIE: Joe! How did you ever guess?

JOE: Guess? I used to buy “pre-shrunk” shirts, too. And how some of those babies did shrink! The only way you can be sure a shirt won't shrink out of size is to look for the name Sanforized-Shrunk. Now write it down like I tell you...

JANIE: All right, dear. “Every shirt I buy for Joe has to be Sanforized-Shrunk!” Joe, what is Sanforized-Shrunk?

JOE: Listen, fluff-puff. Sanforized-Shrunk is the shrinking process that is patented and controlled. It's the process that takes out the shrinkage within a trifling 1%, by Government standard test! It's the process that...never mind, get on with your writing!...

JANIE: “Every shirt I buy for Joe has to be Sanforized-Shrunk. Every shirt I buy...” Joe, do they cost any more?

JOE: No! The stores carry Sanforized-Shrunk shirts in all price ranges. All you have to do is look for the tag or label that says...

JANIE: Don't tell me... I know! “Every shirt I buy for Joe has to be Sanforized-Shrunk...”

JOE: “San-FOR-ized,” sweet, not “San-FER-ized”...

JANIE: Okay, Mr. Fuss-Budget! “Every shirt I buy for Joe has to be Sanforized-Shrunk...”

“Every shirt I buy for Joe has to be Sanforized-Shrunk...”

“Every shirt I buy for Joe has to be.....”

“These things, too, Janie...”



Look for the words “Sanforized-Shrunk” whenever you buy anything made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon. For instance—

- Women's Dresses
- Nurses' Uniforms
- Men's Shirts, Slacks, Work Clothes
- Children's Garments
- Slip-covers and Draperies

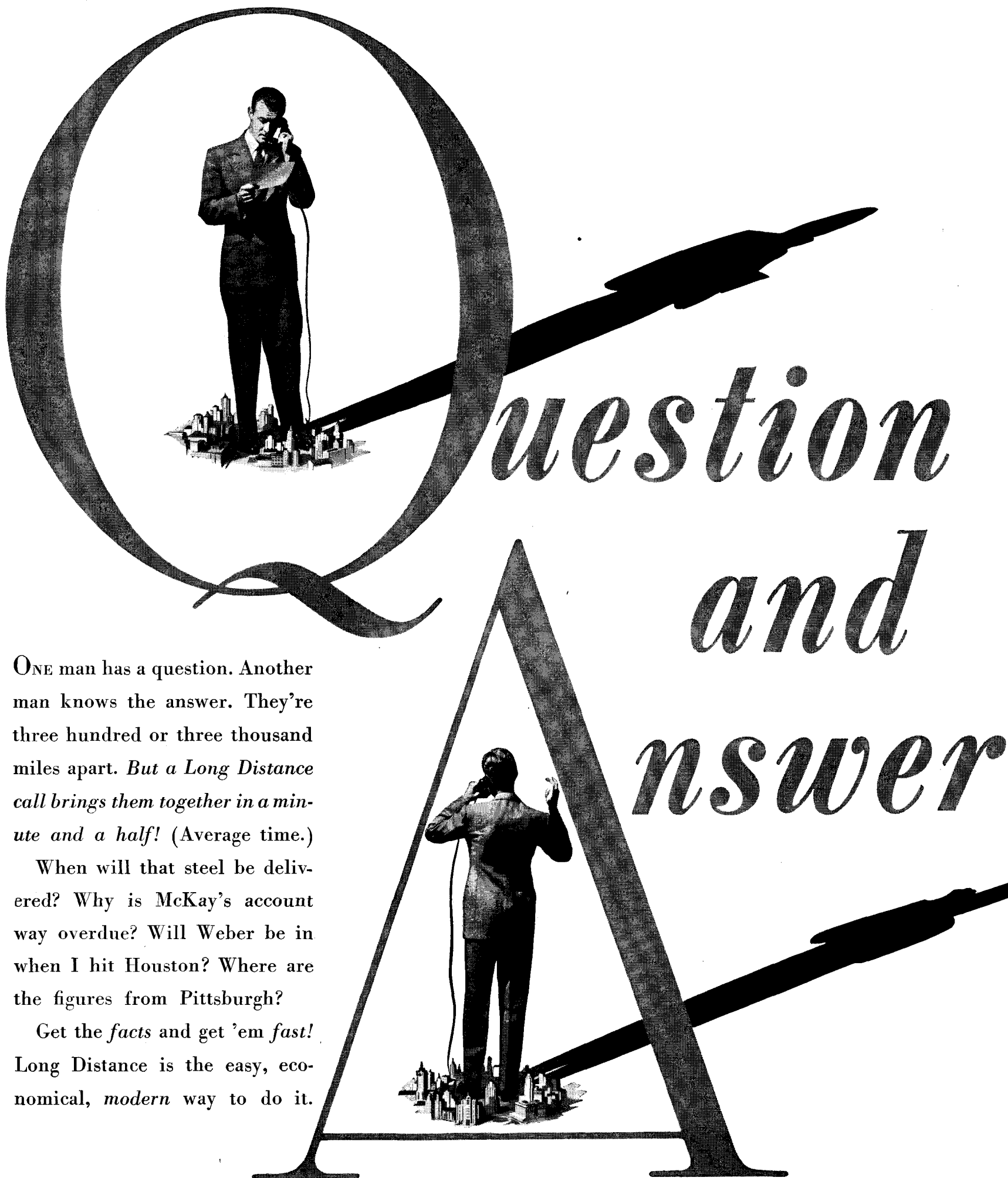
To be sure of permanent fit... look for the words... *Sanforized-Shrunk*

LONG



DISTANCE

means



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When will that steel be delivered? Why is McKay's account way overdue? Will Weber be in when I hit Houston? Where are the figures from Pittsburgh?

Get the *facts* and get 'em *fast*! Long Distance is the easy, economical, *modern* way to do it.

and QUICK ACTION too!



Accidental Night

By Frederick Nebel

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Linc Shelby does a favor for his ex-wife. A murder mystery of unusual power

IT TOOK possibly a minute for the buzzing sound to saw through his sleep but when he opened his eyes in the darkness he was wide awake. His body beneath the covers was warm, his ears and the end of his nose were not unpleasantly cold. He reached for the bed light, changed his mind, got out of bed and after a couple of shivers was warm again inside his flannel bathrobe. The air floating in through the wide-open window carried a sharp January bite, and leaning on the sill he saw a dark coupé parked against the curb, three stories below. The city echoed small sounds hollowly, like an empty auditorium.

Shelby found his bureau, found a pencil-shaped flashlight, kept the beam tilted downward as he moved toward the closed sitting-room door. When he opened the door the beam stretched across the carpet, caught the dark gleam

of Ruth's patent-leather pumps, the metallic sheen of her stockinged legs. She was sitting on the divan. The buzzer was sounding again.

Ruth's voice came in a shrill, uneven whisper: "It's after four. It's—"

He shifted the flashlight to a horizontal position; its beam was not strong enough to make her blink. Her soft, dark red hair was disarranged from sleeping and made a warm sensuous cloud about her pretty face. The dark material of the dress she wore did not, apparently, wrinkle easily; it followed every curve, every small roundness, like poured liquid.

"Somebody wants in, all right," Shelby said.

"Are—are you going to answer it?"

He was reflecting. "I've been wondering. It looks like a police coupé."

She started. "What would the police want?"

Ruth was on the divan. The buzzer was sounding again. Ruth's voice came in a shrill, uneven whisper: "It's after four. It's—"

"You never know. If they're checking up on something, they drop around any time."

He ran a small agency that specialized in investigating insurance claims and frauds.

Her eyes got very wide. "Philip has a coupé—" She stood up, the beginning of panic in her eyes. "Oh, Linc, I shouldn't have come here," she whimpered.

"A nice time to decide that," he said laconically, without rancor; he added, offhand, "Be quiet." Then he looked sharply at her. "How would he know you were here?"

"He wouldn't—he didn't—"

"You didn't suggest that you might come here?"

She was twenty-five, but when she grimaced she looked like a spoiled child. It had always turned him soft and flabby inside. It almost did so now, but he mastered it—and felt as if he breathed easier.

"Do you think I'm crazy?" she cried in a shaky whisper. "I—I just came here, running almost, without thinking. He chased me out—he would have hit me if I hadn't gone. When he's like that, he's a wild man. No reason. And I didn't have my purse. Could I walk the streets all night, in this cold? Or a park bench? Linc, you were the only one I knew—the only one I felt I could come to. Linc, my life has been hell. These past two years I haven't known—"

He silenced her with a gesture, saying, "Whoever it is, he's not taking no for an answer. Take your hat and coat. Go upstairs to the next floor and stay there till it's over." He picked up her hat and coat. "Here. Get going."

She gripped his arm. "Linc, if it's Philip—"

"I'll take care of whoever it is." He gave her a little shove. "Beat it."

She made no sound at all going up the stairs. Shelby pressed the button that would open the front door downstairs, pressed another button that lighted two sets of wall lights in the small sitting room. He also turned on the bedroom lights. Then he leaned in the open corridor doorway, waiting. He was a tall man, heavy-boned, with a long, angular face, lank black hair that was tousled now. Little flecks of curiosity stirred in his brown eyes.

"You sure must pound your ear, fella," said the first of two men as he reached the head of the staircase. "I hope it's on account of you live right."

"You ought to respect a man's office hours once in a while," Shelby said.

"Well, what with one thing and another, Linc." König looked well fed, prosperous. He was a plump man but none of his plumpness sagged. His eyebrows were very pale blond against his rosy face. His light blue eyes were small, bright, alert—miles ahead of the slow, deliberate movements of his body. "This is Tom Cary. You know Tom?"

"I don't believe we've met," Shelby said.

"My new partner."

"Hello, Mr. Shelby," Cary said.

SHELBY took them inside, asked them to take a seat, added, "A little cheer?"

"Well, it's pretty cold out," König said, making himself comfortable in an armchair.

Shelby brought a bottle of whisky and three whisky glasses out of the kitchenette. "Ice and soda?"

"On a night like this, straight," König said.

Cary said, "The straighter the better."

When three drinks were poured, they all raised their glasses.

"Looking at you," Shelby said.

"Happy days," König said.

Cary said, "Well," and they drank.

Shelby, putting down his glass, said casually, "Well, maybe it was worth getting out of bed," and plucked a cigarette from a gunmetal case König was extending at arm's length. He bent toward a lighter that Cary had snapped on. He was aware that König, leaning back, was eying him pleasantly, quizzically.

Cary said, "We wouldn't have woke you up, except—" He lit his own cigarette, glancing over the flame at his partner.

"You know Ruth Mannion, don't you, Linc?" König said affably.

"Sure. I was married to her once."

"That's what I thought. Know Mannion?"

"Well, to say hello, goodbye."

"He wasn't here tonight?"

Shelby shook his head. "He's never been here."

König picked up a leather-framed photograph from the table at his elbow, studied a dark-haired girl's face, saw written across the lower right-hand corner, "To my darling." He made an appreciative movement of his lips, set the photograph back upon the table.

"Very nice, very nice," he said. "Who is she, Linc?"

"Frieda Roberts."

"Some guys have all the luck. Ruth Mannion wasn't here tonight, was she?"

Shelby laughed—one short, chiding sound.

"Well, it never hurts to ask," König said reasonably.

"Now may I go to bed?"

"You're not interested?"

"I try not to be. Water under the bridge is water under the bridge."

KONIG nodded agreement. "That's a mighty sensible attitude. What time did you turn in tonight?"

"Eleven or so."

"Yes, sir, you sure must pound your ear. The hotel where they live, the switchboard girl says between eleven-thirty and twelve she tried to get this number. No answer."

"The bell's muffled. Sleeping, with the door closed, I wouldn't hear it."

"Mrs. Mannion was trying to get you."

Shelby smiled without parting his lips. "Is that all?"

"Well, Mannion's dead, is all."

Shelby's smile didn't go away, but it became edged; all the angles of his angular face became edged, and flecks of light in his eyes shimmered. He was suddenly angry. "What the hell do you think I've got to do with it?"

König held up his hands, palms toward Shelby. "Now, Linc; now, Linc. Don't be unreasonable. After all, she tried to get you on the phone. And she ain't at the hotel. All I'm doing, all, is checking up. Can you blame me?"

(Continued on page 50)



"Darling, she'll ruin you!" The hoarse, cracked sound of her voice swung him around

ACTION!

By Kyle Crichton

About Joan Davis, who falls down harder and louder than anyone else and thus has achieved a new school of movie art

IF A YOUNG lady should appear suddenly in your front parlor, step lightly over the chaise longue and collapse in front of the fireplace, you would undoubtedly gather up the remains in a dustpan and give it the old heave-ho into the alley. In doing this you would be insulting the Great Art of the Cinema because the dame would be Joan Davis illustrating the lengths to which genius will go in elevating the masses.

Miss Davis has just lately finished a little something for Twentieth Century-Fox called *Hold That Coed*. In this cine-mah classic she plays the role of a lady footballer and emotes with such strange portions of her anatomy as to make it evident that a new technique of acting has been evolved. She makes flying tackles, she winds her legs around her dome like a cobra about a tree trunk, she takes off into space in an array of limbs and arms resembling nothing other than an octopus taking a flying test, she ends by falling on her caboose with a crash that not only shakes the stadium but shakes the inherent faith of man in the frailty of woman.

This fabulous career that follows so closely in the great tradition of Coquelin, Ellen Terry, Mrs. Siddons, John Drew, Edmund Booth and Harpo Marx began in St. Paul, Minnesota, when the Davis prodigy was seven and was known officially as Madonna Josephine Davis.

"Don't look at me like that," she says now, beligerently. "Yeah, seven. Singing. Dancing I murdered 'em."

Accompanied by her mamma she started on a vaudeville career that continued until the movies discovered several years ago that a Garbo was something but could a Garbo fall on her rear as artistically as a Davis? In the intervening period little Joan played every vaudeville circuit in existence, as well as assorted amusement parks, summer camps, Elks lodges and honky-tonks.

When Joan was seventeen a gentleman named Serenus Williams entered her life. He was professionally known as Si Wills and he was in search of a partner. An agent with more temerity than sense brought in the Davis lady. She was to be the straight dame for Si, who was a hoke comic who wore bulgy pants and a bezer made of putty.

"When she showed up," says Si, "I like to died. In her act she wore green ruffled drawers down to her ankles and a hat even a queen wouldn't be seen in."

They managed to get the green contraption off Joan but Si wouldn't surrender his pants, especially since they were opening the act in Paterson, New Jersey, and he knew the audience. They got the pants away from him by the time they got their week at the Audubon in New York City but Si looked out through the peephole, saw the ominous-looking mugs scattered through the house and yelled for his chief support. By the time they reached the Palace, the heaven of all vaudevillians, they were a smart outfit: Si Wills and Joan Davis, *A Youthful Fit of Wit*.



Ambulance, doctor, lights, camera! Everything's ready for this Joan Davis scene

They did fine at the Palace, opening after intermission, which was always a graveyard spot, and were then shipped down to the Academy of Music on 14th Street, which almost ruined them. When Si came on alone first, the boys made little whistling sounds of disrespect and engaged in banter between the gallery and the orchestra floor having to do with the audience's opinion of this freak on the stage. By the time Joan arrived, the atmosphere was perfect.

"Pipe the legs on the dame," said a voice from the stalls, as Miss Davis strode forth in what she thought was the height of elegance.

A Poker Player's Delight

They canceled the act after that show, Mr. Albee or no Mr. Albee, but Miss Davis still revels in the thought that in Hollywood nobody can assault you personally. She and Si (they are now and have been for many years married) sit and reminisce about their old stage days but all Joan can remember are the bad days in such places as Minneapolis and 14th Street. "They hit you with sticks," she recalls.

What Si recalls is that there was ferocious battling among all actors to get with the unit containing Wills and Davis. This had to do with Joan's poker playing, which resembled that of the great Victor Moore who played for nineteen straight years without winning a pot. The bookkeeping of the act was involved, for Si gave Joan an allowance of \$20 a week, which she invariably lost after the matinee show on Monday. That brought on a devious series of maneuvers con-

cerned with loans, amortization, pay-offs, hedges and plain chicanery. However, there was the bright moment when Si and Joan went down to Cedar Point, Ohio, on their honeymoon, and Joan heard the sounds of a crap game while entering the lobby of the hotel.

"Honeymoon, my foot," says Si. "I never saw her for two days."

"You didn't mind that nine hundred bucks I brought back, did you?" asked Joan.

In their travels in vaudeville, they reached Los Angeles and thought enough of the place to build a home in Hollywood, returning to it in those periods when they were at liberty—which were becoming more frequent with the waning of vaudeville. Thinking that the movies might not be so bad, Joan got a part in a picture at Pathé, working for nothing. That was the way to get started, the management assured her. Just get in a film and somebody would see her, and there! So she did a hillbilly part, throwing her elongated frame into the fray with abandon. Everybody said it was great and Joan waited around for the clamors for her services.

Lest the cries of the struggling managers distract her, she and Si went down to Miami for a trip to play the races and get themselves in shape for the long conferences over salary. They won \$2,000 at Hialeah, which should have been enough glory for anybody, and returned to Hollywood to find that the phone hadn't rung once since they were gone.

That made it necessary to try something else and a party was arranged at the Wills-Davis mansion to which Mack Sennett was (Continued on page 42)

THROUGHOUT most of the country the alphabetical combination P-U-D merely means pud, and that scarcely means much of anything. But in the timber-and-mountain fastnesses of the Pacific Northwest, where the Columbia River foams to the sea, PUD means Public Utility District—and that means a strange and stern struggle to control the world's greatest single source of electricity.

The proportions of this struggle threaten to make the warfare that for three years has been fought between the Tennessee Valley Authority and its power company rivals seem like some toy-soldier skirmish before the real battle. In the turbulent Columbia, as it surges through granite canyons and across desolate uplands, there is more water power than in any other three rivers of the continent combined.

Will the first big hunk of hydroelectricity to be taken from so mighty a source be transmitted by public utility districts or by private power companies? This is political and economic question Number One in the vast area between the Rocky Mountains and Puget Sound, and over the answering of it looms a unique and bitter conflict. That conflict is inextricably bound up with the trend of the New Deal in the states of the Northwest.

There are some significant characters in this drama of power and politics on America's sundown frontier. Among them are the President of the United States, a big galaxy of power company executives, half a dozen United States senators, a lot of governors and congressmen and a whole assortment of farm leaders. There also is Guy C. Myers of 35 Wall Street, New York City.

President Roosevelt is the most important participant in the grapple to determine the destiny of the 114 billion kilowatts that sleep in the whitecaps of the Columbia River, and Myers is equally decisively the most unusual one. In the hinterlands of Washington and Oregon this 47-year-old investment banker is practically a fabulous figure. He is the capitalist who arranges the financing of socialism. This niche is all his own in the financial world. Who else from Wall Street has ever conferred with the tempestuous Northwest's most strident Wall Street baiters on how to finance and promote public utility districts that will force clear off the market some of the utility securities sold by his fellow bankers and brokers? Myers keeps a permanent suite in a Seattle hotel. There congregates a wide variety of individuals not ordinarily in the company of anyone with a Wall Street address—New Deal politicians, left-wing laborites, production-for-use advocates, single-taxers, Grangers—and J. D. Ross, the 65-year-old public ownership zealot who is President Roosevelt's administrator of the gigantic government power plants on the Columbia River.

At these gatherings in Myers' suite there is one constant topic of discussion: public utility districts. Now, exactly what are public utility districts?

Public utility districts are units of local government organized to market hydroelectric power on a nonprofit basis. One district generally includes a whole rural county. There are two steps to the forming of a district, or a PUD as the setup is customarily called. First, ten per cent of the voters in the area must sign petitions requesting that the proposal be decided at the polls. A majority vote of "yes" at the next election brings the district into existence. At the same time, commissioners are elected to manage the venture.

The PUD thus organized has plenty of powers by which to accomplish its purpose. It can borrow money, incur debts, levy taxes and issue bonds. And it can acquire by condemnation any private utility company within the county. As these words are written, condemnation suits to compel companies to sell out are being started by two districts in the state of Washington.

There now are eighteen PUD units established in Washington's hinterland, and to the private utilities that is eighteen too many. But there still are about twenty counties without districts, and through most of those counties today trudge stump ranchers, farmers and lumberjacks carrying thick sheaves of petitions. The necessary signatures by election day will mean that on November 8th the voters of Washington will decide whether their state is to undertake the biggest public ownership project in the country. An affirmative vote would create in the Pacific Northwest an enormous public power network considerably larger than the combined area of England and Wales.

J. D. Ross predicts that the new districts will be established. He thinks eventually the whole Columbia Basin, a far-flung region six times the size of the TVA, will be a vast amphitheater of public power. He even prophesies an ultimate high-voltage line from the Columbia River dams at Bonneville and Grand

POWER PLAY

By Richard L. Neuberger

Out Washington and Oregon way there's a neat little scrap brewing over who is going to sell the electricity produced by harnessing the Columbia River. Private utility companies plead, "Let us do it, we know how." But the PUD—Public Utilities Districts—shake their heads in an emphatic No. Meanwhile the ultimate customers yawn and say, "We don't care who sells it if it's cheap and plentiful"

Capitalist promoter of a socialistic venture is Guy C. Myers of Wall Street, who, for a commission of 2½ per cent, arranges financing for public-owned power districts in the West

Key strategist in the fight for public ownership of utilities in America is J. D. Ross, President Roosevelt's administrator of the giant power projects on the Columbia River

Opposite page: Key unit in the scheme to develop a vast empire of hydroelectric power in the West is \$75,000,000 Bonneville Dam, with a potential output of 114 billion kilowatts



Coulee clear across the continent to New York.

These are elaborate plans and they require elaborate financing. That is where Guy C. Myers of 35 Wall Street makes his strange alliance with the public ownership forces. He is the fiscal agent for the public utility districts and sells the bonds to finance their activities. His commission is 2½ per cent of the value of the bonds he peddles. For example, the PUD in forested Pacific County is planning a \$330,000 revenue bond issue with which to buy out the Willapa Electric Company. Myers will get \$8,250 for handling the deal. This venture is comparatively small. Petitions are now being signed on street corners and hillsides for a PUD in Multnomah County in Oregon. The backers of the scheme want to turn the \$11,000,000 properties of the Northwestern Electric Company into a public ownership system connected with Bonneville Dam. For selling these bonds Myers' fee would be \$275,000.

Power for Farms—Not Factories

Myers performs without fanfare, and more is known about him by hearsay than by headlines. Yet he operates thoroughly, and he is a combatant of importance in the warfare between the districts and the companies over the Columbia's treasure-trove of hydroelectric power. He arranges the financing of the districts, and the engineers and valuation experts proposed by him make recommendations that almost invariably become PUD rates and policies.

On PUD districts the New Deal has placed all its chips in the gamble to develop a great power empire in the Far West. At the urging of the White House, a

sweeping public power law was recently passed by Congress. The law provides that at least half the electricity generated at the \$75,000,000 Bonneville Dam must be reserved exclusively until 1941 for PUD units and similar setups. When the President delivered his national power policy speech below the gaunt cliffs of the Columbia Gorge last fall, he said the electricity in the majestic waterway was not primarily for factories and "new Pittsburghs" in the West, as proposed by the power companies, but for farms and homes, as demanded by the public utility districts.

If the PUD idea proves successful, America's greatest supply of electric energy will flow through publicly owned lines. A flop for the venture will mean that private utilities will distribute the power.

The whole country has a stake in the outcome, for the development of the Columbia River is the New Deal's most pretentious undertaking. The total outlay of taxpayers' money for navigation, hydroelectric power, reclamation and flood control will be about \$479,000,000. This is more than it cost to dig the Panama Canal.

How did Guy Myers become the financial wizard of the crucial PUD experiment? The man of destiny in the struggle is J. D. Ross, and Myers is on the scene because Ross wants him. Their association began in the dark depths of the depression, when Ross stalked gloomily through Wall Street looking for someone who would sell the bonds of his Seattle municipal power plant. The afternoon he stumbled onto Guy Myers he was almost ready to give up. Myers had once been an engineer for some private utilities, and now he saw what was happening. Insull had folded up with



U. S. ARMY AIR CORPS

a crash. The country was on the threshold of the New Deal. Government engineers already had started to survey every river that foamed white. The trend toward public ownership was apparent. Myers sold the Seattle bonds. It was a deed Ross has never forgotten.

And it was a shrewd guess on Myers' part. Ross was on the way into the White House inner council. He and Franklin D. Roosevelt were old friends, and the President affectionately called him "Jaydee."

Today, Ross is the key strategist of the public ownership movement in America. Not only is he the boss of the staggeringly mammoth dams in the Northwest; he also is the adviser of the big Tri-County project in Nebraska, and he is telling the city of Los Angeles how to get electricity from near-by Boulder Dam. Ross knows the power setup in every part of the country; for a while he was on the Securities and Exchange Commission as the President's utility expert. Both the quarreling Lilienthal and Morgan factions in the TVA claim Ross's support, and his assistance and counsel are in demand wherever there is agitation for a publicly owned power network. In these activities Myers is as close to Ross as his shadow. He is the financier who, for 2½ per cent, specializes in selling bonds to promote Socialism in the power industry. Ross's recommendation of a fiscal agent is always accepted. So Myers fills a role in the smaller arenas of Nebraska and Los Angeles fairly similar to that he occupies in the expansive Northwest.

The portly, taut-waisted Ross has definite views on how public utility districts in Washington and

Oregon should proceed. These views the dapper Myers emphatically seconds.

There are several other factors that enter into the tangled and confused situation.

One is that the PUD advocates seem to have lost the backing of the powerful A.F.L. unions in the Northwest. These unions helped to put over the PUD idea when it originally was on the ballot in Oregon and Washington. Now, some of the Electrical Workers' locals have discovered that the districts do not pay as high wages as the private companies. This, combined with the increasing coolness of the A.F.L. toward New Deal proposals, has deprived the PUD movement of a source of strong support. Nor have the C.I.O. unions and other left-wingers helped heal the breach by accusing the A.F.L. of being a company union for the power companies. In fact, it is another phase of the desperately grim internecine labor warfare in the West between Dave Beck and Harry Bridges. The C.I.O. is red-hot for the PUD idea. The A.F.L. is rapidly becoming ice-cold.

Buying Out the Opposition

Another circumstance of importance is that Ross does not believe in haggling over the last cent if and when public utility districts buy out private utilities. A power company executive once grimly observed that the chunky Ross looked as harmless as a third rail and was just as dangerous. Despite this observation, Ross thinks a power company should get a fair price for its properties. He is somewhat more lenient in this respect than is the hard-boiled David

Lilienthal of the TVA. In fact, Ross privately describes his own position as somewhere about halfway between the warring TVA factions led by Lilienthal and his bitter rival, Dr. Arthur Morgan.

Two courses are open to a PUD. It can build its own lines, buy power from Bonneville Dam and start competing with the private company in its area. Or it can purchase the company and use the company's lines and equipment. Ross and Myers are opposed to competition. They insist on purchase. A few weeks ago the district in the Oregon town of Cascade Locks, five miles up the Columbia from Bonneville, began erecting poles parallel to the lines of the West Coast Power Company. The company would not share its right of way along the streets, so angry rural residents said the public poles could be set in their yards and garden plots.

"Stop!" Ross and Myers shouted in unison. They told Cascade Locks that competition was ruinous. Rates could never reach rock bottom with the consumers supporting two systems. Why not buy out the company?

The valuation experts got busy. Then Myers made his report. A bond issue of \$85,000 would be advisable, said he. The company should get not more than \$50,750 of this for its local properties. He might persuade the company to be content with less. Another \$22,000 should be used for new equipment and lines to hook onto the 230,000-volt government towers spanning the wilderness between Bonneville and Grand Coulee like a many-legged steed. The remainder of the money should be set aside as working capital. Myers' (Continued on page 34)



An Interval in Youth

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN

In that time and that place, people had rigid principles. It was a harsh and upright generation

THIS was in 1882, the year before the big fire destroyed most of New Hope's first ward. At that time the Central School stood on a rise of ground just beyond John Gentner's meadow and as I ran down the clay-slick slope that late afternoon, beneath a steady rain, I stopped, I recall, at the meadow's bottom to wade my new boots into a collecting pool of water. In another month this would be a shallow pond covering all the lower part of the field.

The homeward trail went through a stand of scrub oak. A cottontail skipped before me in no great haste, with the earth-stained pads of his hind feet showing as he ran. Rain scuffed steadily against the oak leaves and earth's mold scent was very strong and the freshness of a wind-cleansed sky was all around me. I tramped through the small puddles of the trail and dragged my empty lard-pail lunch bucket along the battens of John Gentner's barns as I passed by, so coming into Bridger Street. There was a small town wagon backed into the walk before Mr. Himmelmyer's empty house and two men were unloading some trunks.

A girl stood at the edge of the walk, looking down, and as I came up I saw that she had dropped a paper-wrapped bundle into the wheel-furrowed mud.

In matters of this sort I was a backward boy and I do not know what impelled me to reach down and retrieve the package. When I stooped, the top of my lunch bucket fell into the mud and this accident embarrassed me and I handed back the bundle without meeting the girl's eyes or answering the small and precise "Thank you" she gave me. At the corner of Custer Street I paused and looked behind. A woman stood in the doorway of Himmelmyer's house and the girl said something to her and afterward pointed toward me. More embarrassed than before, I walked home, hitting my boot heels on each interstice of the boardwalk.

After all this time it is odd how clear that whole scene is to me. Her picture is in my mind now, fresh and colored and living. She was around twelve, my own age, wearing a checked dress and gray ribbed stockings that made her seem long-legged. Her hair was amber-blond, braided in back, and her eyes were a soft and sober gray. I remember that the tone of her voice was very distinct, yet softened by shyness.

That evening at the supper table my father said: "A Mrs. Alice Stuart moved into Himmelmyer's house today. She has a daughter, Elizabeth, about Tod's age. Apparently no husband. I think she said she was from Maryland."

My mother said to me: "You must get acquainted with her, Tod. It is hard for a new child to change schools."

She was in my room the next day, sitting in my aisle, and when I pulled myself straight I could look over Ben Jettson's head and see the straight part running through her hair. That night I waited until she had crossed Gentner's meadow before following. I wanted to speak to her but the obscure pride of boyhood held me back. At the edge of the oak copse I saw her make a short swift turn of her head and then hurry on. Within a week we were walking together, and stopping at the pond in the meadow. Sometimes she held my pail while I waded the deeper water. I remember that she watched me with a soft, smileless gravity. I seldom heard her laugh.

One night I said: "Where is your father, Elizabeth?"

She had a quick way of walking that I never have forgotten, with her straight shoulders swinging a little and her glance fixed ahead. After I had asked the question she said in the same, level, hesitant voice, "I am not to answer that," and walked on. The eyes of boyhood are sharp. I saw her lips tighten and didn't know why, though I do now. She turned in at her gate without saying anything more.

IT WAS the next night that her mother came out to meet me. She said: "Tod, it is nice of you to walk home with Elizabeth." All I can think of in describing Mrs. Stuart is that she was like my mother, with the same sweetness. Her voice had a sustaining gentleness in it. It was a tone that carried you up and made you feel better; and behind the tone you felt something calm and steady. In New Hope, in 1882, there were many women like that. Remembering back through the years, piecing together the sharp images of boyhood, it seems to me now that my mother's composure came from a strong, self-nourishing spirit. There was cruelty and there was tragedy in our world. Her eyes saw it and reflected it. Yet she had a faith that kept her steady and a courage that made our house a warm, secure place.

That same night I heard my father say: "I understand Mrs. Stuart will do dressmaking."

We were in the living room. Mother sat by the center table, patching my clothes. The lamp's yellow light coned down on the table's red checkered cloth; its glow faded out along the room. The isinglass eyes of the stove made four

(Continued on page 68)

The gate was between us and she was saying: "I am going away, Tod"

Troubled Star

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Susanna Bradford comes home to Morrison University, she finds her father, President Bradford, brilliant administrator, the victim of an unscrupulous political attack waged by the Zimmerman newspaper chain, whose owner has political ambitions.

She also finds, at the university on a government research assignment, Alec Cornish, to whom, six years before, while they were both undergraduates, she had been secretly married. They had been quietly divorced, but a revelation of her secret marriage, at this time, would injure her father. Susanna is alarmed then, when shortly after being seen about the campus with Professor Carl Gilson, charming but disreputable young sociologist, she begins to receive anonymous letters threatening an exposure of her marriage. She discovers that Carl too is receiving similar letters, warning him to cease his attentions to Susanna.

Susanna and Alec meet Emery Smith, clever young college daily editor, and Betty Stevens, attractive coed, who confide that they suspect Maxie Blotz, owner of a popular student rendezvous, Tetlow Inn, and Bill Snelling, metropolitan sports reporter, of being agents of Zimmerman's, with orders to create a campus scandal that will wreck President Bradford's career. Meanwhile, Betty learns that her roommate, Julie Lomax, talented lead in the college's forthcoming varsity show, has been having a violent love affair with Gilson. She, too, receives an anonymous letter, whereupon Gilson seizes the opportunity to terminate the affair abruptly. Indignant, Betty takes the letter to Alec and Emery. Alec then goes to Gilson and accuses him of writing these letters himself, in order to challenge reckless Susanna to marry him. Carl and Alec quarrel violently. Later, when Alec attempts to prevent Susanna's marriage, she announces that she intends to marry Gilson despite Alec's accusations. Whereupon Alec informs her that her divorce was not legal—she is still Mrs. Cornish!

On the afternoon of the varsity show, Susanna learns from Betty the truth about Gilson. That night, in anger, she goes to Gilson's lodge, but he is not there. On an impulse, she goes then to Alec's cabin, but no one is there, either. Meanwhile, immediately after the performance, Julie also goes to Gilson's home, to retrieve the remnants of her association with him. While she is there, two men come in, quarreling bitterly. Julie hides in the bedroom, and as the quarrel grows more heated, she escapes through a bedroom window, but injures her ankle. Shortly, news comes that Gilson has been found in his home—murdered!

VIII

WE'RE playin' hopscotch on the edge of a murder case," Emery said to Betty and Perry Henderson. "Pretty soon somebody is going to want to know what we know and he won't believe us when we don't know anything. We got to have some high-grade lies. The best lie is one that's true everywhere it can be. Let's go into rehearsal."

That was in the afternoon of the dreadful Saturday. It was still true that, as Emery put it, the big story had swallowed the little one, and everyone was so aghast about Dr. Gilson that no one had bothered about Julie. But soon someone would remember what everyone knew and people would start wondering. The police. And Julie was in the hospital. And the torturing thing was that Betty hadn't told Emery everything. . . .

She had got an engineer at the heating plant and called an ambulance and ridden in it to the hospital, horror-stricken but not aware that at that moment the police were with the dead body of the man whom Julie had started out to see. She had got through registering Julie and the bored internes hadn't bothered to ask questions, and had waited till they said that Julie had a sprained ankle and was suffering from shock but would be all right. Then she had gone to the Gamma house and waked Mrs. Phillips, the housemother, and between them they had composed a night letter to Julie's parents, very vague, and reassuring. And before Mrs. Phillips could get curious about Julie, girls started coming home from the dance hysterical with a rumor that Dr. Gilson had been shot.

Most terrible of all was the next half hour till Emery finally got her on the telephone and told her that someone had killed Dr. Gilson and only grunted "Good—she was lucky," when she told him about Julie. If anyone got any sleep in the Gamma house that night, Betty didn't. There were about two hours of torment and then she got up and stood in a cold shower and went downstairs—and Emery was telephoning that he would take her to breakfast. She waited for him in the thin morning light and said, "Darling, you need a shave," and he said, "How can you look so beautiful?" and kissed her. So they sat in a booth at Keller's Cellar, the earliest she had ever been there, and drank coffee that gave her a little courage, and read the papers Emery had brought.

The latest extras said the police thought that Maxie Blotz had done it, for they had found out that

Dr. Gilson owed him a big gambling debt and had been quarreling with him—and Maxie had disappeared. There was a lot of information about Maxie, including the rumor that he had been connected with a sports pool in New York and possibly the numbers racket too.

"That makes the papers, huh?" Emery grunted. "Nobody would listen when I said 'Hobby Donham told me two months ago,'" and suddenly he began asking questions about Julie. Betty didn't mention the nightgown and the mule. She was desolate to deceive him but in her sleepless hours she had decided that they must be kept Julie's secret. And he didn't seem much interested in Julie. He said she had got a big break. He said Betty would have to see her as soon as possible and tell her to save herself trouble by not letting anyone know where she had been going.

"But what happened to her?" Betty asked.

"As I get it, she slipped and sprained her ankle and went out like a light. She ought to be the happiest blonde that ever wore adhesive tape. Half a mile more and she'd have walked in on a killing."

He said that indifferently, as if his attention was somewhere else. Love and fear told her that he was darkly wrestling with something, and she wailed, "What is it, Emery? What's on your mind?"

There was a plea in his rugged, homely, dear face. "Bad times. I've got to go, dear. They're wiring in our switchboard at the Daily. We never use it except at big games, but this is a big game for the newspaper business. . . . Go see if Julie has come out of it. Tell her to keep her mouth shut and we'll look out for her."

But the nurse said that Julie had been conscious for only a few minutes and then had drifted off again. Shock, a worse case of shock than they had at first thought. She said Julie would have to stay for several days and told Betty to bring some things for her. It was Saturday and so there weren't many people on the campus but you could feel the electric unrest. And suddenly Betty was hurrying toward the far northwest corner, frantic because she hadn't thought to do so before this.

Right here she had found Julie, and a hundred yards away was the power plant where she had got help. But she could not find the other mule. . . . The Gamma house was hysterical, the girls stunned or jittery, sprawled in little groups and talking endlessly.

BETTY got away from them and locked herself in her room and got out the bundle. Lipstick and vanity and monogrammed hairbrush and nightgown and one mule. A ridiculous thing, blue satin with no heel and crushed ruffle of blue silk. Betty thought hard, then heard a familiar roaring—the incinerator! She tucked the mule under her sweater and went down to the basement and hurled it in. It would be consumed before she got back upstairs—now Julie had never had any mules. She took the nightgown to the bathroom and washed it and spread it over a towel on her radiator to dry. If anyone noticed, it was Betty's. As a matter of fact, she herself wouldn't have known it was Julie's; she had never seen it and Julie always wore pajamas. It was like an evening dress and you could have pulled it through a finger ring. Julie had been carrying it, with what heartbreaking hope, toward the man who had been her lover and who was already dead.

Betty sat down for a moment and her body promptly demanded its fee. She staggered to her bed and fell asleep. Excited voices waked her and horror came welling back and she sat up, glad to have slept through lunch. She got out her iron, pressed the nightgown carefully, and went downstairs to read the new extras. By now the papers were in full stride. The nearest Zimmerman paper, the Brookfield Chronicle, had filled half its space with the Morrison sensation. Pictures of everyone from President Bradford to an obvious fake of Dean Hannan looking at the Tetlow Inn. Nearly a page about the thousand dollars' worth of Dr. Gilson's I O U's the police had found in the Inn's safe. And many columns about Dr. Gilson, done with poison and a leer. Descriptions of his expensive clothes, students (Continued on page 63)

Alec knew that the dean was looking at him. Suddenly he roared, "Are you listening to me? Whatever you are hiding, you must tell me at once"



Happily Never After

By Mildred Cram

A couple learns what money will buy—and what it will not buy

SAL hated to get out of bed. She curled down under the blankets, all wrapped around herself like a blond kitten, listening to the thin music of frozen rain on the skylight. She thought what fun it would be to lie there until old black Clara brought her breakfast tray up. Only there wasn't any old black Clara. And there wasn't any breakfast, either. She had spent her breakfast money on a gardenia the night before.

"Gardenia, lady? Fifty cents. Cheap." She'd go to work hungry, thanks to the gardenia.

Not that it hadn't been worth it! Halfway through the movie, Hank had whispered: "What smells so sweet?" And, leaning down, he had brushed the gardenia with his cute nose, sniffing. "Gosh. It's real. . . Say!"

Nothing like a gardenia to give a girl glamor!

"Seven," the alarm clock said now, kicking itself.

Sal got out of bed, shivering. She dressed, the blanket, tent-fashion, over her head. Wondering why New York lured her all the way from Iowa.

"Damn' fool moth," she thought.

Well. Here she was. No going back! No cry-baby stuff. She lacked the prodigal talent. Proud, maybe. Or maybe just a fool. But she had sworn to conquer New York . . . or else . . .

"The next time you see me," she told her mother, grandmother and kid brother, "I'll be private secretary to some tycoon."

This was two years ago, when she was twenty—and pretty. Oh, the dew was on the petals, then! Now she was twenty-two and a little hungry all the time. And where she had walked with a sort of lilting, questing eagerness, now she hurried on very tall, staccato heels that were a shade on the runover side. Her heels made the New York sound: the hard, bright, tapping sound associated in the Manhattan mind with girls going to work.

Sal's job was precarious and underpaid. Twenty a week. Typist. In the brilliantly lighted offices of Stein and Murphy, white goods, lower Fifth Avenue. One of a dozen other typists . . . all of them young and skillful and pretty and ambitious. Ambitious for what? Well . . . if you stuck and didn't try to pull any fast ones, and if someone higher up noticed you, you might go into the front office. Then, if your luck held, into the manager's office. Peabody's office. Peabody had three girls at forty a week. Stein's secretary made fifty. And Murphy's assistant—Miss Hoyt herself—was one of those willowy wet codfish women with a streak of gray through her hair and the salary of an executive.

Whenever Sal let herself go and dreamed, she saw herself taking Miss Hoyt's place . . . Two hours for lunch . . . Tea in her office at five . . . white roses in a crystal vase on her desk . . . dinner dates every night with the buyers . . . and a little flat of her own in the Fifties . . . modern . . . with Venetian blinds and white rugs . . .

But that was years ahead! First, she had to climb the long, steep, slippery ladder known as Success. She had to start at the bottom. Live, somehow. Dress, somehow. And keep writing home: "New York's wonderful. I'm well and happy. You mustn't worry, ever, about me. Enclosing five dollars."

How could her mother, back in Iowa, know that Old Man Pneumonia, coughing his dry cough and cracking his frozen knuckles, stalked the city canyons and the subway platforms, waiting to blow on undernourished girls like Sal?

BUT you had to keep well, or you lost your job. Behind you, pushing, shoving, grabbing, there were thousands of others . . . good typists, too—quick and ambitious. Thousands and thousands of them. Just waiting for you to run a fever for a few days. . . .

Peabody didn't care. If you were sick, he let you out. And that was that.

This morning, as usual, he came down between the desks, sizing up everybody. He lingered a moment beside each girl and there were little flurries of laughter and protest. Then money changed hands and Peabody moved on to the next. . . . Sal knew. He was selling sweepstakes tickets again. Peabody's racket.

"How about a ticket? You pay for two thirds. I'll buy a third. The chances are, you'll win . . . if you do, I'll get a slice for my trouble! How about it?"

They bought, of course. They didn't dare not to. Sal did quick mental arithmetic: she had to have a pair of stockings, and there was that dusty-pink muffler she'd been saving for, warm, to tuck inside her coat.

"No, thank you, Mr. Peabody," she said, not looking up. "I can't use a ticket today."

"No?"

Peabody's oily voice went gritty.

"I've had complaints," he said, "from the front. You're pretty damned careless, if you ask me. What's the matter? In love?"

"I'll take the ticket," Sal said. She fumbled in her purse. Counted out dimes and quarters and nickels. Shoved them across her desk into Peabody's moist narrow palm.

"That's something like! Hope you win! How about you, Miss Bernstein? Taking two thirds . . . ?"

That night, when Hank turned up at the cafeteria for dinner, Sal told him.

"Gosh," he said, his nice eyes dark with sympathy. "That's fierce. The old buzzard!"

They shoved their trays along and found a place in the far corner, where they could talk.

"I'll tell you what," Hank said. "I'll buy half of your two thirds."

And he did. Put the money in Sal's hand and closed her fingers over it and patted. She loved him. Terribly. She wanted to kiss him. But she just said: "Thanks. What'll we do with the hundred thousand?"

"Get married."

They held their breath, stricken by this hope, and their eyes met and locked. It seemed so impossible, so utterly beyond reason! And yet there it was, shining and beautiful!

Hank caught his breath first.

"Is it a go?"

"You bet."

"Then let's not wait. Let's get married now . . . tonight!"

Sal shook her head.

"We can't. You know we can't."

Yes. Hank knew. They had wanted to, ever since that Sunday, a year ago, when they met at one of the museum

concerts. Sitting side by side on the floor, leaning against a marble pedestal and listening to Tchaikovsky . . . As quick as that. Music and love pulsed through their veins. During the pizzicato movement, Sal decided that here was her man. And Hank, watching her profile, gave her himself, complete. The nesting instinct was strong in both of them. Sal was as fiercely domestic and capable as her pioneer grandmother. And Hank was an architect with a head full of houses . . . a draftsman in the offices of Warren, Greenley, Smith and Chappell, at thirty a week.

Thirty and twenty are fifty. He was sending money home. And so was Sal. They'd have to wait until . . .

"I know, kid," Hank said.

Briefly, he put his big hand over hers. "Some day."

HANK lived in Greenwich Village, sharing a small walk-up flat with two other men. Sal couldn't go there. And he couldn't come to her room. They met, three times a week . . . sometimes at the cafeteria, sometimes at Madame Bianchi's place in the Village. Their "crowd" hung out at Bianchi's. So they were almost never alone. They didn't admit, even to themselves, that there was safety in numbers. But their kisses were brief . . . a little casual . . . because they were really afraid to kiss. . . . Hurried good-nights in the vestibule of Sal's boardinghouse. "Sleep tight, kid; see you Wednesday." And their lips brushing lightly, as if they didn't really care.

"Some day," Hank said, "we'll get a lucky break."

In the meantime, they kept their own swords sharp and bright, because you never knew. Every year, a swarm of newly hatched architects darkened the skies above Manhattan. And Hank had no pull. There were times when he worked all night, sweating soul blood to make himself solid. Times when he was pale and distraught. When Sal couldn't get at him. When he stopped to think how long the road is and how stiff the competition and how unlikely the reward.

There are so many things a fellow and a girl want when they're young . . . while they're young!

Our granddads weren't made miserable by wanting too much. For fun, they

(Continued on page 72)

They started in on the second twenty thousand. And began the grand tour of the night spots. Café society

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY MORSE MEYERS

HARRY
MORSE
MEYERS



Sub Trouble

By Jim Crowley
as told to
Arthur J. Daley



LAWRENCE MONAHAN

Those eager young subs aren't interested in masterminding. All they want is to get in there and play football. And thereby hangs another headache for the harassed coach

THE thought waves sizzled and crackled like sparks of electric energy. The heat that was generated threw an aura of warmth about the Fordham bench. Gosh, how that Crowley concentrated!

Fordham had just tied Texas Christian 6-6 in the closing minutes of their battle a year ago. A crowd of 40,000 that had rocketed to a state of delirious excitement a moment before at the tying touchdown sat tense and expectant. What was Crowley going to do now?

The extra point just *had* to be kicked. There was no time for any other score. Victory or a disappointing deadlock hinged on the conversion.

Suddenly from the far end of the bench darted Wilbur "One-Play" Stanton. For two years he had been Fordham's specialist at booting kickoffs, retiring to the bench between booming drives down the gridiron.

Out on the field rushed our hero, who calmly place-kicked the extra point, and Fordham was on its way to an unbeaten season.

The fellow sitting in back of my wife remarked to his neighbor in the lovely spirit one always finds at a football game, "That lucky bum, Crowley, masterminded the boys into that one."

Now I admit that I would not mind getting the reputation of being a Machiavelli of the gridiron but if you will wait a minute while I roll up my sleeves to show that I have nothing concealed, I will reveal just how I happened to pull that particular rabbit out of the hat.

Let's go back to where Fordham scored the touchdown. Butch Fortunato was our quarterback and a very handy man to have around when it came to converting those extra points. I could see no particular

The Fordham bench—a tense spot as the game goes on. The heavy thinking has been done in advance, but there's that long line of substitutes for Coach Jim Crowley (fourth from left) to handle

value in replacing him, especially by Stanton, of all people. Our Mr. Stanton, you see, never had kicked an extra point in his life.

But like every football Houdini I was looking a play ahead. Whether or not Fordham made good on the conversion my Rams probably would kick off. So I wanted to get Stanton ready to go in there as soon as the try was made.

I glanced down the bench and there was the big tackle gazing raptly out on the field. "Stanton," I called and then turned to watch Fortunato place-kick the extra point. But to my utter horror I saw Stanton galloping out on the gridiron without an instruction or even a polite goodbye.

He reported to the umpire and Fortunato figured out that his arrival was tantamount to direct orders from headquarters. So our quarterback called Stanton's number, obligingly held the ball himself and it split the bars for victory.

Virtue and clean thinking in a crisis had triumphed. How I wish it were true! The amount of master-minding that goes on from the bench, the juggling of substitutes and the like, is vastly over-rated. Still I don't mean to imply that coaches should have to pay at the gate each Saturday just like the ordinary or garden variety of spectator.

There is plenty of cerebral gymnastics on the bench during any football game, but the heavy mental labors have been done the week before. No coach ever thinks his way to victory with a daring strategic stroke or a sudden sure-scoring play while he is watching his young men hauling away at the enemy.

Those plans are made the week before when scrimmages and dummy scrimmages acquaint the boys with what to expect from the coming foe and what to do themselves. Each important rival has been scouted thoroughly in every game during the season.

It is with the scouts' information that the strategy is planned for the coming fray. What changes in those ideas the coach makes on the bench the day of the game are relatively minor. Contrary to popular belief, he is not racking his brains. His chief job is to watch his men and see if anyone is tiring or weakening. His other task is to see if his style of attack and defense is coming up to expectations or whether a countermove by the rival coach has circumvented one of his prearranged plans.

When Both Coaches Were Wrong

I remember when I was coaching at Michigan State and we were playing Mississippi State. My Spartans were deep in the pay dirt of scoring territory with a short forward pass to the right flat accounting for the majority of the gains.

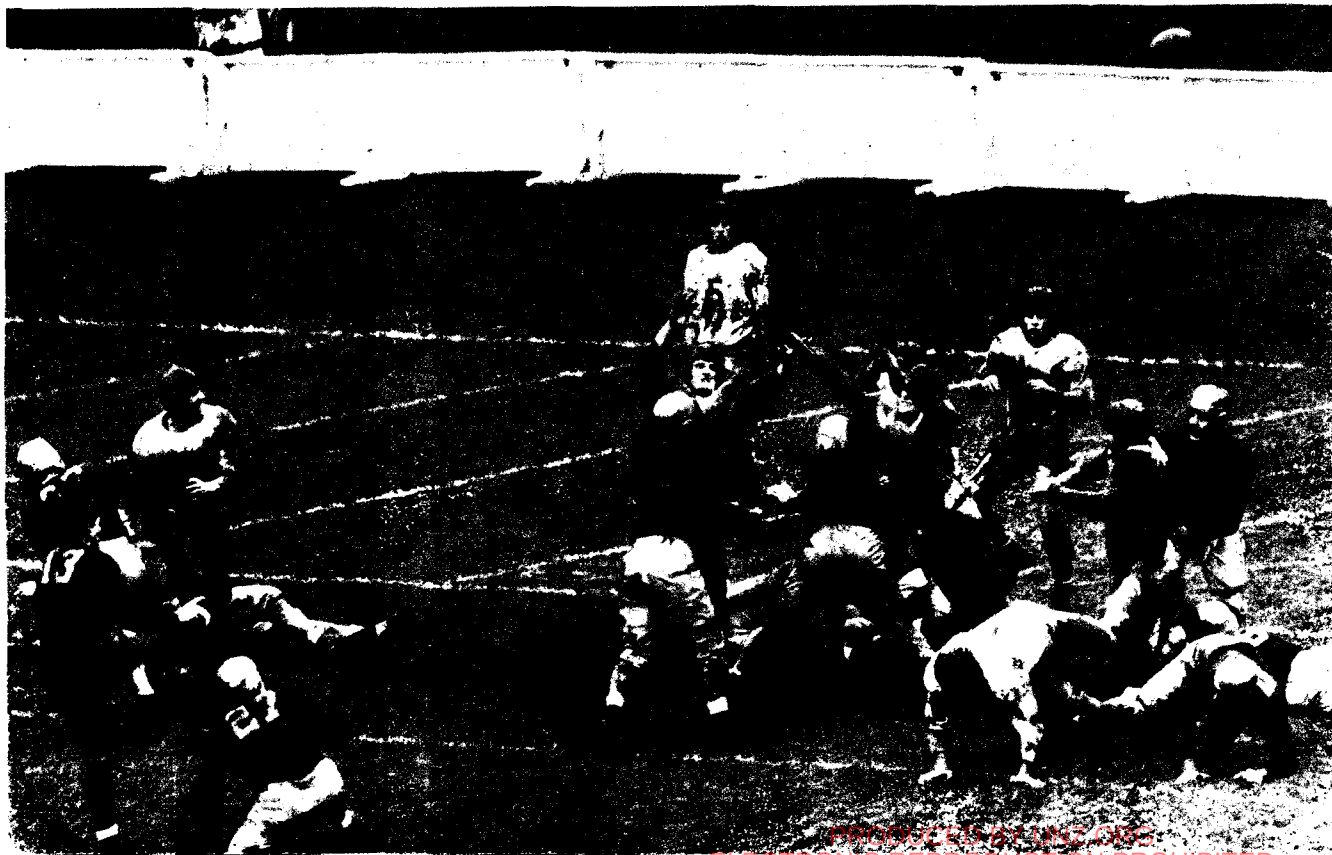
Suddenly Mississippi State inserted a substitute to warn the defensive halfback not to be drawn in toward the middle of the line but to stay out and guard his territory. I knew very well that our favorite play would not work so I just as quickly sent in a replacement myself to tell our quarterback not to use that same pass.

But neither the Mississippi State substitute nor the Michigan State substitute could talk before one play was made. The other fellow could not tell his halfback what to do. Neither could my man tip off his quarterback. And that one play, vetoed by both coaches, went for a touchdown.

The sending in of fresh men is very important even though it might seem at first glance as if the water boy could tell when to exchange a man on the bench for one on the field. For instance, I might cite the example of the Fordham-Pitt game a year ago, the third in our annual series of scoreless ties.

I had planned my defense carefully the previous week and had decided to use our All-America tackle, Ed Franco, at right guard. In theory that was a good idea because Franco would be able to smash up the Panther reverses. In practice, though, it was pretty awful.

Pitt just poured men over (Continued on page 37)



The Number 13 player is Wilbur "One-Play" Stanton, who in his eagerness has just sent himself into last year's Fordham-T.C.U. game and is kicking the first extra point of his career to give Fordham a 7-6 victory

A Matter of Pride

By Daniel Fuchs

SAM worked in brisk, self-conscious movements. Miss Pass was the only customer in the butcher shop and no one else was likely to come in so late in the afternoon; but Sam wanted to get her out as fast as he could. He weighed the lamb chops, cracked the bones, and smartly wrapped up the meat in waxed paper.

"Do you want to take it, Miss Pass, or should I send it with Matty?"

"Send it with Matty," she said. "I won't be home for another ten or fifteen minutes."

The butcher nodded solemnly and slipped the meat into a paper bag. He carried it down to Matty, who was busy scrubbing the block with the wire brush. "Delivery for Mrs. Pass," he said.

Matty stopped, impressed by Sam's officious manner. "What's the rush?"

"Now, Matty, no back talk. Don't get fresh," Sam said. He walked up to the floor slats and saw that Miss Pass hadn't moved from the meat counter.

"Is there anything else?" he asked. "I notice you're still waiting."

"I notice something too, Mr. Wettering," Miss Pass said angrily.

"Yes?" he said.

"I notice every time I enter the premises it suddenly gets very chilly here. And I am not referring to the weather, Mr. Wettering."

"I don't think I quite understand, Miss Pass," Sam said. "I always treat you with the same consideration I show any other customer."

"Oh, I see! It is purely a matter of business then. It seems to me there was a time when you didn't think so much in terms of business, Mr. Wettering."

Sam picked up the cleaver and began examining its edge very carefully. "That is past history, I imagine, Miss Pass," he said.

"A year. Eleven months, to be exact."

"Well," Sam said, "times change fast, Miss Pass." He stopped. Then he went on as slowly and as lifelessly as he could manage. "If you will recall the occasion in question, Miss Pass, you gave me nothing in the way of encouragement."

SAM saw her anger leave as she halted and searched for words to say. He knew she was feeling guilty but it only made him more bitter.

"I think you misunderstood, Sam," she said, calmly now.

"Oh, I didn't misunderstand, Miss Pass. As I recall, you laughed at the time."

"Well, it was a shock, it was so sudden," she said, smiling and then not smiling. "After all, Sam, the way it happened, out of a blue sky you suddenly proposed marriage to me. Well, I laughed, true, but—"

"You laughed, true, you laughed, Miss Pass," Sam broke in, speaking rapidly. "Of course, you laughed, Miss Pass. And why? Because it was so very funny. It was funny when a middle-aged butcher asked you to marry him."

The woman waited patiently until he finished.

"It wasn't that, Sam," she said. "You see, I was right. You misunderstood entirely. It wasn't about you being a butcher and middle-aged and that. It was only the suddenness. The way—out of a clear blue sky—it came. A girl gets shocked when marriage is mentioned before the parties develop a friendship of some kind. That was why I laughed, Sam, the suddenness. It's just that you should have gone about it a little more gradually, I suppose."

"I thought we could be able to dispense with the romantic preliminaries," Sam said stiffly. He was feeling ashamed of his outburst and resolved not to break again. "Your explanation of your laughing is not so very plausible, if you'll pardon me, Miss Pass. A person doesn't wait a year, eleven months, to apologize and make up."

While he had been talking Miss Pass seemed strangely miserable and pained, but now that he had finished she abruptly broke into laughter. Sam could see how she was forcing herself to laugh. It surprised him and he stepped back against the wall.



"I notice every time I enter the premises it suddenly gets very chilly," she said

"Apologize? Me apologize?" she almost screamed. "Why, Mr. Wettering, you have a sense of humor! You're too funny for words. Of course! I didn't come in for lamb chops. Oh, no! I came in especially to apologize and make up to you. You guessed it, Mr. Wettering!"

She hurried away from the showcases and ran out of the door, her shoulders still shaking with laughter. Sam looked after her, puzzled to know whether or not she had been making fun of him again. Then he remembered Matty was still there and turned to face him.

"If you're scrubbing the block," he said slowly, "why the hell don't you scrub it? Why are you standing there like a lummox?"

Matty went to work without a word and Sam walked to the rear of the store where he kept a folding chair. He sat down, took out a cigarette and grew moody alone in the gloom. But a few minutes later Matty came up before him.

"What do you want now?" Sam asked.

"Listen, Sam, go and deliver the lamb chops yourself. Then you'll be able to have a heart-to-heart talk. She's dying to marry you."

Sam was ashamed to discuss her with his helper but just the same he was strongly impelled to listen. He took time to inhale deeply. "Nuts," he said casually. "She don't want to marry me."

"Listen, Sam, I don't pretend to know more about women than you. But I tell you she's crazy about marrying you. She'll grab you up in a minute."

"That's why she always laughs at me, I suppose. Certainly sounds logical."

"A matter of pride," Matty said. "When it's with women, there are all kinds of laughing. It's only to cover up her pride."

"What pride?" Sam asked. "Expert. Don Juan. You know what pride's got to do with this? I don't."

"Well, frankly, it hurt her pride when you asked her to marry you."

"Thank you very kindly."

"What's the use of kidding you, me or the lamp-post, Sam? That's the way she looked at it. She didn't like to think she missed the boat so bad she was reduced to middle-aged butchers. She had to laugh it off, to cover up her humiliation to herself. Okay. You follow?"

"Okay, I follow, you crazy little yap."

"Okay," Matty said. "So look how it turns out. Time passes, she can't get nobody, and she understands full well she isn't growing younger with the years. So finally she swallows her pride. She's willing to take you since you're the best she can get. Then what happens? You—even you—you chase her! She has to beg to get even you. That's why she laughed now in the store, to cover up her pride again."

SAM thought it over, rolling the cigarette butt in his fingers. He frowned but didn't speak.

"Listen, Sam, don't be a fool," Matty said softly. "She'll make a swell wife. Take the lamb chops." Sam threw the butt into the sawdust on the floor and stood up. "Aw, shut up, shut up," he said absent-mindedly, as though he had been bored.

He turned his back on Matty and walked slowly into the washroom. But after he closed the door he didn't know what to do. He didn't feel like seeing his helper again, so he started washing his hands. He scrubbed them for many minutes, growing dreamy with the warm water over his fingers. Then he untied his apron and put it on the hook, fixed his tie, put on his hat and coat and walked out into the butcher shop. "I'll be gone from the store a few minutes or so," he said.

Matty had the Sunday funnies spread out over the block. Now he kept on leaning over his elbows but looked up at his boss.

Sam pulled his cuffs out of the coat sleeves. "I'm not going far," he said. "I'll be right back."

He waited until Matty lowered his eyes and grew busy with the funnies again. Then the butcher picked up the package of lamb chops and went into the street.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

PARADE

By Ruth Rodney King

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

Critical chapter in the life of a would-be sophisticate who did not know women any too well

MARTIN kept on dancing. The mirrored walls kept circling past his eyes and he could hear the thumping music, but he couldn't breathe at all. His head and chest were suffocating because of what Fifi had been saying. "She's tight, Martin." Her voice went on:

"Look at her. Practically hysterical. It must be so dull for you, darling. Honestly, I think of it all the time..."

Martin's eyes turned blindly toward the table where Eve was sitting with the others; he felt a little sick.

The first time he'd seen her, a month earlier, he had picked her up at Madison and 49th in a sloppy, driving rain. She was standing impatiently on the corner looking like a princess. She was beautiful. Martin could tell she was Somebody.

That was the first time Eve had taken his taxi. The fourth time was the day when, after he had driven her in her furs and diamonds and tears, she had talked to him in that trembling voice: "There's no man I can turn to. I can't go around alone. I need the protection of some man at my shoulder. Would you, if I gave you, say, a hundred dollars... would you take me around, be my escort for a short time? It would be the greatest kindness."

Dancing by her in the night club, Martin closed his eyes. Eve. Somebody.

All his life Martin had dreamed about the people who were Somebody. They were different from the people who were just folks, like Mom and Pop and himself and their friends; the world belonged to the people who were Somebody, and Martin's dream was to be up there, somehow, sometime, in their world with them.

HE KEPT his dream hidden, like the rest of his feelings, behind his swift, tough, friendly grin, but it was always with him from the days when he was a towheaded kid back in Rochester, working in Pop's hardware store, and during his high-school days in Jacksonville when the family moved to Florida, and even through the lonely days after Mom and Pop both died the year he was seventeen. It was with him when his tall body and tanned face, which women always stared at, were a little too thin because eating was scarce, and it was with him when he went down to West Palm Beach on his last dollar and got the job in Steve Lang's secondhand car business.

In West Palm the dream grew strongest, because just over the bridge was Palm Beach itself, and Palm Beach was full of people who were Somebody. Seeing them so closely from the outside made Martin's ambition soar till his blue eyes burned with urgency.

Frankie never could understand it.

Frankie was Martin's girl. After a fashion; because at first she was just part of the Crowells, who were Martin's close friends. Bud Crowell worked at Steve Lang's too, and the apartment he and his wife and their baby lived in was the nearest thing Martin had to a home. He was always there. The baby whimpered a lot and often Stella and Bud fought shrilly over Bud's drinking, but Martin preferred being with them evenings to going out. Going out cost money, and besides, the girls who were gay and called him "Handsome" made him feel silly. So, in the four years he was in West Palm, he never had a real girl till Frankie came along.

SHE was Stella's sister, and came down to take care of the baby when Stella had pleurisy. She was younger than Stella, and a taller, fresher, prettier copy of her, with long slim legs and an arching supple body, and her dark eyes were clear and soft. She was nineteen to Martin's twenty-one. She had a good job in New York in a dress "studio," so she paid Stella's hospital bill with her savings because the Crowells had none.

"It's my vacation and two weeks extra without pay. Mr. Metzger's holding my place for me," she told Martin, her mouth buttoning in, "because my build helps trade. Some break, hey, kid?"

She puzzled Martin, but he liked her and felt comfortable with her. He enjoyed taking her for swims at the public beach at Palm Beach itself, though she never wanted to look at the people who really possessed the town.

"Where's the fun?" she demanded. "We get it free but they pay for it."

"Okay, cutie, okay," Martin said, and grinned at her.

He couldn't explain. She didn't know the distinction as he knew it, which was not one of money but of personal heritage. You were born Somebody, whether it appeared later, like Lindbergh, or at birth, like the Prince of Wales. Martin couldn't explain, but he knew he wanted to be up there with the Somebodies. He had to be up there, to become great himself, and his ambition was so unyielding—although he didn't know how it would be accomplished or when—that it excluded his thinking about his future in terms of his present. He couldn't even think about Frankie.

But then one day he was made to. He had helped Frankie mend a broken shelf in the Crowells' kitchen, and when he was through she had said suddenly:

"Say, you are a nice fellow, Martin." "One of nature's carpenters," Martin said, rolling down his sleeves.

Frankie looked at him, and then with a little rush put her hand on his arm.

"Oh, I do like you," she said. "You like me too, don't you?"



"N-ah," Martin said, and grinned at her. But Frankie's lip tucked in a little and she laughed and went into the other room to take up the baby. It made Martin start thinking about her, and he found it upsetting.

Right on top of that came another thing that was upsetting; Steve Lang offered him a partnership in the shop.

IT WAS a tough decision. To accept meant staying in West Palm, which was good business, but he wanted more than that; not just more money, but more everything. He had to think it over.

"Why don't you jump at it?" Frankie demanded, when they went to the beach. "It's swell. What better offers have you got?"

Martin's grin flashed. "No better offers. But I've got an itch to get somewhere where things are happening."

"Listen, plenty happens here. Hur-

ricanes, even. And it's a swell job."

"Yup," Martin said, and shook his head. "Yup. But I've got to do something more."

"More?" Frankie rolled over onto her elbows and stared out to sea. "What I'd like would be just to live here in a place like Florida where it's warm and so much sun. And the ocean. And have a little home and a baby maybe, and grow some flowers." She looked down and passed her fingers over the sand. "Nice, kind of."

Nice, kind of. Martin sat still. There it was. He stole a glance at Frankie's dark hair fallen over her cheek. No, he didn't want her to go back to New York. He didn't. But if she stayed? West Palm. The job with Steve. A home and baby and some flowers. Like Mom and Pop. Like Stella and Bud. Like all the millions who just witnessed the glittering pageant. He couldn't.

"Why, gee, even when I was a kid," he

Everyone laughed and Martin's throat filled with anger. He shoved his chair back. "Listen," he said ominously, but Eve rose swiftly and made him dance



blurted out, "back home there was a field, and I used to think maybe Lindbergh or some guy would crash there and I could go out and do something..." he stopped short, shamefaced; it sounded crazy as hell, telling a thing like that.

Frankie was silent. Then she suddenly laughed a little and sat up. She gathered a handful of sand, shook it slowly, and threw it away into the air.

"My," she said, "you're a funny fellow."

So Frankie went back to New York. After that Martin felt dissatisfied and restless. It was mostly because he had to decide about Steve's offer, and finally one day, staring out the window, he rubbed his hands over his strong chest and straightened his neck and decided. Then he told Steve and took all the money he had and put his clothes in his old suitcase and said goodbye to the Crowells and went to New York by bus,

because he felt somehow that that was the place.

Everything about New York was a loud furious gray—the sky, the buildings, the pavements, the people. Everything was fast and noisy and dirty. It was terrible and thrilling, too, like a good movie; Martin liked it and he didn't like it, and his money got lower and lower. At last he knew he couldn't wait for a good job, so he got one as a driver for a taxi company and felt lucky and dissatisfied at the same time.

AFTER a week of driving he looked through his pockets for the piece of paper with Frankie's address on it. She lived in a rooming house way uptown on the West side.

"Well, for goodness' sake," she said slowly, when she saw him. "Hello."

"You can't keep a good man down South," Martin said, with a grin.

Frankie shook her head, half laughing.

"You silly! So you had to leave the sunshine. What was it, Martin?" Her eyes were bright. "Did the city lights get you?"

He felt suddenly uncomfortable. She mustn't think he had come to New York for any reason but the real one. "It's like this," he said abruptly, awkward at being serious. "It's all a war, kind of. Staying down there was like staying behind the lines. Up here, this is the front."

Frankie looked away. "I'll say." Her lip tightened. "What are your hours, driving?"

"Twelve."

"Gee." She closed her eyes a moment. "My own aren't that bad. I've got a new job, Martin. Salesgirl. At Leonard's, making ten bucks less per week. Some career, hey, kid? But Mr. Metzger got ambitious about me. He said he'd done me a favor, giving me those two weeks without pay! Oh, well, who

cares?" She laughed, and her eyes were clear and soft. "I'd rather be right than rich. What do you do evenings, Martin?"

"Fool around," Martin said.

"Well," Frankie fluffed the hair out around her face. "Better get in touch with me ahead, next time. There are two or three fellows I go out with sometimes. Movies or dancing."

"You needn't tell me," Martin said.

"And it's good for you, too. A Big Apple a day keeps the doctor away. All I can fool around with is just a hamburger and some sleep."

"I bet it's the truth at that," Frankie said, softly. She smiled at him. "Well, let me hear from you. And take it easy, now, Martin. Remember it's a big city. You got to look where you're going!"

Martin grinned, tilting his hat back with two fingers.

"Buttercup," he said, "you watch me!"

THE next day was the day he picked Eve Bedell up at Madison and 49th. A week later he saw her for the second time, in front of the Belgrade Hotel. Martin regularly worked the hotel and those blocks around the Fifties, and when he saw Eve, in blue this time, he drove up quickly. She got in.

"Aren't you the man who drove me down to Washington Square last week?" she said.

"Yes, ma'am."

They got a red light and Martin turned his head and grinned.

"Yes, of course, you are. That Southern talk. That smile, too." She nodded at him, lighting a cigarette and flipping the match out the window.

"Where to? You didn't say."

"Oh, Lord, where to..." Her breath caught sharply and she looked away. "Go to Sutton Place... no, go to Giorgio's on 56th."

She didn't talk any more after that and suddenly Martin thought he heard her crying. He didn't let himself look around; but when they reached the Café Giorgio and he saw her eyes as she handed him the money, he felt suddenly hit in the stomach.

"Gee, lady," he said, "I'm sorry."

She shot a bright, sharp glance at him. Then she smiled and the sharpness melted.

"Thanks."

Martin didn't see her again for another week. Once in that time he went up to see Frankie, but she wasn't home. Then he saw Eve coming out of the Belgrade again.

"This is getting to be a habit," she said, as she got in. "Are you always here?"

"Pretty much. Yes, I am."

"How divinely dependable." She

(Continued on page 60)



Runnin' Scared

By Robert McCormick

Bennett Champ Clark, son of the great Champ, and in his own right a much-discussed prospect for the 1940 Democratic presidential nomination, an honor that the 1912 convention refused his father

BENNETT CLARK has never forgotten 1912. More than a quarter of a century has rumbled by, and Bennett is a busy man, what with standing in line for the 1940 presidential nomination and simultaneously keeping his seat in the Senate. But William Jennings Bryan's great perfidy that kept Champ out of the White House is still an important and burning issue to Champ Clark's son Bennett.

Champ Clark had been a powerful leader of the Democratic party for years and in 1912 seemed, especially to Champ Clark, the logical candidate for higher honors. Champ led on the first ballot at the Baltimore convention and by the 10th he had a majority. Only one man—Van Buren in 1844—had ever reached a majority and failed to go ahead to the two thirds needed for nomination. It was in the bag for the Champ. But on the 14th ballot Bryan made a speech. Clark, he said, was so close to Wall Street that he was practically part of the pavement, besides being a unit of The Money Interests as symbolized by the Belmont-Ryan-Morgan clique. Even Champ himself honored Bryan to the extent of conceding that the Commoner's explosion deflected the nomination from Clark to Woodrow Wilson.

It was a terrible tragedy to Champ, which automatically made it a terrible tragedy to Bennett. Bennett's entire career has revolved around "my dad," both before and after Champ's death in 1921. When Bennett was a boy, he played hooky from the Wallach School at Washington to attend sessions of the House where his father was a member. When still in knee breeches he was captain of Bowling Green precinct, largest in his father's home territory of Pike County, Missouri. He went with his father on stumping tours and at the age of twenty-two he fought heroically behind the scenes at Baltimore to prevent Bryan's coup. Later while Champ was

Speaker of the House, Bennett worked beside him as parliamentarian, absorbing the old man's shrewd philosophy.

When Bennett ran for the Senate in 1932 he echoed his father at every oratorical turn. One of the spectacular features of his campaign was a speech against high tariffs delivered in Joplin, center of the Jasper County zinc district where protective tariff was considered both a necessity and a religion.

Bennett reached a climax on words tested years before by his dad: "I will never help any living human being to rob the American people simply because he happens to live in Missouri." The respect Missouri has for the Clark ideology was well shown when Bennett carried every Jasper precinct. "I was sitting up getting the returns," Bennett says, "but when I got that news I went to bed and had a good night's sleep."

The feuding tendencies Champ picked up in his Kentucky birthplace have been handed down to Bennett. The younger Clark would do anything for his friends, as his American Legion buddies have discovered, but he is an incorrigible enemy. He has forgiven Bryan no more than his father did. Bennett's three children were drilled to say, as they passed Bryan's statue in Washington, "William Jennings Bryan son of a gun." It was all one word to them.

A Warrior Who Hates War

A founder of the American Legion, its first national commander and a colonel in France, Bennett nonetheless hates war just as his father hated it. But Bennett's antagonism has spread out to include a deep scorn for the gold-braid pomp of the regular Army. Major General William M. Wright, Bennett's wartime superior, once threatened to have him court-martialed after a formal review at which Bennett was introduced to the British Field Marshal Haig. "How do you do?" Clark said. "I've al-

ways been in you and your mind, thinking about a well-known brand of Scotch whisky, which was no place for a good soldier's mind to be during a solemn military ceremony.

Because his father was ruined by the rule that a Democratic candidate must get a two-thirds vote in the convention in order to be nominated, Bennett fought the regulation with a passion akin to fanaticism. He gave up a chance to be permanent chairman of the 1936 convention so he could throttle the rule with his own bare hands. It was the greatest moment of his life, he says.

Mrs. J. Hamilton Lewis, wife of the Illinois senator, summed up Clark's feudist tendencies pretty well. She was telling fortunes at a party, one of her favorite pastimes. When Clark's palm came before her she abruptly abandoned the occult in favor of something more definite. "My husband says," she blurted, "that if you would learn to control your temper you would go a long way in politics." J. Ham should know. He was, along with Navy Secretary Claude Swanson and Senator King of Utah, among the congressmen who held young Bennett on their knees back in the hooky-playing days.

As czar of Pike County, Champ was dubbed the "big piker." Bennett is the little piker. Champ was a shade more than six feet; Bennett is a shade less. Champ had a fine physique; Bennett has the customary congressional tummy. Champ had a pale, ministerial face and a bush of white hair; Bennett is florid and genial, and the proud cultivator of a thin layer of dark hair. But his barrel chest, broad shoulders, rectangular jaw and thin mouth come direct from Dad. Bennett once dug up an old picture of Champ at a ball game; his servants all thought it was Mr. Bennett himself.

Bennett isn't the orator his father was, but he has the same voice, operated by a magnificent set of vocal cords that can

boom like a 21-gun salute or whisper like a meadow zephyr. George Norris, venerable Nebraska liberal, was once napping in the Senate lobby when Clark began talking. Norris woke abruptly, listened tensely for a moment and stretched out again. "Oh, it's Bennett again," he sighed. "I always think it's Champ."

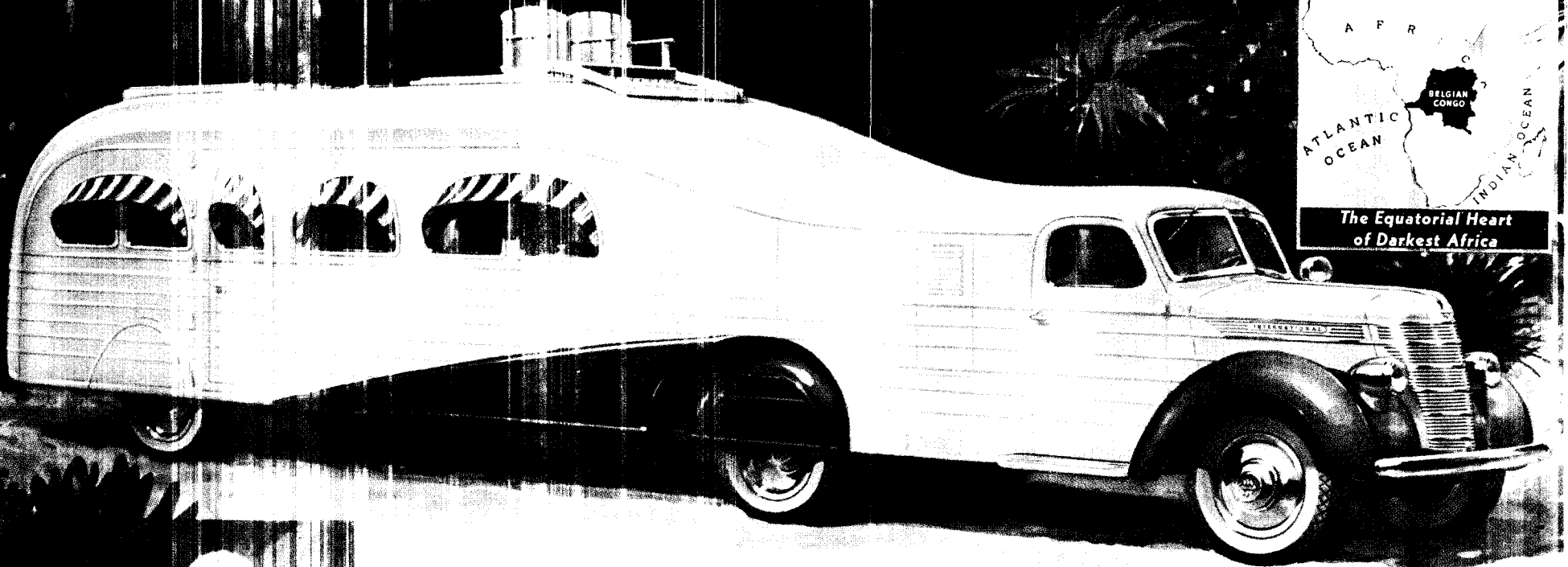
Although Bennett spends little time deliberately aping his father, he frequently catches himself using one of Champ's mannerisms. "I discovered, for instance," he says, "that when I'm making a speech and get excited, I teeter back and forth on my feet. I didn't know I did it until somebody pointed it out to me. But I've seen Dad do it hundreds of times."

Humorist of the Capitol

In place of Champ's genius at concocting funny epigrams, Bennett has substituted a broad-beamed sense of humor that puts him in the life-of-the-cloak-room class at the Capitol. Some of his jokes are almost diabolical. Jim Reed and Frank Walsh, a couple of lawyers who have been feuding since way back and who will tear into each other on the slightest provocation, were recently the opposing counsel in a Supreme Court case. Apparently awed a bit by High Court atmosphere, Bennett didn't quite have courage to go through with his little jest, but this was his idea: Reed was still limping and carrying a stick as a result of an airplane accident several years ago; Walsh's son Jerome also was limping on a cane as a result of a handball game. Bennett wanted to tell Reed that Jerome really wasn't hurt, that he was merely mocking the crippled Reed.

In a general way, Bennett's career has followed a curve similar to his father's. Champ, while leader of the Democratic minority in the House and chief hell-bender in the fight against Uncle Joe

(Continued on page 77)

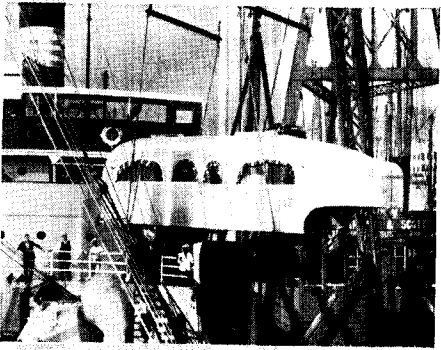


INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS chosen for COMMANDER GATTI'S

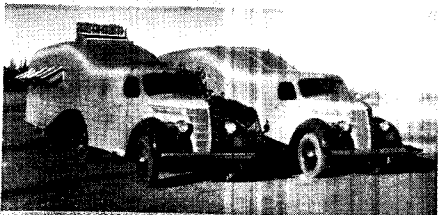
"Jungle Yachts"



Commander and Mrs. Gatti on their 9th expedition, which is described in "Great Mother Forest" published by Chas. Scribner's Sons.



The trailers and the fleet of International Trucks are loaded on the freighter bound for Africa.



Two streamlined trailers make five-room home at base-camp location.



Streamlined International Trucks in the expedition fleet.

THE celebrated explorer, Commander Attilio Gatti, who has spent thirteen years of his life in the African wilderness, is again at the border of the Belgian Congo, outfitted and equipped for the greatest adventure of his career. During the next year, while the Commander and his wife roam over the immense heart of the equatorial jungle, they will center their operations around their "Jungle Yachts."

The nucleus of the Tenth Gatti African Expedition is a de luxe apartment on wheels—two streamlined trailer units designed by Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky and powered by International Trucks. Other Internationals will serve the complex needs of the project over an area one-third as large as the United States, and largely unexplored.

Commander Gatti says about his fleet of International Trucks:

"... On our automotive power hangs the success of our venture in the jungle trails and mountains of Africa. We had to

have as power cars the very, very best on the market. And we had to have other reliable trucks to carry our great stock of supplies and provisions, our precious movie and photo equipment, our camp, etc. We could not risk the irreplaceable results of months of hard work.

"For this, however, we did not have to make any new research. The many years I have spent in Africa and the 100,000 miles I have already made there with trucks and cars of a dozen different makes have taught me enough. Without hesitation I let experience decide and I took all International Trucks. I know they will give us great service for the major transport and as liaison units for the various parts of our caravan."

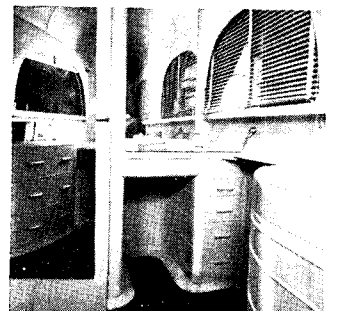
International Harvester will be glad to mail you, on request, an illustrated booklet completely describing this modern expedition into Africa.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
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180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

International Truck sizes range from $\frac{1}{2}$ -ton to powerful 6-wheelers.



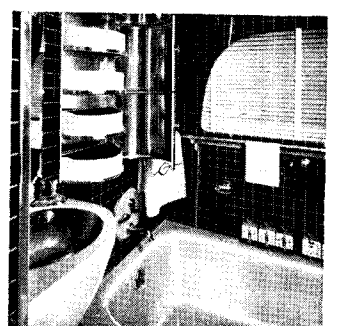
Observation-living room, showing library, bar, and the Commander's desk.



One of two luxurious bedrooms. Electric lighting is indirect throughout.



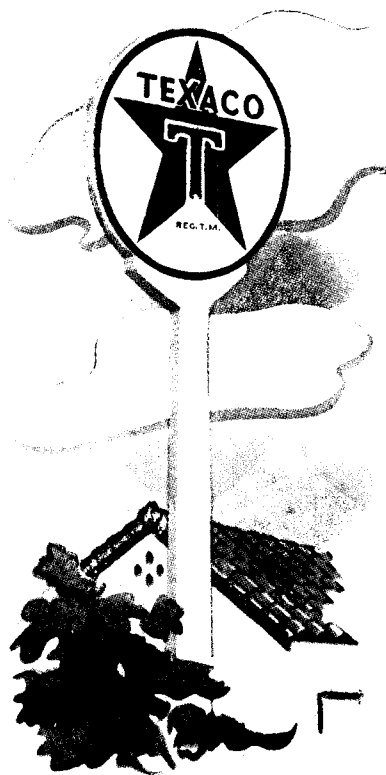
Electric kitchen that would do justice to the Gatti penthouse on Park Avenue.



Bathroom in black tile. Full-length tub and fittings in superb color harmony.

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Detroit said,



Stop where you see this Texaco sign, for one of these two great insulated oils, for Fire Chief Gasoline, for Marfak Lubricating Service—or just to freshen up at one of the immaculate Registered Rest Rooms

"They'll be Hot!"

SO TEXACO ENGINEERS INSULATED THESE TWO GREAT OILS AGAINST ENGINE HEAT

Months ago the engineering staffs of the great motor car companies sounded this warning:

The engines of tomorrow will be quieter, more powerful, more economical of fuel and oil.

That means they will turn over faster, fit tighter and run much hotter than ever before.

We knew that called for a new, more heat-resistant type of oil.

When the word came our Research Engineers were ready. For years they had been working on this problem. They evolved a revolutionary new process for insulating oil against the effect of the intense heat of the higher-speed, hotter-running engines of tomorrow. At the same time they made a better oil for the conventional engines of today.

This new INSULATION process has now been

applied to two great oils—Havoline and Texaco Motor Oil. Henceforth both are protected from the adverse effects of higher heats.

We have demonstrated they will stand up under greater heat than will ever be generated in even the hottest of the new engines.

We have proved they will flow and lubricate perfectly in zero weather.

These oils now ignore both heat and cold.

Next time you need oil, tell the Texaco Dealer to put in the *Insulated* Havoline, if you use a premium grade—or *Insulated* Texaco Motor Oil, if you use the 25¢ grade.

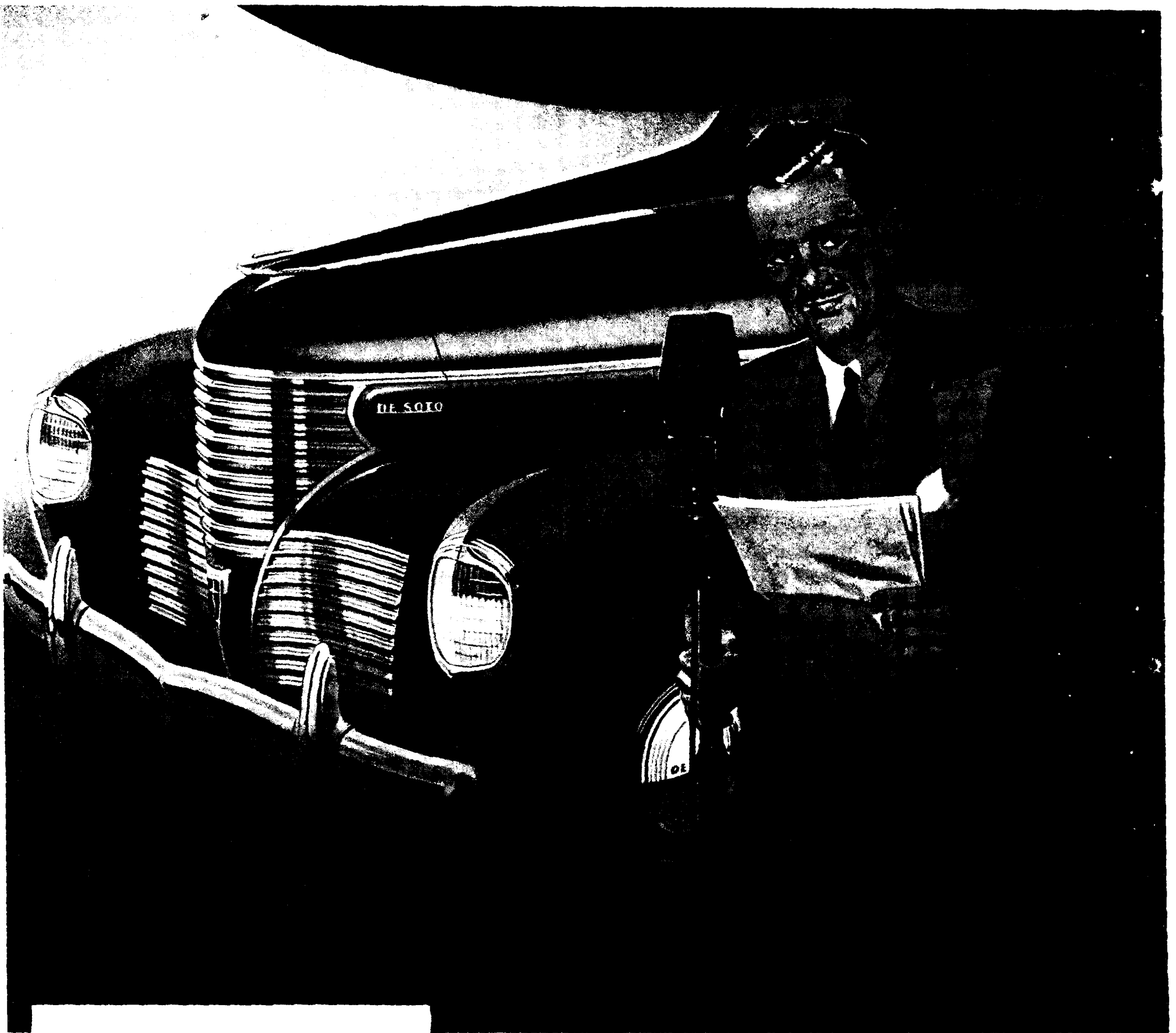
Both will give you the peace-of-mind that comes with the knowledge of full protection—against heat and cold.

TEXACO DEALERS INVITE YOU to tune in THE TEXACO STAR THEATRE: A full hour of all-star entertainment every Wednesday night. Columbia Network—9:30 E.S.T., 8:30 C.S.T., 7:30 M.S.T., 6:30 P.S.T.



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“HERE’S NEWS from Detroit that’s too big to hold”—says America’s Ace Radio Reporter—So Lowell Thomas gives first facts about NEW DE SOTO FOR 1939

“I’M WRITING THESE NOTES in De Soto’s great, modern automobile plant in Detroit—and I’ve just seen the new 1939 car...

“It’s exciting and legitimate news!...”

“Streamlined Styling makes it appear moving when it’s parked! It’s the most beautiful front-end you’ve ever seen on a motor car. New wide-range safety headlights are set *flush* in fenders...a streamlined rear-end conceals a huge luggage locker!

“Inside, De Soto’s even more exciting: there’s a New *Handy-Shift*—the gear shift lever’s right on the steering post!...De Soto has perfected Automatic Overdrive—5 Speeds forward optional on all models!...New Safety-

Signal Speedometer—a light shows green, amber or red to tell you your speed!

“There’s a new *Full-View Windshield*! A smart new instrument panel! Luxurious upholstery and appointments!

“From the first look—there was one thing I feared: would it be high priced? When I asked, I got this unbelievable answer: ‘*De Soto will still be priced just above the lowest!*’

“You’ll appreciate what that statement means only when you see the new De Soto. Shipments are already rolling to dealers! Watch for newspaper announcement of the First Showing of the New De Soto at your local dealer’s.”

DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP., DETROIT, MICH.

The Spymaster

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

ADMIRAL GUY CHESHIRE is Chief of British Naval Intelligence. Assigned to deal with alien spies in England, he finds himself in personal opposition to a man of extraordinary cunning and ruthlessness named Horace Florestan. Assisting Cheshire is young Commander Ronald Hincks and the lovely Countess Elida Pelucchi. Elida's direct access to the highest political circles of Italy has made her of prime importance in Cheshire's strategy to frustrate the enemies of England and avert general war in Europe.

After a conference with the Prime Minister, Cheshire leaves No. 10 Downing Street and is on the point of stepping into his car when a shot is fired. Cheshire is wounded in the shoulder. He staggers, but recovers himself and directs his chauffeur to drive him to the admiralty. Cheshire tells no one of his injury but grimly sets to work with charts and maps in a room alone. Working with feverish intensity, Cheshire in twenty-four hours completes an elaborate plan for simultaneous offensives in the North Sea and the Mediterranean.

He then directs Hincks to make copies of the plan and deliver them to Elida for immediate transmittal to Rome and Berlin. It is of utmost importance, he says, that the alien powers concerned shall believe that this document represents the true strength of England's position. Cheshire adds that there is promotion in store for Ronald. Then, pale and weak, he hurries to a hospital and collapses.

Elida dispatches the documents. Her task completed, she meets Hincks in Cheshire's apartment and accepts his proposal of marriage. While there, the young people are shocked to learn that Cheshire is hovering between life and death.

Suddenly Horace Florestan appears and points a gun at Ronald and Elida. He demands the plans that Cheshire had entrusted to her and is told they are already on their way to the Italian capital. Florestan quickly searches Elida and ascertains she is telling the truth. Then he says he will wait for Cheshire, adding grimly: "It is my object to find out on behalf of the contessa's own country whether she is working in their interests or whether she is working against them on behalf of England." When Hincks asks how she could be working against them, Florestan replies bitterly: "By giving them false information."

Conclusion

ELIDA had covered her face with her hands. She was racked with inward sobs. If this terrible man would only go away! She was more than ever thankful that she had checked her first impulse to scream at the sight of him and tell Ronnie of that horrible ride in the taxicab and her visit to the club.

"Because, you see," Florestan continued glibly, "if the contessa is passing on information that is of service to her country with your help, Commander Hincks, and the help of Admiral Cheshire, you two are guilty of high treason, and as a British citizen it becomes my duty to denounce you. If, on the other hand, that information is faked, then, on behalf of the country whose agent I am, it is very important that I should denounce the contessa to them. That is why I am so anxious to examine some of this so-called information. In Rome the name of Pelucchi is sacred. They have a great opinion of me but they will listen to no warning that I have offered them. There you are, my two friends. There's the whole position. No more mystery between us, you see. All fair and above-board. If these last plans that you have somehow or other smuggled over to Italy are genuine, show me a copy and give me twenty-four hours. I will tell you whether they are genuine or not. I will tell you whether it becomes my duty to denounce you and your chief, Commander Hincks, to the British government, or whether the Contessa Pe-

lucchi is a traitress to her own country."

At last there came the sound of footsteps in the corridor, a key turning in the lock. The door of the room was opened. Greyes presented himself. He looked first at Elida, then he glanced at Hincks, and suddenly he seemed to recognize Florestan. He spoke not one single word. The perfectly trained, quiet-voiced servant was suddenly a tiger. He sprang at Florestan's throat, seized him in an almost maniacal grip, flung him onto the divan and knelt there with his knee upon his stomach and his hands still upon his throat.

"You dog!" he cried. "You murdering hound!"

There was a sudden reversal of the position. Florestan, with no apparent effort, slipped from the grip of the man who was holding him. He leaped to his feet and shook his aggressor as a terrier might have done a rat. Hincks rushed to the rescue but he was a moment too late. Florestan, with almost miraculous ease, had thrown his victim with a crash into the corner of the room. Greyes lay there, white and unconscious. Florestan faced the two young people with a composure that had in it something gruesome.

"Let me hear the truth," he demanded, "and I will at once relieve you of my presence."

Without a doubt, at that moment Florestan was dominant. Elida had risen unsteadily to her feet and was gazing with horrified eyes across the room toward Greyes' prostrate figure. Hincks had lost any gift of finesse that he might have possessed and was in a raging temper. He stood between Florestan and his late assailant, his eyes aflame with anger and his voice raised almost to a shout.

"Get out of this, you scoundrel! We have had enough of this melodrama. Find out the truth for yourself. Get out of this, I tell you!"

"Or what?" Florestan inquired with deadly coolness.

"I'll throw you out," Hincks threatened. "You and your silly little gun and your jujitsu tricks. Try them on me if you want to. Out you get!"

Hincks strode to the door and threw it open. He came back and confronted Florestan. The smile, half taunting, half vicious, was back on the man's lips. He showed not a single sign of discomposure. He looked from his antagonist to the girl very much with the air of a man studying a chess problem.

"DEAR me," he said. "I always understood that officers in the British service never lost their temper. Bad form, rather, isn't it? In your present frame of mind further discussion is perhaps useless. Contessa, I leave you with the earnest hope that it is for your own country you are working. It will be better for your health. As for you, young man, you are either a double-crossing blunderer or a traitor to the service that maintains you. Either is sufficiently despicable."

Hincks, holding open the door, was moving his feet impatiently. Florestan, (Continued on page 44)



He seized Florestan in an almost maniacal grip and flung him onto the divan

**I KNOW
YOU
MAY THINK
YOU DON'T
NEED
MUM**



Don Herold Says:

**But you ought to
be scared you do**

It's natural for anybody to think he is the heaven-blessed exception—that other people may have perspiration aura, may need Mum—but that wonderful *he* doesn't.

We all kinda have to reason the thing out.

Nobody comes up to you and tells you to use Mum (unless you count me). You aren't sensitive to your own perspiration effects. People don't say: "Hello, Gargantua!"

You just have to figure that if other men get to be nuisances of this sort, well, why shouldn't you be one too, unless you do something to stop it.

And if there is a chance of your being a perspiration nuisance, your consideration for others and your regard for your own reputation tell you that you had darned well better do everything possible to prevent it.

Thousands of men have thought it out. They make a strict habit of cinching the good effects of their baths by using dabs of Mum after every tub or shower and again before evenings out. (Many also use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.) Mum is a pleasant cream which definitely annuls underarm and other perspiration odor for many hours without stopping perspiration. It is soothing to the skin and harmless to clothing.

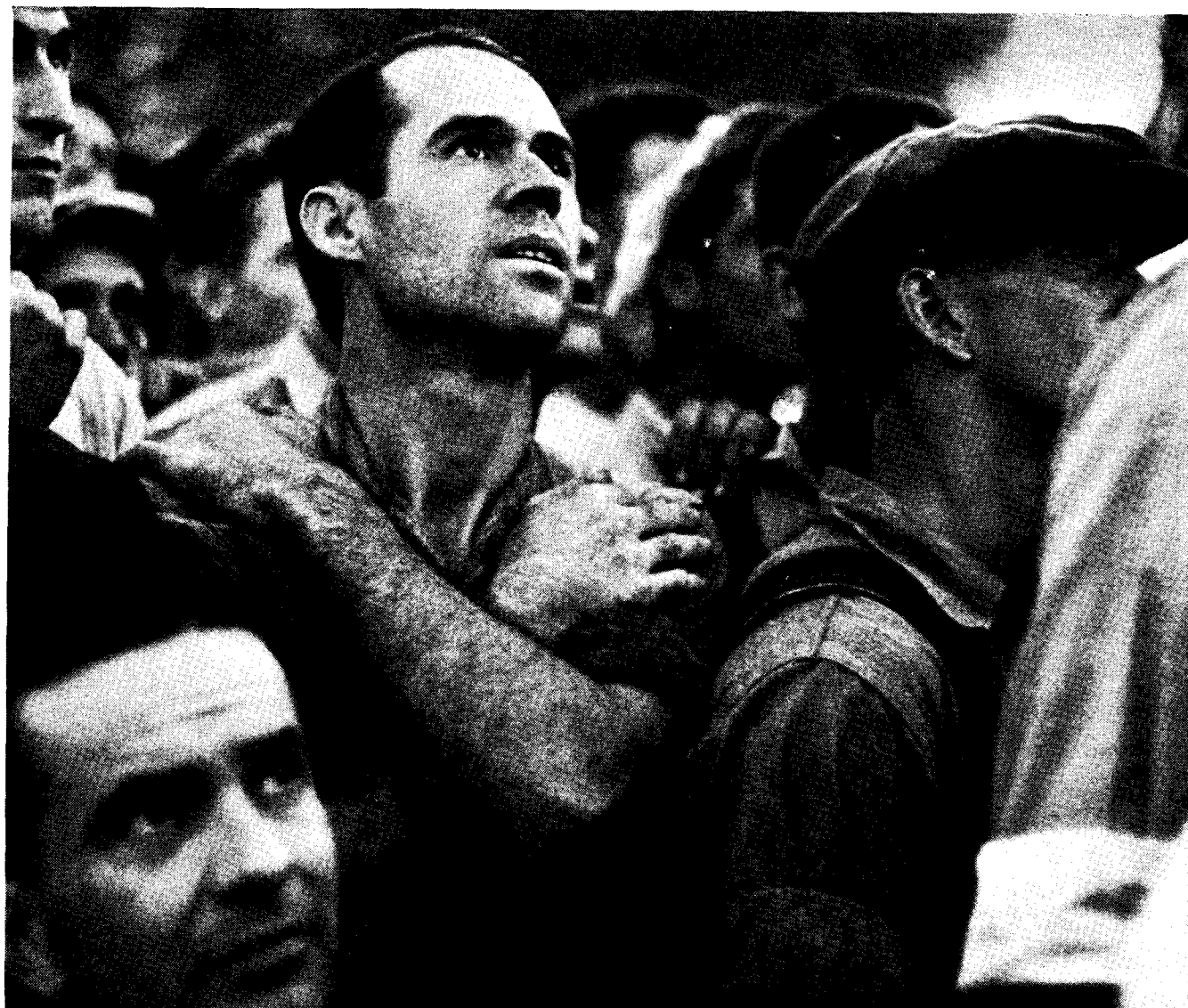
*Maybe
this guy, Herold
isn't so crazy,
after all*



Maybe you still hesitate to start. All right, start cautiously. Send your name today on the margin of this page for a free sample to Bristol-Myers Company, Dept. M2-108, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York.



**MUM TAKES
THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION**



A part of the crowd of 20,000 people watching a public hanging at Owensboro, Kentucky, in 1936

EUROPEAN

I Am Against Capital Punishment

By Robert G. Elliott As told to Albert R. Beatty

For a dozen years the grim profession of executioner has been Mr. Elliott's livelihood. People naturally assume that he approves of capital punishment. But the assumption is wrong. Legal slaying has no more bitter foe than the man who throws the switch for executions in six states

ON a Friday night, about four years ago, Mrs. Elliott and I went to see a motion picture in our neighborhood movie house.

We do that quite frequently but we're not avid movie fans and we rarely know the name or the theme of the picture before we reach the theater. I like musicals. Mrs. Elliott, of course, likes the romantic pictures. The only kind we deliberately try to avoid, as I have suggested in an earlier article, are those dealing with prisons and capital punishment.

But sometimes they don't title the pictures very truthfully. This night we found ourselves looking at a story not only of crime but also of punishment—capital punishment. An overpowering love had driven a young man to assume responsibility, guilt and the death sentence for a crime he had not committed. On what seemed to be an incontrovertible skein of circumstantial evidence, he was sentenced to die.

Five minutes after he had been electrocuted—in the screen play—a telephone call to the warden from the executive mansion ordered a reprieve for the consideration of new evidence. The person who was really guilty had confessed. But it was, of course, too late. An innocent man had died in Hollywood's prop electric chair at the order of an author and a director who did not believe in the usual happy ending.

It was a powerful bit of writing and acting and, I'll have to admit, it made a deep impression on me. We talked about it on the way home.

"It is not at all impossible that such a thing could happen in real life," I remarked to Mrs. Elliott. My mind ran back over some of the executions I had performed in which the verdict had been reached on circumstantial evidence. "It's highly improbable, but it could

happen. I hope and pray that it never happens in any case in which I throw the switch."

The following Monday morning found me at the Western State Penitentiary in Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, where a single execution was scheduled. I had not read of the case. I did not even know the name of the condemned man until I arrived there. As he was brought into the death chamber, preceded by the clergyman of his faith, I looked up from my preparation of the electrodes to note that he was a young man, a comparatively clean-cut youth of about twenty-five. The executions in Pennsylvania were then held at 7 A. M., instead of a half hour past midnight, as now. It was obvious that the youth had spent a cruelly wakeful night. But he was resolute and walked to the chair with as firm a tread as men ever walk on the last few steps of their lives.

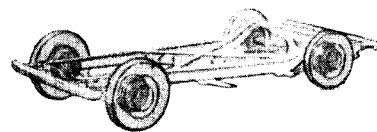
There was nothing unusual as the electrodes were applied to his head and leg and the mask was put over his face. I went to the instrument board, the guards stepped back from the chair—and I threw the switch.

Then the most spine-chilling moment I think I have ever known!

At the precise instant that the switch made its contact, as the current crackled,



Your new car has 4-wheel brakes!



Your new car has all-steel body! . . .



Your new car has safety glass!



Now make your motoring completely safe with —

GOODYEAR LIFEGUARDS

LIFEGUARD is a registered trade-mark of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company and is fully protected by patents.

**Not a tire . . . not a tube
—but an entirely new
safety invention!**

WHEN you buy a fine new car, see that the tires are as safe as the car!

To be modern, a car must have 4-wheel brakes, all-steel body, safety glass. You wouldn't think of buying a car without them! Tires—to be modern—must have Goodyear LifeGuard protection!

It was to make *any* tire absolutely safe under *all* conditions and at *all* speeds that the Goodyear LifeGuard was developed. Not a tire . . . not a tube . . . but an entirely new safety invention . . . the modern successor to the conventional inner tube.

Should a tire blow out, the 2-ply reserve tire within LifeGuard's extra-sturdy outer tube remains inflated long enough for you to come to a safe stop. No weave, no lurch, no wheel-fight!

LifeGuards also save you money! They enable you to get full mileage from your tires with safety. They will outwear several sets of casings. They fit any make of tire . . . new or old!

You wouldn't buy a new car today without

4-wheel brakes, all-steel body and safety glass. For your own peace of mind, your bodily protection and the protection of those you hold dear *you also need* LifeGuards.

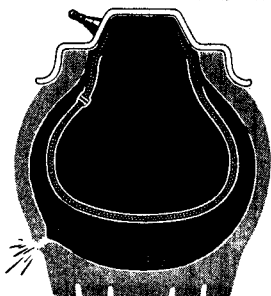
Don't confuse LifeGuard with the puncture-proof type of tube which affords no protection against blowouts. Goodyear alone makes LifeGuards . . . its greatest contribution to safety.

Be sure to specify Goodyear LifeGuards on your new car. *You can't get better protection to save your life!*

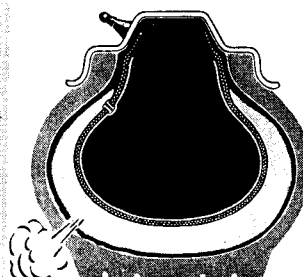
PAY FOR THIS SAFETY AS YOU RIDE!

Your dealer either can equip your car from his own stock, or arrange to have it equipped through local Goodyear dealers or service stores. The slight extra cost can be added to your car financing plan or handled on the Goodyear Budget Plan.

FITS ANY MAKE OF TIRE—NEW OR OLD!



CASING FAILS!



TUBE BLOWS!



SAFE ON LIFEGUARD!

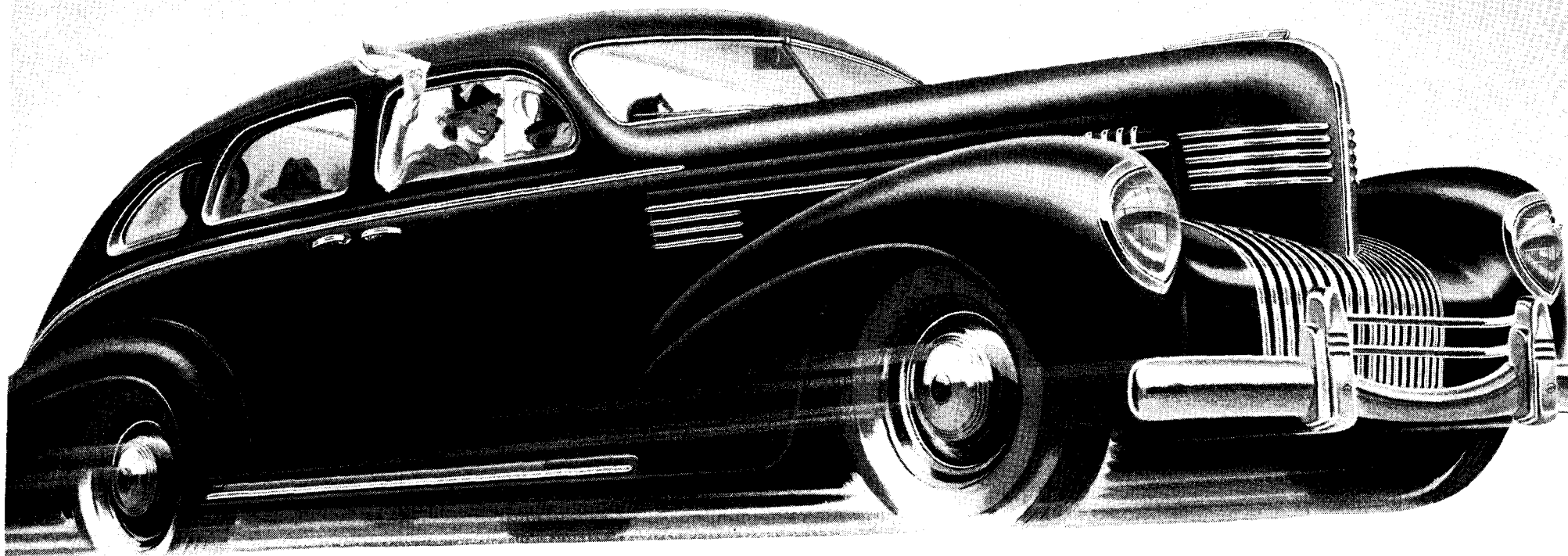
Modern successor to the inner tube, the Goodyear LifeGuard replaces the conventional tube. It is a 2-ply reserve tire inside a tube . . . both inflated through the same valve. If casing and tube fail at

high speed, the inner tire holds enough air to support the car until it can be brought to a smooth, safe stop. A LifeGuard-equipped car may be readily identified by the yellow and blue valve stems.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**FOR
1939**

Be Modern - Buy Chrysler!



NEW! ADVANCED AIRFLOW STYLING

Chrysler pioneered modern streamline design in the Airflow . . . now brings it to its highest development in new modern smartness and beauty . . . permitting great interior roominess in the sleekest, most dashing-looking car that ever took the road.

NEW! PLASTIC INSTRUMENT PANEL ... BEAUTIFUL AND SAFE!

Modern chemistry makes possible the gorgeously beautiful instrument panel of translucent plastic material. Control buttons are recessed for safety. The speedometer flashes in different colored lights to warn you of dangerous driving speeds.

NEW! CRUISE AND CLIMB TRANSMISSION

A transmission that thinks for you . . . shifts automatically on demand between pick-up and cruising ranges according to power required. Flashes you out of tight places instantly . . . in ordinary driving gives much greater use of gas-saving overdrive.

NEW! MORE LUGGAGE CAPACITY IN HIDDEN RECESSED TRUNK!

True streamlines banish the bulging trunk! Body and fenders sweep back in tapering lines of striking modern beauty. Yet the big, completely concealed luggage compartment—opened from the rear—has more carrying capacity than ever before!

NEW! STEERING WHEEL GEAR-SHIFT

The gear-shift lever at your finger tips . . . right under the steering wheel. Shifting requires no more effort than steering. Easy . . . simple . . . safe! Clashless . . . quiet . . . sure! No levers in front compartment floor. A great modern advancement!

NEW! POWER, HANDLING EASE, SAFETY ... ALL AT A NEW CHRYSLER TOP!

Greatly increased horsepower . . . with the economy of the Cruise and Climb Transmission! Steering and gear-shifting of feather touch ease. Chrysler's famous hydraulic brakes and Safety All-Steel Body. Every great Chrysler engineering feature.

NEW! BODY 4" WIDER . . . MORE SPACE, GREATER COMFORT

Chrysler's already roomy body is now 4" wider at the windshield! Seats are as wide as divans. Up to now, roominess has been merely relative . . . some cars gave a *trifle* more than others. Here is a car so roomy you *feel* its spaciousness the moment you enter it!

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the electrodes sizzled and the boy's body stiffened under the shock of 2,000 volts. the telephone rang. The telephone bell was not more than a dozen feet from the chair and a scant three or four feet from where I stood. I say the telephone bell rang. I might rather say that it screamed.

I was transfixed, frozen. Through my horrified mind flashed the story I had seen on the screen in Richmond Hill three days before, and the conversation with Mrs. Elliott. I remembered I had said, "I hope and pray that may never happen to me." Had it now happened? Was I executing an innocent man?

The Humane Thing to Do

But the deadly current of electricity was already ripping through this boy's body. His nervous system already was shattered, his heart torn beyond recall. Life was not yet gone but nothing could save him. My first instinctive thought was to throw open the switch and release the current. But I knew that would do no good. If this were a last-second call from one in authority designed to save the man whom his state had condemned, it was too late. Perhaps a grim fate had thrown at me an exact re-enactment of that motion-picture story. But if so, there was only one humane thing to do now. That was to complete the execution, to let the lethal thunderbolt in those wires do its deadly work.

All of these things flashed through my mind during the five seconds I held the indicator at 2,000 volts. The principal keeper, who had been standing beside me, had reached the same instinctive decision. As the bell began to scream its second ring, he reached over to the telephone and took the receiver from its hook. In something less than three minutes after that telephone bell had first stirred, the prison physician listened with his stethoscope, heard no heartbeat and said, "I declare this man dead."

For the first time since my 1903 experience at Sing Sing, when I performed my first execution, I was limp as I opened the circuit that cut off the power. I repeated in my mind the prayer that there had been no mistake. I prayed that I had not this time executed an innocent man.

The principal keeper went to the telephone, flashed the operator and asked hoarsely, "What was that call?"

"I'm sorry," said the operator at the prison switchboard. "It was a mistake. I rang the wrong extension."

I hope that I may never again experience three such minutes.

Despite every human effort to make the death chamber free of mishaps that throw even more than the necessary pall of horror over the room, accidents have happened. They have given me moments that have cut deep into my memory.

One of them that I recall now occurred at Sing Sing. For no possible reason I can assign, the strap that was supposed to hold the leg electrode tightly against the surface of the condemned man's skin had not been drawn tightly enough. When I reduced the voltage at the end of five seconds from the death-dealing jolt of 2,000 volts to a few hundred, I was filled with horror to see the electrode slip to the ankle. There, providing an insufficient contact, it sparked badly to provide a more than usually grisly death-room picture. The man's leg was a muscular one, and, as the current was decreased, the muscles, of course, had contracted.

There was in this case no question as to what my action should be. I threw out the switch to cut off the current, then walked swiftly to the chair and adjusted the electrode on the leg. The condemned man's body, sagging in the chair with the abrupt cut-off in current, was insensible but not yet lifeless. With the electrode now fitting tightly, I threw the switch again and brought the ill-starred murderer's life—ill-starred even in its final seconds—to an end.

Of less serious consequence but still a harrowing experience of the death house was the momentary misplacing of the mask on the night Sacco and Vanzetti were executed in the Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown.

Few people realize that an obscure murderer, one Celestino Madeiros, whose crime was the killing of a bank cashier, preceded Sacco and Vanzetti to the chair that night. No political hue and cry had been raised over the plight of the friendless Madeiros.

Madeiros was pronounced dead at 12:09 and Sacco followed him immediately—Sacco, the defiant political evangelist to the end.

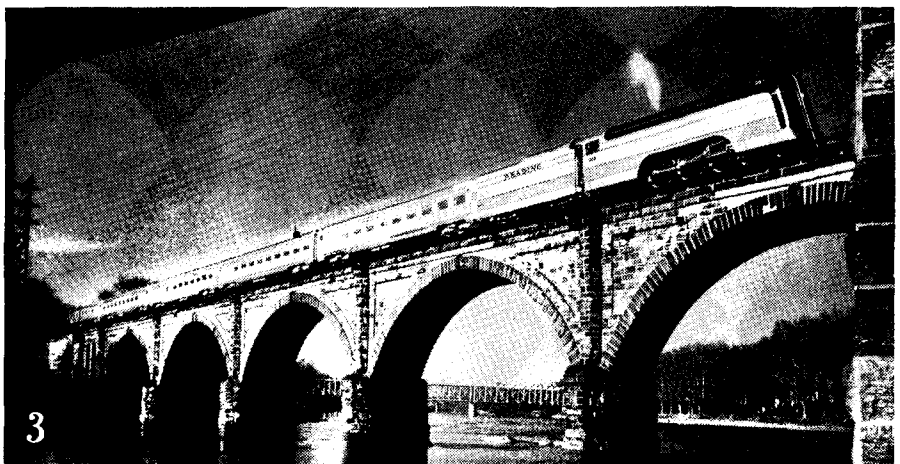
I have often since been thankful that Sacco, high-strung, voluble as he was, did talk as he did that night in the execution chamber. Despite the fact that he was under a terrific mental strain, for I believe that he was a sensitive, imaginative person, he walked slowly but steadily into the room. There was no



Dorothea Kent, star of the Universal Picture, "Youth Takes A Fling", gets a bird's-eye view from a big Pacific Coast defense gun. These 365-ton guns are . . .



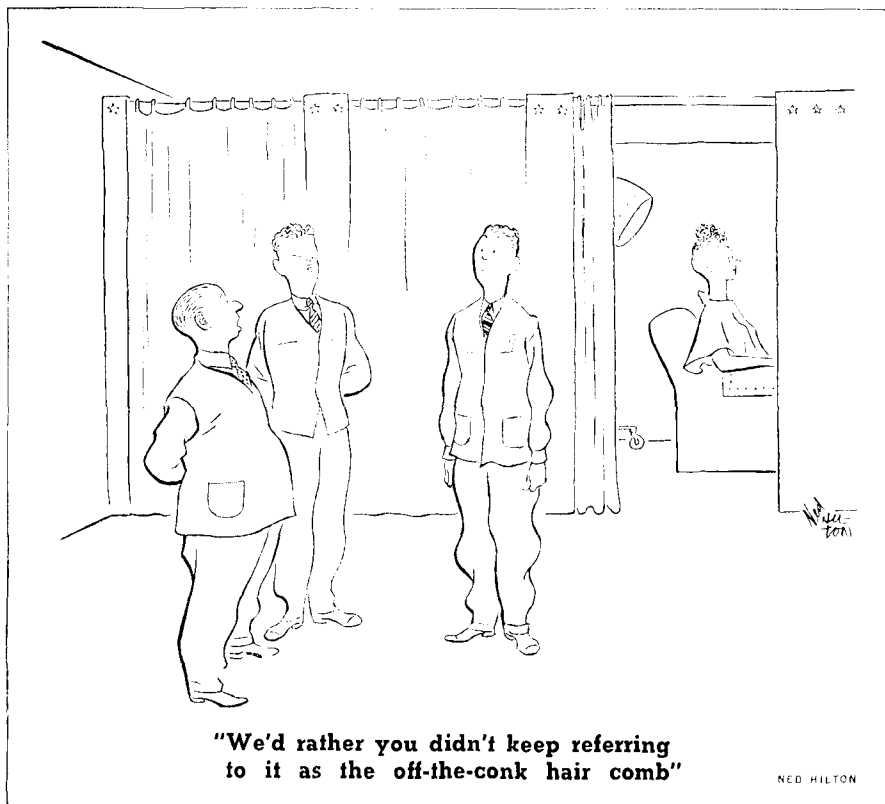
. . . transported on special cars by the Santa Fe Railroad. The Santa Fe in the West, like the . . .



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First use Simoniz Kleener. It cleans the lacquer or enamel thoroughly and safely. Cures finish decay. Restores the natural lustre. All in one quick, easy operation!

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Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener are sold at hardware, drug, department, and auto supply stores, filling stations and garages everywhere. They cost no more than polishes and so-called waxes that give but a here-to-day-and-gone-tomorrow shine.



MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ



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difficulty in getting him into the chair, but as the straps were being affixed and we were about to place the mask over his face, the mask couldn't be found.

Meanwhile Sacco was talking.

"Farewell, my wife and child and all my friends," he said in English. He had two children, a son and a daughter, and his difficulty with our language, as well as his mental strain, probably accounted for the use of the singular instead of the plural of "child."

Then he said, "Good evening, gentlemen," apparently directing that to all who were in the room, and then, "Farewell, Mother."

But the political phase of this death-room soliloquy was in his native Italian. It was, "Long live anarchy!"

As he was saying and repeating these things through a long, tense minute, a guard came striding back into the room with the mask. It had been caught in Madeiros' clothing and carried from the room as his body had been taken out for autopsy. If it had not been for Sacco's talking, the incident might have been noticed and one more trifling detail of the controversial case inflated into still another sensation. If you had seen the prison armed and garrisoned that night, the scores of mounted policemen outside attempting to control the crowds and the traffic jam of hundreds of automobiles; if you had been there to feel the electric tension in the air as Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizers demonstrated, you would have agreed that any further excitement, within or without the death chamber, would have done no good.

Death-House Misadventure

The night of June 25, 1931, was one of the most tense and difficult ever put in by Warden Lawes, myself and the others on whose shoulders rested the obligation of New York State's legal slayings. As it happened, Supreme Court Justice Philip McCook was in the death chamber that night, the first time I can recall that a judge had attended an execution in New York.

Two men were to die for a brutal murder committed in New York City. I drove in from Rochester, at the end of a motor trip, arriving at Sing Sing about 6 P. M., to be informed that the motor generator which supplies the current for electrocutions at the prison had burned out. Efforts were then being made to repair it. Repaired, it burned out the second time early in the evening when tested. I am not superstitious but it did seem that the Fates that night were doggedly determined to save two lives that had been demanded by the law.

Finally, with the hour for the executions approaching, it was necessary to string wires into the prison from the outside, from the system of the Westchester Lighting Company. This was at a strength of 2,200 volts. There was not time in which to put together a water rheostat and, as there was no other way in which to regulate the current, we were obliged to use it at that voltage. The result, as I had expected and as I warned the warden, was considerable sparking and burning. But it was the only solution to a problem that, I am glad to say, has never presented itself again in my experience.

One of the great advantages of electrocution over hanging and most other methods of capital punishment is that the condemned person is not conscious of a mishap, even though one occurs. If the failure is one of wires, then the current simply does not reach him and he knows nothing of the mistake. If the initial shock of the current does reach him, he is rendered unconscious in one twentieth of the time it takes you to wink your eye.

How would I feel if I ever executed an innocent person?

How would you feel, let me ask, if you had played my role in the incident I am about to relate?

On the morning of November 21, 1927, a man was brought to the electric chair in the Western State Penitentiary at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania. His name was Jerry Weeks. He had been convicted on circumstantial evidence of murdering a woman, the wife of a miner who was employed about a hundred miles from the scene of the tragedy.

Jerry Weeks had been friendless throughout his trial and imprisonment. His wife not only refused to aid him but actually helped in the conviction and planned to be re-married immediately after his execution. Only a Salvation Army chaplain had been interested in the man and became convinced of his innocence.

On the morning of the execution, the Salvation Army man asked permission of the warden to question Weeks after he had been placed in the chair. This was an unusual request, especially in Pennsylvania, where death-chamber speeches by the condemned are not permitted. However, the religious man was so earnest and so much respected for his work in the prison that his request was granted.

Weeks had been strapped in the chair. The electrodes were about to be applied to his leg and head. The one friend he had in the world, the man who had helped to prepare him for death and eternity, stepped to the chair and looked into his face.

"Jerry," he said, "you have only a few more seconds of this life to live. What you say now cannot help you. No earthly power can save you now. But I have been your friend. With your last breath, I want you to tell me the truth. Are you guilty of this murder for which you are now to die?"

The condemned man replied, "You are my one friend. I would not lie to you. In the name of my mother in heaven, I am innocent."

The Salvation Army worker bowed his head and stepped back. The electrodes were applied, the mask put over the face of the man in the chair and a few seconds later my right hand, not wholly steady, threw the switch.

I talked with that Salvation Army chaplain a few hours later on the train returning to New York.

"You," I said, "have seen that man many times alone and have talked with him. Do you really think he was innocent?"

"I'm convinced of it," was his reply.

In the little book in which I enter my records, I wrote that night, "This is a case in which circumstantial evidence could be wrong."

The happiest day I'll ever experience, if I live that long, will be the day that capital punishment is wiped from the statute books, leaving me without any more business, a man out of a job.

Make Judge and Jury Watch

Ever since this series of articles began to appear, my friends have asked me, "Do you believe capital punishment is necessary and should be inflicted in this country?"

My answer is "No."

I do not think the death penalty is necessary to protect society and I do not believe it should be inflicted. I firmly believe that the time is coming when death by law will become only a grisly memory throughout the United States, as it already has become in seven states—Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, North Dakota, Rhode Island, South Dakota and Wisconsin.

When that will be, of course, no man knows. We will have capital punishment until a majority of citizens decide that the ancient law of "an eye for an eye

and a tooth for a tooth" has been out-moded in the light of present-day intelligence and ethics.

Until that day, I believe it would be wholly just to require that the judge and the jury who demand the death sentence be present in the death chamber as witnesses at the always awful moment that the spark of life is crushed from the man or woman over whom they have sat in judgment. Thus would the real consequence of the verdict and the repugnant horror of the legal slaying be impressed upon them.

I was called for jury duty once, a few years ago, in Queens County, New York. I reported to the office of the clerk, presented the notice and explained in a few words who I was and the position I held as state executioner. I was told, in effect, to get out and not to come back.

"We'll have no further need of you, Mr. Elliott," said the court officer.

I said, "Thank you," and departed. That was all right with me. I should hate, more than anything else I can think of, to be charged with the duty of deciding whether a man is to live or die. Because I don't happen to believe it necessary that any man die for the safety of the rest of us. And I don't believe that man should be permitted to take away the one thing that cannot be restored—life.

Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing, who appointed me, is one of the outstanding articulate foes of capital punishment. No one in the death chamber at Sing Sing is more grave and more deeply affected during an execution than Warden Lawes. I have never seen him look up after the condemned man was strapped in the chair. Usually he bows his head and stands immobile, turned slightly away from the chair. If capital punishment finally is abolished, the name of Lawes will occupy close to the No. 1 position in the list of those to whom humanity owes a debt.

Self-appointed analysts, amateur sociologists, persons who would become evangelists in the fight against capital punishment, are the authors of a large part of the mail that comes to me, some of it addressed to my home in Richmond Hill, much of it to the various prisons in which I perform executions. Many of the letters, of course, are bitter. It is assumed by most of the writers that, being an executioner, I am in favor of capital punishment. I have never replied to the letters, nor to the frequent invitations received from well-meaning bodies to speak on various phases of capital punishment. These articles have constituted my first written or spoken views on the subject.

Most of the letters blame society, our failure to guide the young man in his formative years by the provision of proper social, recreational and vocational training. With these, of course, I am in substantial agreement.

One of the "Lucky" Ones

Only a few weeks ago I talked with a young New York newspaperman, outstandingly successful in his field. He told me that one of the murderers whom I executed at Sing Sing a couple of years ago had been a member of his boyhood "gang" in Brooklyn.

"As boys in knee pants, we were all alike," he told me. "We played pranks, hooked apples from fruit stands, outran the cops and did the things that any city kid does. But Joe's parents drifted apart. No one kept after him to see that he stayed in school or that he held a job. He went from bad to worse, finally decided that the world owed him a living, and at last found himself in a spot where he had to shoot his way out of trouble. So you got him. I was luckier. I had somebody to keep an eye on me."

I think that's true enough. And yet,

as this newspaperman spoke, my mind went back to the night in January, 1936, when four smooth-cheeked, intelligent-looking youths, two of them twenty-one, two of them only twenty, came to the chair at Sing Sing in one of the most harrowing experiences I can recall. It was the first time in many years that the bleak, bare walls of that brightly lighted chamber had seen as many as four men die within a few minutes. And never had four men so young died together. To me there is something especially poignant, and always has been, in the execution of a young man to whom life's best things should still be beckoning.

The four boys were to die for the murder of a New York policeman who had surprised them in the act of burglarizing a New York shop twelve months earlier.

One was the son of a minister in a Southern city. He had had every advantage of a home in which good breeding, good books, religious influences, had pervaded the family circle. He was the first to go. As they lifted his limp body from the chair to the white wheel-table to trundle it into the autopsy room, his heartbroken mother was outside the prison gate in an automobile. Unable to leave her son in his last hour but unable, of course, to watch him die, she had fainted away in complete collapse as the moment approached that, she knew, would end his life.

When Theories Fail

Here, certainly, was a case in which lack of training, lack of guidance, lack of parental devotion, could not be blamed for the fact that a boy had walked "the last mile."

The second youth who was led into the death chamber that night, on the contrary, was one who had had fewer advantages. But the third had been a high-school athlete, a boy who had enjoyed what we imagine is the valuable training of athletic sports. The fourth, again, was a product of circumstances that should have been conducive to a useful, honest life.

Never, I believe, not even excepting the night that Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray died in that same chair, have I seen witnesses so moved by the sight of death in the electric chair. One witness collapsed and had to be taken from the room. Others covered their eyes with their hands or with handkerchiefs. It was little wonder. I, who could not do that, wished that I could. Never has the work of manning the lethal switch been more repugnant.

But why were they there? Superficially, the reason was that they had come under the baleful influence of a man who, formerly a respected citizen, had become a criminal and had taught them the ways of crime. But considering the influences that had surrounded at least three of them, there was every reason why they should have been launching successful lives.

What is the answer? I'm sure I don't know. But I do know that man becomes more humane in his punishment. For instance, crimes of theft, which in the grim justice of only two or three centuries ago brought the death penalty do so no longer. Where we still demand the death penalty for murder, we seek more humane methods. And, so far as I have been able to discover, the states of our own country and the nations in other parts of the world that have outlawed the death penalty entirely have been visited by no blight of murder.

Slowly but surely the public's attitude toward the legal taking of a life is changing. I may not live to see it but I hope my children and my grandchildren will live to see the day when legal slayings, whether by electrocution, hanging, lethal gas or any other method, are outlawed in all the United States.

To feel better faster —take Sal Hepatica!



MR.: Just my luck! Drive half-way across the continent to see a football game and then wake up with a logy headache! Yes—I know I need a laxative, but it'll be hours before my head clears.

MRS.: Not if you take Sal Hepatica, dear. It's a lot different.



MR.: You say Sal Hepatica is different. How?

MRS.: Well, first, it's quick yet gentle in its laxative action. Second, it counteracts gastric acidity—chases that sickish feeling fast. Millions have found that out—so try it, dear.



THAT AFTERNOON

MRS.: Darling, you've certainly changed since this morning!

MR.: Feel great, honey, thanks to you and that glass of sparkling Sal Hepatica... Say, that's another touchdown! What a game! What a team!

IT'S A QUICK, GENTLE LAXATIVE

AND IT COUNTERACTS GASTRIC ACIDITY, TOO —

SAL HEPATICA

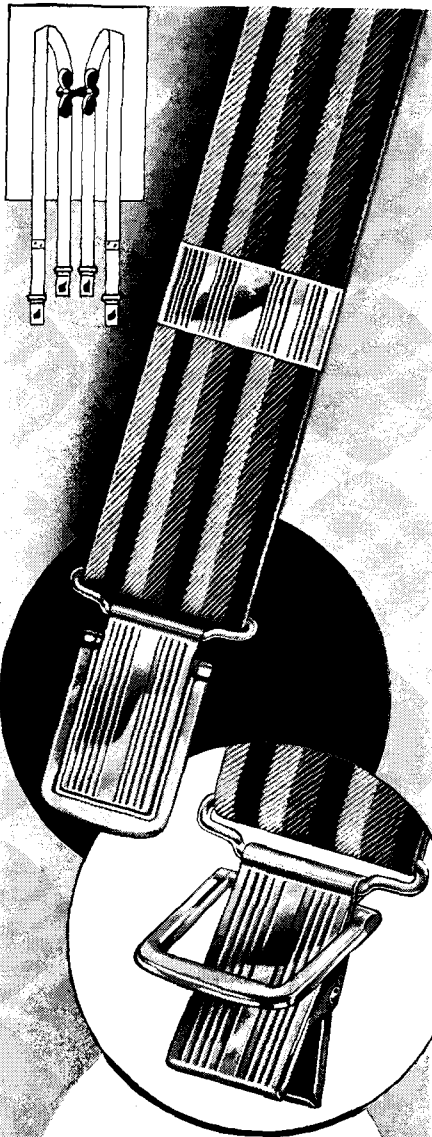
FOR A QUICK COME-BACK

GET IT AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S TODAY

TUNE IN: Fred Allen in "TOWN HALL TONIGHT"—Wednesdays at 9 P.M., E.S.T.

Power Play

Continued from page 13



KLIXON
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
ENDS

When Paris perfected this new Finger-Tip control KLIXON Jewelry-grip end . . . it ended your long search for a suspender clip that "couldn't slip but sure could grip." Automatically adjusts itself to any thickness of trouser tops . . . and it stays set until you say otherwise. KLIXON ends found exclusively in "Free-Swings" . . . the famous suspender that "Can't Skid Off Your Shoulders." You want several pair . . . one for each suit . . . your dealer has them . . . or can get them pronto! \$1 and up.

A. STEIN & COMPANY

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PARIS
Free-Swing
SUSPENDERS
Can't skid off your shoulders

commission for selling the bonds would be \$2,125. The first revenues of the district each month, he advised, would have to go toward retiring the principal and interest of the bond issue. He estimated this could be done and forty per cent still knocked off the rates charged by the West Coast Power Company.

Cascade Locks has begun to follow this advice. Should the company spurn the purchase offer, then, Ross and Myers intimate, will be time enough for competition. In negotiating with the company, Myers is not expected to conceal the fact that Uncle Sam just down the river at Bonneville Dam is ready to sell power to public utility districts at the lowest wholesale hydroelectric rates in the United States. The company will probably accept the offer.

This is typical of how PUD units and similar public agencies get ready for the actual business of marketing power. Myers has a potent voice in the matter. Legally, his contract with the districts gives him no direct say about the rate structure and other policies. Yet his recommendations in this respect are usually followed. After all, the commissioners of the districts are mainly men conspicuous in small-town politics or farmers prominent in Grange activities. They know nothing about the power business. They are not power experts. Those come with Myers. So the investment banker from 35 Wall Street is a formidable influence in the country's premier venture in public ownership.

"More Power to You!"

Unquestionably, selling to hard-headed bankers and investors the bonds of backwoods public utility districts on the Western frontier is no easy task. Yet the presence of Myers in the PUD scheme and the size of his percentage has failed to evoke hysterical outcries of enthusiasm.

One reason is apparent: Sentiment regarding Wall Street cannot be shut on and off like a water spigot. In persuading the farmers to form districts, some of Ross's adherents have not been exactly complimentary to Wall Street. Big Business took a terrific verbal beating as the eighteen Washington PUD units were organized; it is still being excoriated as the petitions for the other twenty districts are signed. A State Grange pamphlet urging more PUD activity quotes generously from "Confessions of the Power Trust." Washington's public ownership senators, Lewis B. Schwellenbach and Homer T. Bone, denounce the Power Trust, Wall Street and the Liberty League for exercise. It is not easy to go before farmers thus persuaded and inform them that now that the Power Trust has been vanquished the financial problems of the new district will be safely handled at 35 Wall Street. It seems like returning the victim to the fire. There has been grumbling and muttering, and several of the New Deal's young lawyers have suggested that Jesse Jones start loaning RFC money to finance the PUD projects. The conservative and practical Jones was skeptical at first, but now is said to be listening to the notion a little more attentively.

The rivers of the Pacific Northwest foam down hills and crash over precipices, yet half the farmers of the region have no electricity. Some of them live as primitively as did the frontiersmen who carried the Stars and Stripes across the plains a century ago. These people are supposed to be the principal beneficiaries of the great dams on the Columbia. "More power to you!" the

President told them as he stood in the gorge at Bonneville.

But some cynical observers are hinting that the shrewd, nimble-tongued investment banker from 35 Wall Street will be the main beneficiary of all. Two federal dams across the Columbia River will produce more than twice as much power as all seven dams planned for the TVA. Congress has designated PUD units and similar setups as the principal means of distributing this enormous chunk of electricity; the government's transmission program will be confined to "backbone lines"—to a few key areas. The districts will hook onto the "backbone lines" at strategic points. If PUD setups are established throughout Washington, as will be attempted at the elections this fall, and if Myers handles the financing at 2½ per cent, as is practically certain with Ross in charge of



"He used to do nudes but his wife made such a fuss that now he does only still life"

C. W. ANDERSON

the Columbia River projects, his commission as fiscal agent will be no trivial sum. A Spokane authority estimates it at \$2,500,000. And there also is Oregon right across the river, where the PUD movement is just getting under way.

In the offices of the power companies, Myers is damned with great fervor. The utilities in the Columbia Basin seem to regard the Granges, J. D. Ross and Senators Schwellenbach and Bone as their natural enemies. But Myers is in another category. He is no New Dealer with wild ideas. He is a capitalist described in a financial journal as an "able gentleman standing high in financial circles—among bankers, investment bankers and on Wall Street." What business has a man like that selling the bonds of such socialistic ventures as public utility districts, 2½ per cent or no 2½ per cent? It isn't cricket!

But Myers is not without his loyal defender and partisan: J. D. Ross. The boss of America's biggest power plants contends that his friend from Wall Street deals fairly and honorably with the utility companies. "He is an absolutely square shooter," says Ross, and he tartly adds that the companies with their background of holding-company debacles, high rates and watered stock are on shaky ground when they criticize Myers. Who else but Myers, asks Ross, would make possible the financing of districts that will transmit electricity to thousands of farmhouses?

And how do the hinterland folk feel about it? Are they sold on the PUD idea?

Mrs. Tompkins and her family live on a hill from which, on clear days, they can see the swiftly flowing Columbia River in the distance. Yet in their cabin there is no electricity. Mrs. Tompkins washes by hand the family's clothes. By hand her young sons pump water at the well. With no machinery to help him, her husband lifted into place the fir logs that form their home. Like the pioneers of the old Oregon Trail, they read at night by candle and kerosene lamp. The radio on the kitchen table works only as long as the batteries hold out, and shoved in an obscure corner are an electric toaster, a coffee percolator and a stately table lamp that were wedding presents years before. Until electricity hums into the upland cabin, those presents will gather dust.

Thirty-nine miles from the cabin is the sweeping battlement of Bonneville Dam, and on a sheet of paper from Bobby's grade-school tablet Mrs. Tompkins has scrawled a poem. She sometimes reads it to her neighbors:

*There's Power at the dam,
There's Power at the dam,
They say it's there for the people
Throughout this Western land.
We need it for radios,
Washing and light,
Come on with the Power,
Treat the poor people right.
There's Power at the dam,
There's Power at the dam,
Get busy and send it
Wherever you can.
Give the people lights,
They're just asking for their rights,
Who's got the power to send out
The Power from the dam?*

Their Only Interest

So Mrs. Tompkins, living within sight of the mightiest source of water power in the world, thinks there should be electricity in her cabin. Does she care whether it is transmitted by a public utility district or a private utility company?

"Doesn't make any difference," she said crisply in answer to the question. "All we want is electricity, lots of it and plenty cheap." And she turned back to the old wood stove on which a pan of gravy-coated veal steaks fried and sizzled.

A few miles down the rutted woodland road, old Abraham Mawson looked about the same opinion. After eighty-six years it is not so easy to read by the wavering light of a kerosene lamp. Abraham thinks he should have electric power. He lives in a weather-buffed farmhouse that his pioneering father built when Phil Sheridan was a young lieutenant at the cavalry post down the river. There was no electricity then; and now, when a \$75,000,000 dam spans the Columbia where once Phil's blue-coated troopers pursued marauding Indians, there still is no electricity.

Abraham wants power. What agency does he think should transmit it to him, a private company or a PUD setup?

The grizzled backwoodsman looked off toward the distant river, glistening golden between its fir-clad shores. "I want 'lectricity and I want it cheap," he said. "Side from that, Santa Claus can send it to me wrapped up in red ribbon for all I give a hoot." The old man laughed hoarsely at his joke.

All the way through the uplands and valleys of the Great Northwest the story

"I'm sold on Light Conditioning

... FOR SELLING A STOCKING
OR MENDING IT... HERE'S WHY:



"I know that it's easier to fill my salesbook since the hosiery department was *light conditioned* last year. Customers like to see what they are buying; and *light conditioning* makes seeing easier. Customers also like pleasant, helpful clerks to wait on them; *light conditioning* helps again, for it wards off "Shop-worn" eyes and fatigue among people who sell."



"So now I've had my favorite chair at home *light conditioned*. I no longer put off a date with my mending or a half-knitted sweater. You've no idea how much easier sewing can be, until you've tried the right size G-E bulb in one of these new I.E.S. Better Sight Lamps.



"And I'm so sold on this *light conditioning* that I've just added an I.E.S. Lamp beside my bed. It's grand for reading in bed! With its ample, soft, glareless light, you really relax while you read. And you can see that I haven't had to sacrifice beauty to efficiency. I think Light Conditioning is swell."

★ LISTEN IN—THE G-E HOUR OF CHARM... WITH DOROTHY THOMPSON... PHIL SPITALNY'S ALL-GIRL ORCHESTRA... EVERY MONDAY EVE. 9:00-9:30 E. S. T., N. B. C. RED NETWORK.



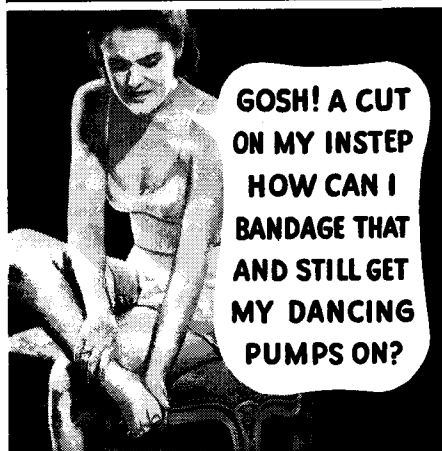
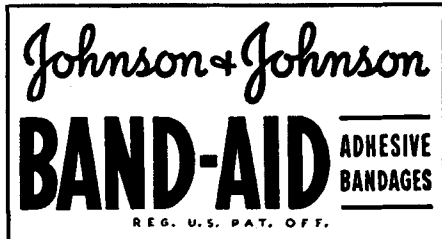
Get a handy package of G-E MAZDA Lamps for Better Light-Better Sight. Enough light in enough places to make seeing easier and prevent eyestrain. That's light conditioning! Ask your dealer to help you begin by making up a package of the right size G-E bulbs to fit your needs.

100-WATT NOW 15¢
DOWN TO . . .

100-200-300-WATT (three-lite) 60¢
75, 60, 40, 25 AND 15-WATT . . . 15¢

Buy the new and brighter 1938 G-E bulbs where you see this emblem displayed

GENERAL ELECTRIC MAZDA LAMPS



is the same. The farmers without electricity insist they should have power—cheap. The farmers getting power, whether from a company or a small co-operative, think their rates should be lower. None of them says anything about the rugged individualism of the power companies or the more abundant life of the New Deal. Like the poetic Mrs. Tompkins, they all want electricity, "lots of it and plenty cheap." Nothing else matters. It is not public utility district or private company to them; it is just hydroelectric power, here and now and at rock-bottom rates.

J. D. Ross knows how these backwoods people regard the situation. He found out a few weeks ago. The rejection of a PUD proposal in the rural areas near Portland was a jolt to him. So he went on a 2,500-mile trip around the Northwest to learn what the electorate was thinking about.

That trip was unique in the history of the power business. In all sorts of towns, at all sorts of places, Ross held public hearings and invited one and all to come and speak a piece on Bonneville Dam. Ranchers, cowpunchers, Chamber of Commerce managers, corporation lawyers, farmers, loggers and politicians showed up and gave their views. The governor of Idaho would speak one minute and a Snake River Valley potato grower the next. And when it was all over, Ross knew that the people, like Mrs. Tompkins, wanted electricity, "lots of it and plenty cheap."

The Curve of a Question Mark

It will be a stunning blow to the New Deal if the farmers of the Northwest do not decide that public utility districts are the means of satisfying their power wants. Bonneville is completed now; Grand Coulee will be finished in 1941. Distribution by private power companies of the hydroelectricity from these greatest of all PWA projects would be a dismal finale to a New Deal dream. Yet that is exactly what will happen if Mrs. Tompkins and her fellow farm citizens decide that Guy Myers' 2½ per cent is too big, that the private companies are more dependable than is public ownership and that the power business should not be in politics.

But Ross is optimistic. The farmers want electricity, "lots of it and plenty cheap." He thinks public ownership is the way to get it. With the exception of the wholesale power rates just announced at Bonneville, the cheapest

rates in the country are those of the publicly owned plant in the Puget Sound city of Tacoma. A kilowatt-hour in Tacoma costs 1.68 cents. The private company in near-by Portland charges two thirds again as much for the same amount of power: 2.80 cents. A survey made by the Federal Power Commission lists Tacoma as getting \$2.12 for 100 kilowatt-hours. Contrast this with the \$5.20 listed for Boston, for example, or the \$6.16 listed for Miami.

J. D. Ross cites these figures and asks, "Now what do you think of that?"

The power companies think there is another side to the argument. They admit the PUD units may near Tacoma's amazingly low rates. But what about increased taxes, they ask, and what about bond issues and special assessments? They insist the farmer will be no better off if the saving on his electric bill is added onto his tax sheet.

It is regarded as fairly certain that at least fourteen or fifteen districts will be voted on this autumn by the electorate of Washington. Until 1941 the tug and haul over PUD will continue. Politically, the agitators for public power seem to have the edge. The Grange favors them, and it is the biggest farm organization in a farming territory. President Roosevelt favors them, and he is still tops in the unruly Northwest. A few months ago the Democrats of Oregon took his advice and voted out of office the region's most vehement foe of PUD, swashbuckling Governor Charles H. Martin. Even the Republicans are mildly sympathetic to the district idea. Senator Charles L. McNary of Oregon, the Republican party's leader in the Senate, was a sponsor of the bill setting aside half the Bonneville juice for PUD units.

Yet the situation is not as certain as this background would imply. No amount of political maneuvering can put over the districts if they prove tax-eaters rather than keys to the Promised Land of the electric era, and if they should happen to benefit Guy Myers of 35 Wall Street more than they benefit the farmers of the frontier.

Out of the Western highlands the Columbia roars, booming the planet's greatest anthem of hydroelectric might. It snaps at granite cliffs with angry whitecaps. It wears down basalt mountains. Through the spillways of Bonneville and Grand Coulee the river hurtles. At the base of the dams it foams white in a graceful arc—like the curve of a question mark.



"Er, I thought I'd come back and tell you—I just remembered I didn't take my car downtown this morning after all!"

JAY IRVING



"Hennessy-and-soda? Very good, sir."

At the Club, at home, when dining out... for a refreshing drink you'll make no mistake with Hennessy-and-soda. The quality, bouquet and "clean" taste that make Three-Star Hennessy the preferred liqueur give distinction to a highball.

HENNESSY-and-SODA
1 jigger of Three-Star Hennessy.
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★ QUALITY
★ BOUQUET
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Sub Trouble

Continued from page 18

our left-tackle post in straightaway rushes in the beginning of the game. So I made one substitution and it changed the entire complexion of the fray. Joe Bernard went in for Franco at right guard and my squat little powerhouse was shifted to left tackle. The Panther parade stopped very abruptly.

But in that instance even the substitution was part of the pregame plan. I was willing to gamble with Franco at guard and an inexperienced lad at tackle. However, I already had figured that if it did not work I'd make the other switch, meanwhile keeping my fingers crossed and hoping it would not be too late. Fortunately it wasn't.

When we played North Carolina last year—unbeaten all season except for the one game with Fordham, thank heavens, a Tarheel substitute came into the affair breathing fire and defiance. He warned us that he was going to grind our "Seven Blocks of Granite" into crumbs of stone.

Whereupon the Ram center, Alexander (The Great) Wojciechowicz, remarked in his whimsical way, "If you were that good, sonny, you'd have started this game and not come in as a substitute."

That deflated the exuberant Southerner considerably. But there was quite a bit of truth in what Wojie said. I would rather have a man like Wojciechowicz playing sixty minutes for me on one leg than risk playing an able-bodied citizen with half his ability.

Now I don't have to dilate on the qualities of my All-America center. But just to give you an inkling of his value I can cite one episode that came up in that same game.

A big North Carolina back came catapulting through a hole in the Fordham line that two taxicabs could have driven through abreast. Wojie, backing up the line, brushed aside the interference and never bothered to tackle the carrier. He merely reached out, grasped the ball firmly in his hands and threw the Tarheel over his head.

A Human Basket

Down came the Dixie ace but Wojie had the ball, the most bare-faced "steal" I have ever witnessed. Fortunately the rules permit such highway robbery and Wojie technically had recovered a "fumble." When the referee tapped my No. 1 unpronounceable on the back in token of the recovery, Mr. Wojciechowicz rolled over on the ground and winked at him.

When the players are on a more even basis, substitutes are almost interchangeable. Oddly enough, I have always had a plenitude of guards all during my past five seasons at Fordham. I could keep pouring in fresh guards all afternoon without weakening the team.

But my tackles, Ed Franco and Al Babarsky—both converted guards, by the way—just had to stay in there and take it. I had no one of the same approximate ability to send in for them.

Why, someone is sure to ask, is one player a regular and another a substitute, supposing that they are on something of a par? Well, the regular might be a stronger defensive player than his rival although not as good on the offense. If I am emphasizing defense, as most coaches are, the first one will get the call over the second one. Or a back might be weak in protecting against passes. He stays on the side lines while a more alert lad who cannot match him in ball-carrying is in there steadily. On the other hand, the situation might call

for choosing the ball carrier over the pass defense expert.

When we were battling New York University last year before some 70,000 at the Yankee Stadium, the Violet put on a great passing exhibition in the closing minutes of the first half. You would have been thrilled by it if you were rooting for N. Y. U.—which I wasn't.

Howard Dunney was a human basket, catching that ball like a Joe DiMaggio. Our defense was crumbling so I called for a sophomore back, supposedly good on pass defense, and said to him, "I'm sending you in there for only one purpose. You won't have to block, you won't have to tackle and you won't have to carry the ball. Just watch Dunney."

"Okay, Coach," he said eagerly as he galloped out onto the gridiron.

Dunney caught four passes in a row, the last of them going for a touchdown.

Between halves I gazed sternly at my sophomore back. "I thought I told you to watch Dunney," I said.

"I did, Coach," he answered. "Didn't he do a great job?"

Rockne Strategy

Substitutes are more responsible for gray hairs among the coaching fraternity than anything else. I have known boys to go into a battle with specific instructions, ignore them completely and then respond weakly when they were exiled to the bench, "Gee, Coach, I forgot."

I know of only one substitute who did some thinking of his own in the heat of a game. I must admit he proved no credit to his coach but there could be no denying his native ingenuity.

It happened in one of those lopsided engagements. Georgia Tech was going out after some sort of a scoring record against little Cumberland. The Golden Tornado had lost all sense of proportions and all semblance of pity in winning 222 to 0. As might be deduced by the final count, Cumberland was taking a terrific beating. Tech was hitting so hard and tackling so viciously that rival players merely waved them farewell as they whisked by.

In the last quarter a battered Cumberland regular fumbled on the first play after a substitute had entered the fray. Instinctively he shouted to the replacement, "Fall on it, Bob!"

Bob took one hasty glance at the Georgia Tech avalanche sweeping toward him and turned away.

"Fall on it yourself," he muttered as he started running toward his own goal-line. "I didn't make the fumble."

A coach, however, can deliver a telling blow psychologically by making substitutions. I remember when Notre Dame played Princeton in 1924. Our Four Horsemen team had quite a reputation and the Tigers were duly elated at the end of the first quarter when they held the Irish even.

But then Knute Rockne, the greatest of them all, sent in an entire new team. The catch in this wholesale switch was that it was the varsity eleven that bounced out on the field. Princeton, thinking that it had been playing the varsity all along, discovered that it was only the second-string Notre Dame combination it had been holding off so desperately. We won far more easily than the 12-0 score would indicate.

The substitutes work just as hard as the regulars but miss the excitement and the fun of starting a contest. Some of them never get beyond the substitute stage. Others need only one chance to stay in there for good.

Before I came to Fordham the Rams

IT'S A STROMBERG-CARLSON

Scoop

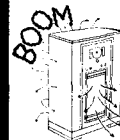


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CABINET
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with the
Labyrinth
**.. ONLY
\$119.50***

"Why has only Stromberg-Carlson achieved a Corner Cabinet Radio?" The reason—only the Labyrinth with its "out-in-the-room" reproduction makes a corner cabinet possible. For a corner cabinet encloses the speaker so completely that the set wouldn't sound well without the Labyrinth to absorb the unwanted sounds from the back of the speaker.

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This is Labyrinth Radio Tone Week. See and hear how the Labyrinth works—at any dealer's. Stromberg-Carlsons range in price from \$39.95 to \$795. *All prices f.o.b. factory.



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THE TROUBLE—Empty cabinet space in back of the speaker causes "boom" and distorts the pure tone from front of speaker.

THE THEORY—Empty cabinet space in back of the speaker causes "boom" and distorts the pure tone from front of speaker.

THE THEORY—A long tube of sound absorbent material would absorb unwanted sounds and reinforce bass tones. Such a tube would give better speaker operation.

THE PATENTED LABYRINTH—In a new Stromberg-Carlson. It is the necessary baffle wrapped up and put in troublesome space in cabinet.

AUTHENTIC DESIGN CABINETS

The No. 340-V Authentic Early American, maple, shown above and the No. 320-T Authentic Duncan Phyfe, mahogany, at left, are but two of the many models both Authentic and Conventional in this wonderful new line. Models in walnut, maple, mahogany and rosewood.

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fit for fun NOW—yet he pounded the pavements all day!

Your family wants lots of time and attention from you when you get home from work. But maybe you don't feel up to it . . . maybe you're worn out by endless calls . . . or by prospects who were hard-boiled, tough to convince . . . by miles and miles of hard pavements. What can you do? Here's the answer—drink COCOMALT!

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A PROTECTIVE FOOD DRINK
COCOMALT supplies energy. It's a protective food drink. It supplies essentials that may be lacking in the daily diet, including calcium, phosphorus, Vitamin D and iron. 3 glasses of COCOMALT a day take care of the average person's minimum requirements of all these.

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Every glass of
COCOMALT with
milk gives you
One HOUR OF
ENERGY*

Energy by the glassful

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were playing Boston College and the regular center was injured. The late Major Frank Cavanaugh looked up and down the bench in a vain search for a replacement.

"Who can play center?" the Iron Major asked.

The freshman fullback of the year before bounced to his feet and started to pull on a helmet.

"I can, Major," he said.

"Go in there then," growled the major.

So this young sophomore who had never played center before in his life scampered out on the field. They never got him out of the line-up again until he graduated three years later. He was Johnny Dell Isola, now a star for the New York Giants.

That was pure luck on Cavanaugh's part. I had a touch of it myself last season. I took a freshman fullback and converted him into a sophomore guard. Our regular fullback broke a bone in his foot just before the campaign started and I had to return my sophomore to a backfield post. He was Dominic Principe, who developed into the best plunging back I ever had at Fordham.

Everybody Wants to Play

An injury on the field of play always puts the coach on the spot. It is up to him to decide whether the lad should stay in the game or whether it is better to remove him for a rest.

The classic in this regard, of course, was the Yale-Harvard fray of more than a decade ago when Charlie Buell, the brilliant Crimson quarterback, was overhauled from the rear and brought down a few yards from the goal line. He lay there on the ground, apparently unconscious.

The Harvard coach rushed out on the gridiron and asked anxiously, "Are you hurt, Charlie?"

Buell looked up at him and replied, "No. Just damn' disappointed."

This handling of substitutes is the hardest job a coach has on the day of the game. The strategy is easy in comparison to it. Everybody on the bench wants to play but unfortunately the rules permit only eleven men on a side.

Frequently there is a temptation to use a lad who has labored so diligently

in practice that the coach wants to reward him by putting him in a game. Like all temptations that should be scorned.

Yet I weakened in the Texas Christian game a year ago. We had used only sixteen men against Pitt the week before. So I started my second team. The Horned Frogs were on our goal line before I got the regulars in there. On the next play they scored and it took Fordham another fifty-eight minutes of constant pounding and terrific work to get that touchdown back.

Had not our Mr. Stanton surprised me by kicking the point after touchdown for a 7-6 victory my ears would still be red from the embarrassment of that one wrong strategic move of starting the second team.

The coach has quite a responsibility in the sending in of substitutes. Like everything else in football he gets all the blame and never any of the credit. And it's his responsibility alone. No one can advise him when to make his replacements.

No. Wait a minute. I'm wrong on that. Only once in my coaching career was I ever told to make a substitution. That was in my first year at Fordham and in our first major game. We led Boston College, 6 to 0, right down to the last minute of play. The Eagles had stormed down to our two-yard line and I stood there, holding my breath.

Suddenly Paddy Kenneally, our equipment manager, rushed over to me.

"Jim," he shouted, "send in a substitute."

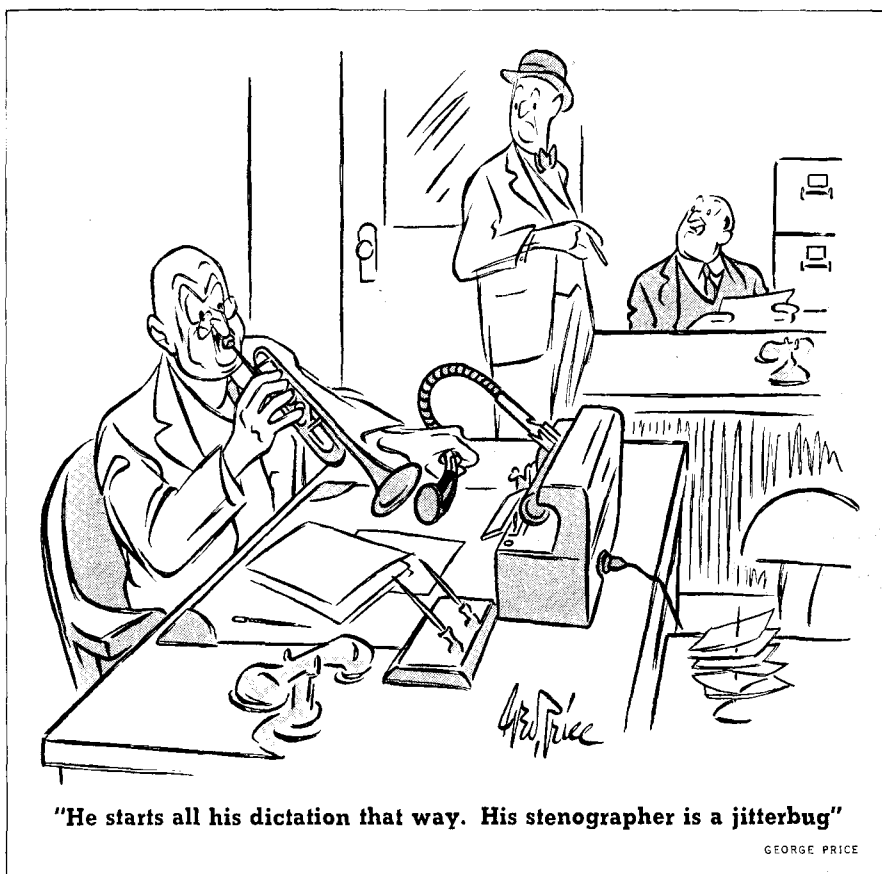
"What for?" I asked without even turning my glance away from the tense action on the field of play. Those last sixty seconds were moving much too slowly for my peace of mind.

"Send in a substitute," he repeated, "and have him tell the boys to bring their helmets into the dressing room with them. We don't want to take a chance on losing any of them."

There I was, worrying about losing a ball game, and Paddy was only concerned about losing a helmet.

It so developed that we lost neither.

That substitution business gets me low each autumn. In my playing days I was known as "Sleepy" Jim Crowley. Now as a coach I have acquired the new nickname of "Insomnia James."



GEORGE PRICE

SMILE



...let others
BOIL!

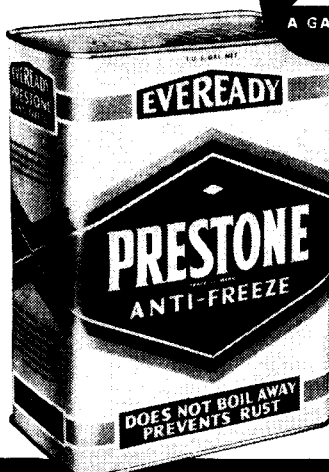
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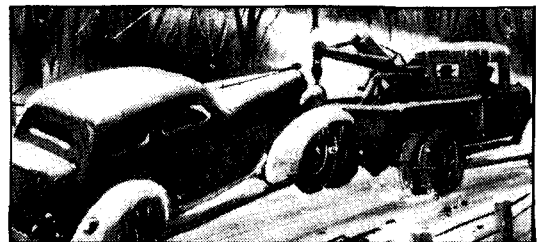
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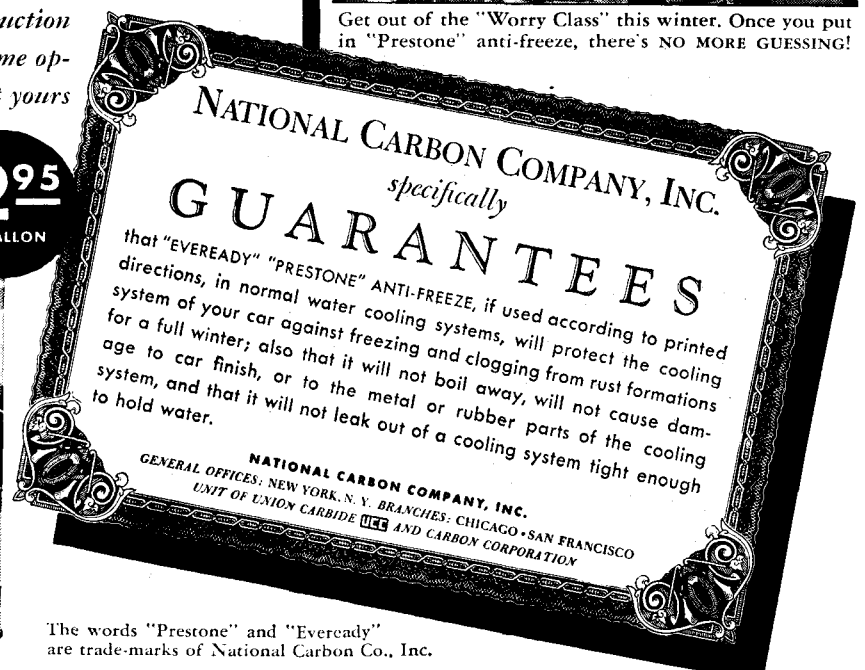
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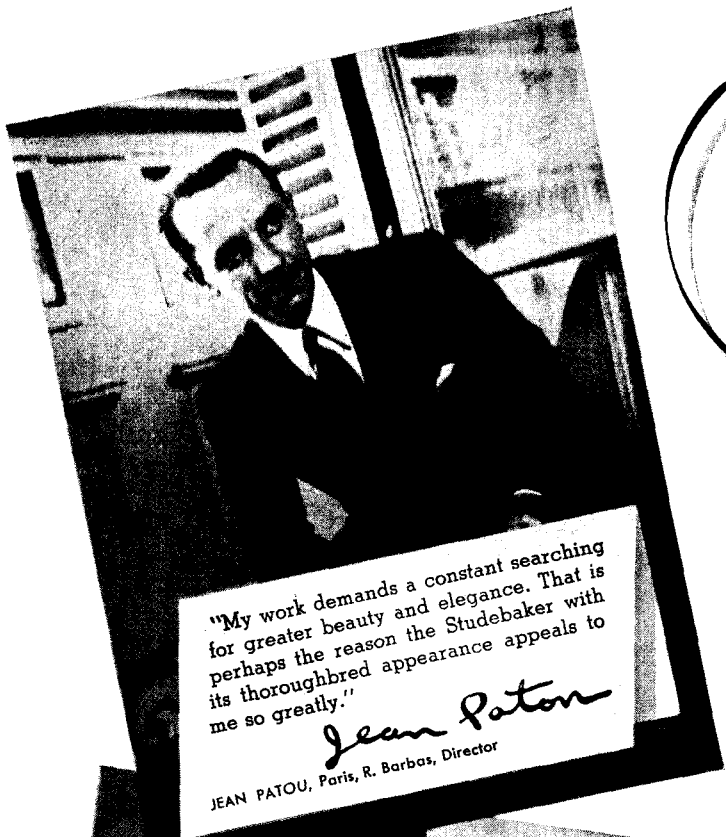


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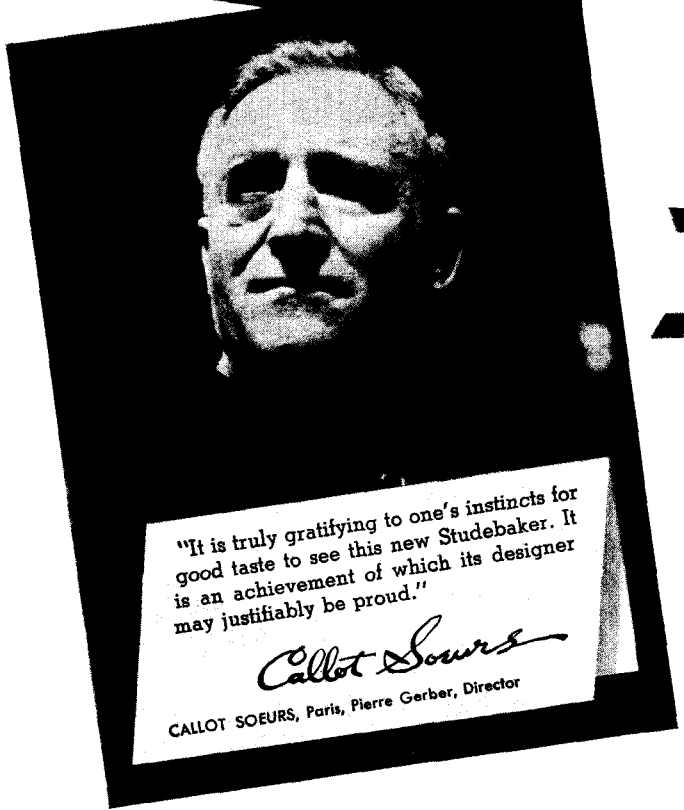
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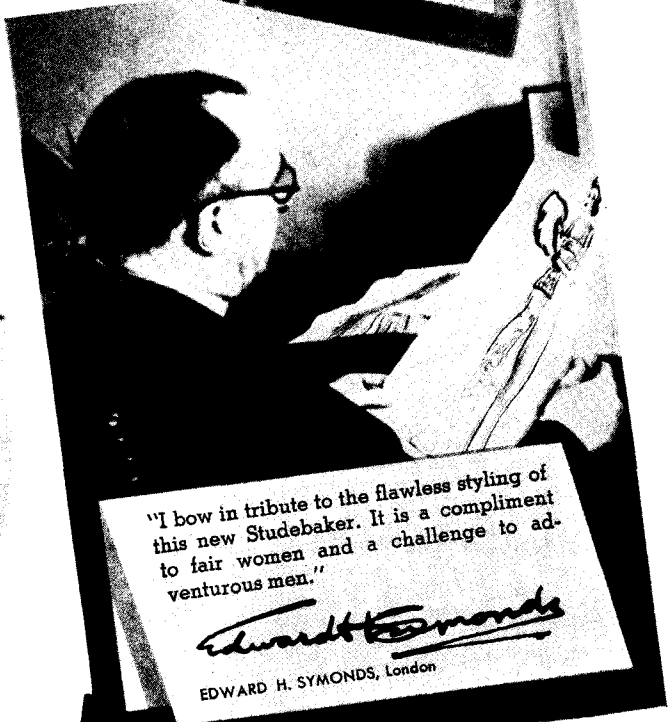
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"I bow in tribute to the flawless styling of this new Studebaker. It is a compliment to fair women and a challenge to adventurous men."

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R. Natan
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World's Largest Manufacturer of Automotive Electrical Equipment

Action!

Continued from page 11

inveigled. Just by chance there happened to be a group of vaudeville cronies of Wills-Davis among the guests and what was more natural than that they should get up an entertainment? As a climax they begged the hostess to do something. Oh, come on, Joan; why not? Just a bit of that old routine. She gave in.

P. S. Sennett liked her and asked her to come down for a test.

A week later she heard that Sennett had liked the test but that others in his outfit thought she was too old for the part. She got fixed up immediately to interview Mr. Sennett again, and went mincing down to see him, looking like somebody who should be stopping at all street corners till the cop could guide her across.

"The only thing else I needed was a slate," says Joan.

Sennett put her in the picture and R. K. O. saw it and signed her and she sat around that studio four months with nobody caring whether she could fall down humorously or not. When she got out of that mess, Twentieth Century-Fox took her on.

"Just sitting there waiting for me—with their tongues out," she says, and adds, "Nuts."

What put her across there was the scene in the Winchell-Bernie massacre called Wake Up and Live where she does the ballroom dance with a flourish of legs that threatened everybody in the place back as far as the last trumpet player. She skids, she whirls those gambos about. In truth she literally wounded herself in that great histrionic effort because the prop man went to the trouble of putting new heels on her shoes after she had worked for weeks getting them run down nicely so she could skid.

But although she cried a little at this

mishap, she really wasn't worried by it because of her hectic past, which included a partner in a burlesque adagio number who always found something to occupy himself with on the other side of the stage just as she leaped from a flight of stairs with the intention of being caught by him below.

The strain had begun to tell on our heroine and the hospital had her for two months last year when she wrenched her back in a scene where she and Don Ameche stood back to back and she played seesaw with him—he lifting her; she lifting him. Something busted and the effects are still with her.

During the past summer she was conferring with the studio authorities about a role where it would be possible to act without taking death leaps in every scene. For the sake of the Wills-Davis daughter, now aged five, Joan was looking longingly forward to a time when her charm and acting ability would keep her steadily in fodder at the home up Laurel Canyon.

When we saw her she had just come home from doing a scene in which the jolly boys of Fox had been using her as a tackling dummy. She sat with her long legs curled around her on the sofa and occasionally breathed hard as if in relief. When we spoke to her of the art of the cine-mah, she sort of winced and just nodded. When we got up to leave, she made the fatal mistake of rising also to bid us goodbye. As she got off the divan and stood up, her legs buckled under her. She began to settle.

As Mr. Wills rushed to the rescue she threw her arm aloft and cried in tones ironic and a bit pathetic:

"Forward, mates! The show must go on—and it always goes on over me!"

She disintegrated into the arms of her spouse, a worn, brave, long-legged martyr to the great art of Thespis.



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The Spymaster

Continued from page 27

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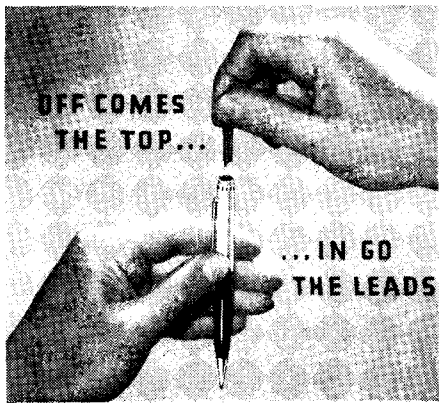
Dorothea Kent in the
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unhurried and not without a certain dignity, paused for a moment as he passed him.

"One word you used," he said, "was justifiable. There is an element of melodrama about the waving of these little weapons that we so seldom use. The next time we meet I will come without a gun. There are half a dozen ways of breaking your neck."

Hincks, who had partially recovered his composure, remained contemptuously silent. He waited until Florestan had passed out, then locked the door. He hastened back to the corner of the room where Elida was ministering to Greyes' slow return to consciousness. The latter staggered a few minutes later to his feet.

"I thank you, sir," he stammered, "and you, madam. I should have killed that man while I had the chance. I had no weapon and he has the strength of a devil."

Hincks took him by the arm and led him into the adjoining bedroom.

"Lie down for a little while," he begged. "When the contessa has gone I will come in and see you."

"You are very kind, sir," Greyes replied.

Hincks returned to the sitting room. Elida was still very pale.

"Ronnie," she whispered, "there is someone out there."

He moved softly to the door, quickly turned the key and opened it. On the threshold a woman was standing. She wore a magnificent fur coat but no hat or gloves.

"I apologize," she said. "I was looking for the bell. It is very important indeed that I should see Admiral Cheshire."

"May I ask who you are?" Hincks inquired, gazing at her wonderingly.

"My name is Florestan," she confided. "Deborah Florestan."

MRS. FLORESTAN looked inquiringly across at Elida, then back at Hincks, as she entered the room.

"The admiral is away," Hincks explained. "I am occupying his rooms for a short time. I am a fellow worker at the admiralty."

"When will he be here?" she demanded. "My business is urgent."

"There's no chance of his being here for some time to come," Hincks told her. "He is suffering from a wound inflicted by an unknown assailant in Downing Street two days ago. The wound is dangerous."

"A revolver shot?"

He nodded.

"Do you believe," she asked, "that he was shot by my husband?"

"I do not," Hincks replied. "I do not think Mr. Florestan is anxious to take risks of that sort. He is one of those clever men who prefer to hire assassins."

She moved her head in sympathetic understanding.

"My husband is like that," she agreed. "Listen, the young lady is Italian?"

"She is," Hincks said. "There is no harm in your knowing that she is the Contessa Elida Pelucchi."

The two women looked at each other. They exchanged something in the way of salutation.

"She probably knows," Deborah Florestan continued, "that my husband is the chief of the secret service of her country in England. She does not know that he is on his way to a foreign country to put before the authorities there one of his latest discoveries. He believes that certain plans and documents that have been allowed to filter through to

headquarters there are grievously and willfully misleading. He believes that the most important one of all, which has passed through the hands of Admiral Cheshire and which, as you have told him, I suppose, has already been transmitted to Rome, is a cunningly devised plan of Great Britain's combined offensive and defensive operations to commence without warning or declaration of war the moment your two plenipotentiaries who are now in Europe start on their final voyage back."

There was a moment's intense silence. Hincks' voice, when he spoke, was not altogether steady.

"He treats you with confidence."

"Sometimes—not always. That is his mistake. I now proceed to give you a word of advice, which may save your country from the greatest danger she has ever faced."

"Well?"

"Stop my husband before he starts for the Continent."

"How?" Hincks snapped out. "Where is he now?"

SHE leaned toward the table and took up a scrap of paper. She worked on it rapidly for a few minutes with lines and dots. In the excitement of the moment neither of them noticed the stealthy opening of the door leading into the bedroom.

"Here," Mrs. Florestan said, gripping Hincks' arm and tapping the paper with her forefinger. "I am trying to explain to you where my husband's fifth hidden aerodrome is. You probably know that he has a private hangar at Heston and one at Croydon and one in Suffolk. This one you do not know about. He is on his way there now. Just at the bottom of the byway through Staines, here," she went on, touching the dot on the sheet of paper, "you turn to the right—so. The signpost may say anything. It does not matter. You get into another byway. It is one of the national routes out of London. You turn westward and follow it three hundred yards. You come to what seems to be a country lane on the right-hand side. Never mind. Follow it."

"It gradually widens out until you come to a common. It was thick with furze six months ago. This has all been cleared away and there is a long, low shed hidden under the shelter of a hill. My husband has two planes there. He has planned to start for—well, you know where—immediately in one of them."

"Why do you tell me this?" he demanded.

"Because," she said bitterly, "I have grown to hate my husband more than any living person."

She shivered a little as she rose and drew her enveloping furs more closely around her. She half smiled at Elida. It might have been taken as a farewell salutation. From the door she looked back at Hincks, who was holding it open.

"You are a man of courage, I hope?"

"I also hope so," he answered.

"You will need all your wits with Horace Florestan," she warned him. "I wish you well."

"Ronnie," Elida exclaimed as the door closed, "what a terrible woman! Do you think she knows what she is talking about? Is it all true, that extraordinary story of hers?"

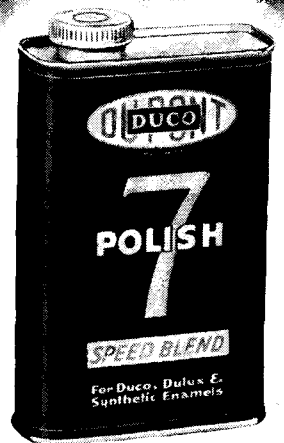
Hincks had disappeared into the bedroom. She heard him use one of the telephones wildly. He came out in a moment or two wearing a thick tweed coat.

"She is an amazing woman," he declared, "but, Elida, I believe she is telling the truth. I have rung up Scotland

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Yard and given them all the directions I can. They will be there probably as soon as I shall. Come!"

They hurried off arm in arm and descended by the lift into the hall. To Hincks' amazement, Greyes was waiting there.

"Your car is outside, sir," he announced. "Hassall tells me that it is filled up."

"Good. I'm off."

He handed Elida over to the care of the Prestley footman, who was waiting on the curb, and sprang into the driving seat of his own car. Greyes, with a word of apology, scrambled into the vacant place by his side.

"What the devil are you doing, Greyes?" Hincks demanded.

"I shan't be in the way, sir," the man pleaded. "You will let me come along, please. I was in the bedroom all the time Mrs. Florestan was telling you her story and I know now that it is through that fiend, her husband, that the admiral is lying where he is. I want to see hell coming to him."

Driving very fast, they reached the open space of which Deborah had

"Come to wish me *bon voyage*, my friend?" he asked.

"I have come to stop your leaving," was the harsh reply.

Florestan sprang into the passenger's place with a single bound. The pilot slipped into his.

"Wish me *bon voyage*, Commander Hincks!" Florestan jeered.

Hincks had already reached the second step when a gentle touch on the arm and an almost whispered voice caused him to hesitate.

"Just a little farther to the right, sir. Thank you. Horace Florestan—with my compliments!"

The bullet whizzed within a foot of Hincks' head, straight into Florestan's chest—another—two more—a fifth—followed. Florestan, a huddled mass, fell over on his side.

THE four habitués met in the bridge room of the St. George's Club a few days later as though no crisis were holding the country breathless. Prestley remained his pleasant imperturbable self. Fakenham showed signs of anxiety in the lines under his eyes and his somewhat ruffled demeanor. Melville was, as usual, prim and self-contained. General Mallinson was grave and thoughtful. He had been the last to arrive and he at once addressed Fakenham.

"Have you the latest news from the hospital?" he asked.

The latter nodded.

"Cheshire is holding his own," he announced. "There was a consultation this morning. The general opinion was that if he got through the day and tonight, he would live."

"Thank God."

They drew their chairs closer to the table and cut. The game proceeded.

OVER a thousand miles away, in a southern country, things were happening. In a fit of restlessness the great man had returned from the retreat of his country villa to the imposing palace where his headquarters were established. In the smaller council chamber he and five other men sat around a beautiful Florentine table.

The room was stripped of ornaments, it lacked flowers or any form of decoration. It was as still and gray as the face of the man who sat with folded arms confronting his advisers. There was his ambassador for many years to the Court of St. James's, who sat upon his left. There was his son, who, with a roll of plans spread out before him, sat facing his illustrious parent. There was Mazarin, Minister for War, who sat there disturbed and anxious. On his right, Count Patani, who held the unsubstantial post of Minister of Finance. Finally, there was Karl Hershfeld, arrived that morning from the northern capital of their ally, to await whose coming this vital meeting had been twice postponed.

There had been much talk that afternoon. Now there had come a pause. Opinions were divided. For once there was opposition. The man whose will had before been unquestioned was disturbed. His underlip had crept outward. The muffled note of insubordination had sounded like a death knell, and its first mutterings had come from his own family.

"It appears to be the wish of some of you," he said coldly, "that we should abandon both the proud position we have taken up with regard to our interest in the Mediterranean and our aspirations for world power. Our empire, at the apex of her ascent, stands now at the crossroad. Once before, Europe and part of Africa lay shivering at her feet. The same position has arisen today. Let me hear from anyone who has the courage why we should shrink from our destiny."

Then the man whom he had loved



"They want to know are we in any immediate danger, sir?"

JAY IRVING

spoken. They could see the hangars now, one with both doors open and a glow of light within. A short distance away in the level field a plane had been run out ready for starting.

"Jove, we're only just in time!" Hincks said softly. "We have beaten the Yard car, anyway."

"The four or five men there are mechanics," Greyes pointed out. "Are you going to wait for the squad, sir?"

"Not I," was the fierce reply. "I am going to take my chance. You stay where you are, Greyes. I am pulling up in the shadow of the building here."

They could hear the throb of the airplane engines now. Hincks crept round the side of the hangar. The plane, a large and powerful one, was headed for the straight run, her lights were flashing but the steps were still down. One of the mechanics in charge turned round from his place with a growl as Hincks caught hold of the rail.

"Stand clear there!" he ordered. "We're starting directly."

A muffled-up figure, completely disguised in flying apparel, suddenly appeared from the shadows. Almost at the same moment a car turned out from the byroad. Its siren was shrieking as it approached the flying ground at full speed. The foot of the passenger was already upon the bottom step when he recognized Hincks.

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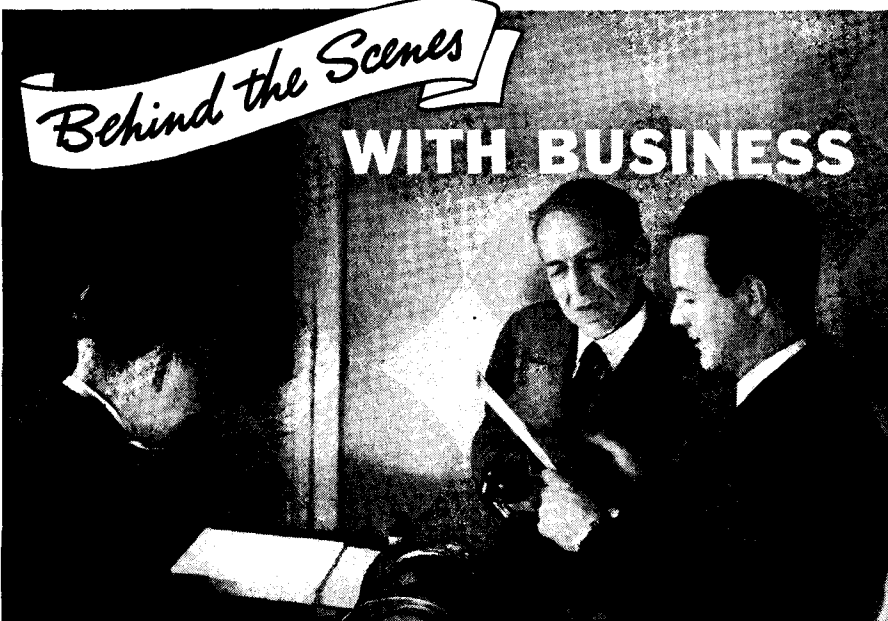
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spoke, a man not unlike himself but dressed with more fastidious nicety, a man, too, with the air of towns and civilized places in his bearing. His name was Corti, and if his words just now were mild one was forced to remember that he had done devilish things in two campaigns.

"Lack of money for one thing," he said bluntly. "It is a detestable truth, but even a nation so gloriously placed as ours has to consider ugly facts. It has to feed its armies and pay for its munitions. The American banker, even though he was married to a woman of our race, dealt us the bitterest blow when he refused to treat with Patani. His interest in financial circles throughout the world has put him in a position that no Rothschild nor any other emperor of finance has ever occupied before. Directly he said 'No' the whole situation changed. It is not only the money he commands, but with his influence against us there is not a country in the world who could help. In the old days it was possible to make war and to pay for it by despoiling the beaten enemy. Nothing of the sort is possible today. We cannot keep an army in the field, our planes in the air, our cannons roaring, with empty coffers."

"The reply to that," the man at the head of the table answered grimly, "is a swift war, a war that is over in a few months."

"No power in the world," the other said, "could enter upon a war with the British Empire and believe that it would be over in a few months. Then there is the bald, hard fact that the only thing we could gain by victory, empty glory, would not compensate for what we risk losing."

"Cross out that word from your mind," the dictator cried harshly. "My people do not know how to lose. Under my control they will never learn."

"Nevertheless," Corti persisted, "leaving out, for the moment, this mighty question of finance, Hershfeld here, the representative of our great ally, has brought sage counsels to this discussion. Together, he and I have studied what between ourselves we have called the 'Whitehall Offensive,' a plan of which has come into our hands owing to our perfect espionage system. It displays a genius equal to our own. It is an epic of strategy that I, who have seen war and planned it, declare might cost us our present glorious position."

IDO not speak these words in fear, I do not speak them out of friendship to England, although it is true that I have many friends there and a great respect for an ill-led but still invincible country. I maintain that we have placed ourselves in a false position. Britain has called our bluff. In a few hours we shall have to speak the words that will certainly mean war and may possibly bring upon us humiliation, or we can adopt the role to which we are entitled of being the champions of civilization, declaring before the world that notwithstanding our strength we carry a mandate for peace."

There was silence for a moment. Hershfeld nodded in grave approval.

"The leader of my country," he said, "whom I am sent here to represent, would be in accord with those words. I have studied these secret plans of the enemy, which your superb espionage system has brought into our hands. I find them faultless. I say that we should be unwise to choose this moment to precipitate an unripe war. War there must be," he went on, "if Germany is denied the return of her colonies. That is a certainty. France has made sacrifices to us. England has given nothing. The time is surely coming when she must give or fight for what she holds, but I agree with Signor Corti that that

time is not now. With all respect for your genius, Signor, I speak these words for your ally and for the country that is your greatest admirer. The time is not yet."

"What does my own Minister for War say?" the dictator asked bluntly.

Mazarin met his master's furious gaze, for the support of the last speaker had emboldened him.

"Signor," he replied, "like all great countries, we have our weak points. Whatever genius produced this plan has made himself acquainted with them. It is my regretful judgment that we have underestimated the British resources. If they can put that fleet into the North Sea without disturbing their power in the Mediterranean, if this great scheme of mining has really been carried out, Germany is bottled up like a dog in its kennel. England has no more to fear the hostility of the Japanese. America will take care of the East. The Suez Canal is open. Italy, cut off from German help, would have to face a naval force far more than equal to her own. The attitude of France may be for a moment hesitant. If this attack were once launched she would hesitate no longer. Many weary years might pass during which my country would once more stand still. All that you, Signor, have done, would remain stagnant. Even a possible measure of success would be won at too great cost."

YOU have spoken, Mazarin," his master said coldly. "I have still another word to add. The man Florestan has done more good work for our country in London than anyone connected with our secret service, except the person through whose means the 'Whitehall Offensive' plan has reached us. For the moment we have lost touch with him. He has his instructions to return and it is my desire to confront him with this document that you all seem to find so terrifying. I admit that the source from which it came is unquestionable. There have been patriots through every generation of the great House of Pelucchi, and no one would dream of treachery on the part of anyone bearing that name, but I suggest this: Let us wait for Florestan's return and put these plans into his hands."

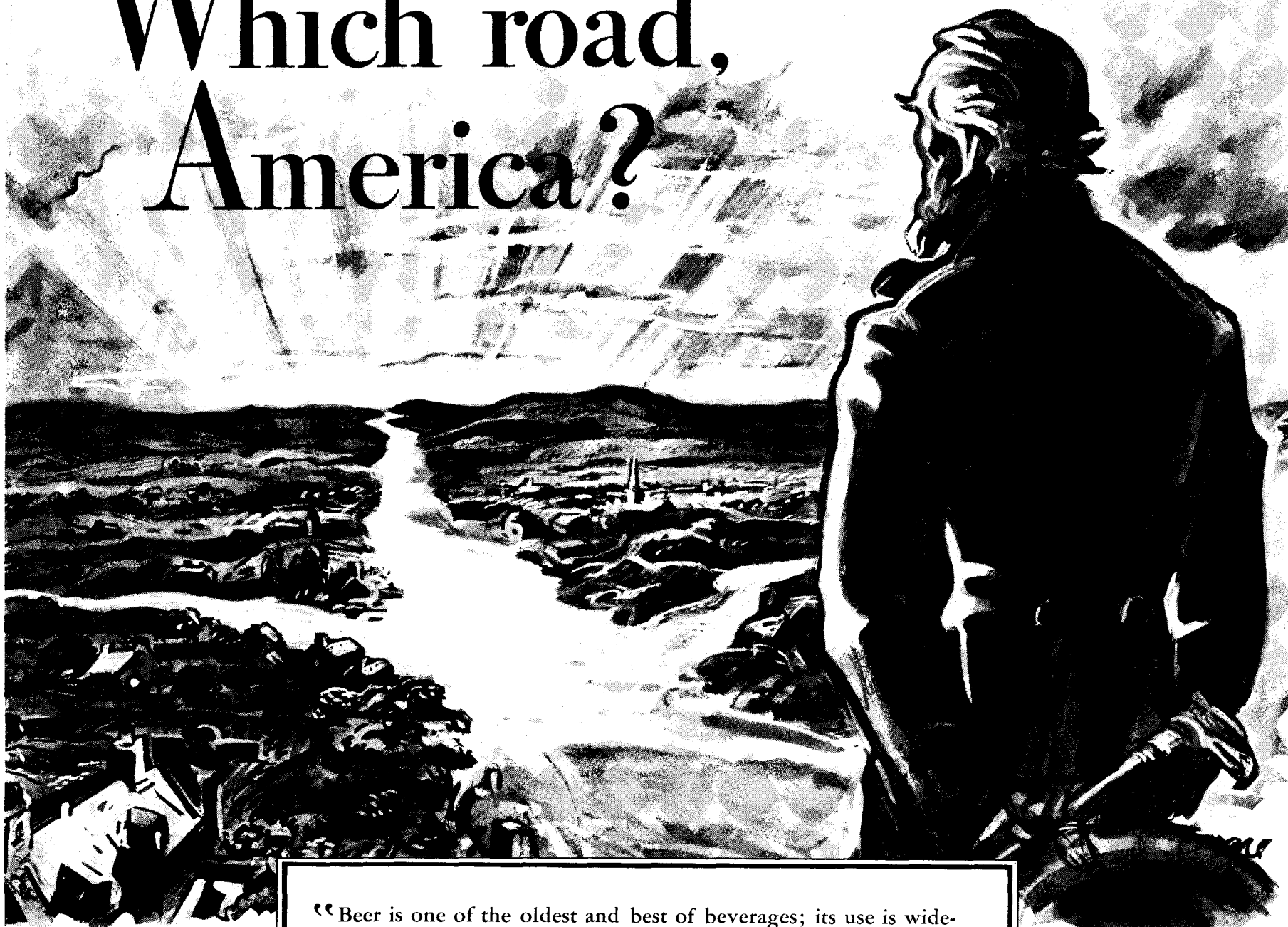
"With what object?" his son inquired.

"To be absolutely certain that they are real and honest and that they can be carried out. That is to say, that England really has forces sufficient to carry out the plans involved. We should remember this—Florestan has done a great work. He has sold through his firm there vast quantities of material to the British admiralty, metals of every description, miles of this supposedly nonflammable covering for their new type of airplanes. Everything has been accepted without a single hitch. The only man who seemed to have any suspicions of certain of the material, the great builder of airplanes, met with his death before he could interfere. To me it seems impossible that a nation that could be so completely deceived could have produced the 'Whitehall Offensive' scheme. It is my suggestion that we await the return of Florestan, show him the document and convince ourselves as to its integrity."

There was a dubious silence among the little company. The ambassador to England was the brave man.

"Signor," he pointed out, "Florestan is not here. There is no present certainty of his whereabouts. We have put ourselves in the wrong with these continual postponements. I can tell you this myself—it is the reason I have flown over here with your permission to give my advice. If we do not reopen the conversations courteously, as we still can do without loss of dignity, this evening or tomorrow England will declare war. We

Which road, America?



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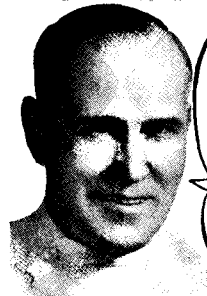
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shall have been maneuvered into a cul de sac. When these postponements were commenced it was obvious that they were leading us into a false position.

"I am no blind lover of British arrogance but I say that in this case there was behind the suggestions made to us a real and earnest desire for peace, a reasonableness as to the basis of discussion that will place us in the wrong before the world if we break off negotiations now without some far more reasonable excuse than we possess. The splendid espionage system of our country has saved us. We realize that the present is not the moment for our great coup. Do not let us throw away our advantage. It is not too late to adopt a dignified and tolerant attitude.

"Let us agree in both capitals upon the same technique. Let us congratulate ourselves and everyone on the passing of your indisposition, Signor, upon your return to your capital and the reopening of conversations. They will continue at the same time in Berlin. They must be on the basis introduced by Great Britain. We must come to an agreement. It is easily done. Listen. There will be nothing binding upon us. Our agreement, let us say, shall come into force when certain concessions have been granted on both sides. The time limit imposed upon the granting of these concessions must have an elastic quality. We can play with the final settlement. We need sign nothing, for the moment, enter into no real and binding alliance. We can choose an occasion more opportune than this one.

"If it should seem to us in two years time that a successful campaign against the British Empire is possible, we can strike then. Today," the ambassador concluded, after a brief hesitation, "I will not say that it is impossible, but I will say that it carries too many risks."

"Risks!" the man in the chair ejaculated scornfully.

"Signor," the ambassador ventured, "I repeat the word. It is one the diplomatist has learned to respect."

The dictator rose to his feet.

"The meeting is dissolved," he pronounced harshly. "The cowards win."

BRIDGE was over for the evening at the St. George's Club. The hour for *apéritifs* had arrived. The four players were still lounging in their places round the table when the tray was brought in. Simultaneously, the steward made an announcement.

"A special messenger from the Foreign Office to speak to Your Lordship," he said in a low tone to Fakenham.

The latter rose briskly to his feet and left the room.

Fakenham was gone less than two minutes. The smile upon his face when he reappeared sent a thrill of joyous anticipation through the nerves of the three men. His voice was hoarse as he spoke.

"Good news!" he exclaimed. "The Foreign Office has just received a cable from Dunkerley. It consists of one word: JUBILATION. Anyone know the A6 Continental Code? No. Well, it means simply this: THINGS HERE HAVE CHANGED DEFINITELY FOR THE BETTER."

Melville wiped his forehead and sank into his place.

"Thank God!" he murmured.

Mallinson made for the door.

"Where are you off to?" Melville asked.

"I'm going to the hospital," Mallinson answered. "I want to see the physician. If someone can breathe just one word to Cheshire it may save his life."

Once again, the palatial London home of Henry D. Prestley was the scene of great and gorgeous celebrations. Signor Corti, the ambassador from her country, bent over Sabine's fingers and there was

a quiver of emotion in his tone as he greeted her. They spoke, as they always had, naked words to each other.

"You are content?" she asked him anxiously.

"It is for the best, Princess," he replied. "Sometimes one is led away into the region of alluring dreams but there come the awakening moments. War is a horrible and brutal force. I am content. So is the better part of my country behind me."

She sighed with relief.

"And the master?"

"For the time being he sulks in his cage, an angry lion. That will pass. The age of a greater wisdom comes. It must be a joy to you, dear Princess," he went on, "to know that your husband has helped as much as any other man in the world toward stopping war. It was a terrible blow to our Minister of Finance when he practically destroyed every hope we had of a foreign loan."

She smiled.

"I think there was one who did even more for the world than my husband," she murmured.

THE ambassador shrugged his shoulders. The stream of guests behind him was brought almost to a standstill. He passed on. Sabine, a minute or two later, took a quick step forward and held out both her hands to the gaunt man who was slowly climbing the stairs.

"Guy!" she exclaimed. "This is really wonderful of you! I cannot tell you—I cannot begin to tell you—how happy it makes me to think that you are here."

He smiled into her dimmed hazel eyes. There was a momentary gap in the flow of arrivals.

"Dear Sabine," he said, "you know how I always love a party. I wasn't going to miss this one. What a glorious show! You have heard the news, I suppose. I am chucked out of hospital free to eat and drink and amuse myself."

"But who is looking after you?" she asked anxiously. "You ought not to be going about alone."

"Commander Hincks is my special attaché," he told her. "Gazetted tonight."

She held out her hand to the young man who was hovering round.

"I thought there was something strange about your uniform," she remarked. "Take care of him, Ronnie. Go into the tapestry room and as soon as I can I will come and have a talk for a few minutes."

Henry Prestley, who had been escorting some distinguished guests into the reception room, returned to take up his place by Sabine's side. He clasped Cheshire's hand warmly.

"We are missing you at the club," he declared. "They tell me you are working again."

"A few things to clear up, that's all," was the cheerful reply. "They won't put me on the retired list yet so I am having a busman's holiday. Harding is taking me out to Malta in his new toy."

"The forty-five-thousand-tonner, eh?" Prestley asked with a smile.

The other nodded.

"Your country's fault we had to build them so big," he observed. "Come on, Ronnie, help me toddle into a quiet corner somewhere."

"Here I am, sir," Hincks replied. "I know just the spot where you will be comfortable. Elida and I fixed it up this afternoon. We have made a regular Holy of Holies of it."

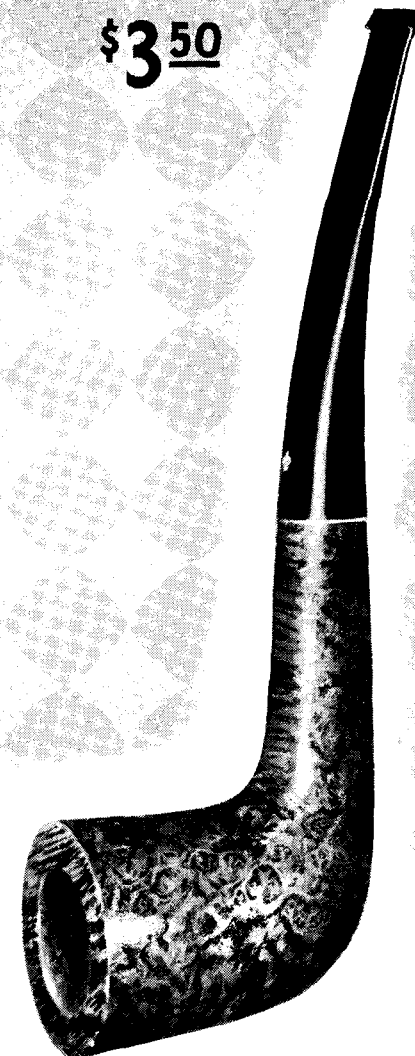
"I shall be there presently," Sabine called out over her shoulder.

"And I am coming now," Elida cried, breaking away from a group of young people.

It was a wonderful and very jealously guarded retreat. Cheshire sank into an easy chair and Elida, with a sigh of satisfaction, settled down close by. Hincks,

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who had sent a footman away on a not very mysterious errand, arranged a table in front of them.

"Short leave, if you please, sir," he begged. "I will be back in a few minutes."

He vanished in the crowd. Elida drew her chair a little nearer to her companion's.

"Hundreds of things I want to ask you," she confided.

"I shouldn't," he advised. "An over-inquisitive spirit in the young should always be checked."

"I will be content with one question, then. Corti looks at me sometimes curiously. Do you think that he suspects?"

"No one will ever know, because he is the type of man who never tells," Cheshire replied. "And for the sake of your private conscience I will remind you of this. Supposing some of those documents you handled were intended to deceive; I had working against me on the other side a secret envoy of your country who succeeded in selling to various departments of the government a great many million pounds' worth of material that was intended to do more than deceive. It would have destroyed."

"Why were your experts so blind?"

"They were not," he assured her. "They acted under my instructions when they accepted all these shipments. We should never have used them, but no one else knew that. It was done with the object of instilling into our possible enemies a sense of false security."

"But that last set of plans?"

"THE last effort was different," Cheshire admitted. "That was our *chef d'oeuvre*. Whether it was a truthful representation of our intentions is not your affair. You transmitted it. Your agent in the embassy here eagerly accepted it. In Rome they passed judgment upon it. It was a *ruse de guerre* that, coming from the head of the British secret service, was perfectly justified."

"But will there not be bad feeling if they find out?"

"No one could find out," Cheshire assured her. "For that very reason, we are still carrying on the bluff. Imaginary ships have been moved to unknown ports, fifty mine sweepers are at work in the North Sea at the present moment destroying mines that never existed. Guns have been mounted and jealously guarded that could never fire even a cannon ball! They will be dismantled at once. Let that be sufficient!"

A footman brought champagne, filled their glasses and discreetly withdrew.

"Serious talk is now finished," Cheshire insisted. "I have dwelt enough upon the events of the past few months in my nightmares at the hospital. There is to be no war. To stop that is worth more than the whole soul of any man or woman. When are you and Ronnie going to be married?"

"Very soon," she confessed.

"Capital."

"It might be the week after next."

"Better still," he declared. "I shall be here to give you my blessing."

Sabine swept down upon them, gorgeous in her amber satin gown with its faint suggestion of the old court crinoline, aglow with the famous diamonds that she so seldom wore, exquisitely human with that faint, wistful light in her eyes as she crossed the room toward them. Behind her came Hincks, a changed man, debonair and happy, perfectly at ease and a very attractive figure in his new uniform.

"Elida," Sabine said, "you must go and dance with Ronnie. It is my turn in here. I am only afraid that it will be too short."

The young people departed. Sabine took her sister's place.

"Guy," she said, "Elida has not been tiring you, I hope."

"No, my dear," he replied. "I have only been trying to set her mind at rest once and for all."

"I have been so terrified for her, but those days have passed. We are in smooth waters now. . . . And you, Guy?"

"Off on a pleasure cruise," he confided. "XYZ is disbanded. Masses of our papers have already gone down to the Tower. The aircraft carrier department is taking over our offices."

"And you," she asked, "what will they do for you? There are no honors your country has to give that should not be yours. I am one of the few who know, remember."

He smiled.

"My dear Sabine," he explained, "the men who work on the lines I have and for the purpose I have had in mind think nothing or know nothing of honors. We live in the shadows. I go back to my old job, except that they have given me a ship and six months' leave."

"But that is preposterous—" she began.

He stopped her.

"Sabine," he insisted, "it is common sense. Supposing I were singled out for special promotion, for special orders, for special distinction, would not the whole world want to know how I had earned these things? Then our secrets might be dragged into the light. We work for the salvation of the empire—not for special distinction. I am absolutely content."

"It does not seem fair," she meditated.

"Life," he pointed out, "is brimful of compensations."

Her hand fell softly upon his for a moment.

"Guy," she asked, "have you ever loved any other woman?"

"Never," he answered. "Nor have I for one minute," he went on, after an instant's pause, "regretted your decision. A poor sailor cuts no sort of show in this great life, Sabine, in this kingdom over which you rule. I have found my meed of happiness in other things. When my days of active service are over I shall have a whole crop of marvelous memories. I think that nature must have meant me for the life I have lived and the post I have held. These things that fill your world I could never have given you."

"Perhaps," she said quietly, "you might have given me something that has always been missing, but even you, Guy, could never have been a more wonderful husband than Henry."

"I suppose," he declared, "Henry Prestley is about the only man living whom I can think of with content and without a shadow of jealousy as your husband."

"Are we super-romantic or ultra-practical?" she asked.

"My dear," he answered, "we are ourselves and the lives we have lived and are living seem good to us."

ELIDA drifted back presently. . . . Sabine's private secretary came swiftly to her.

"Princess," he announced, "word has come from the palace that their royal highnesses have left. They will be here in five minutes."

Sabine waved her hand in farewell and with her usual unhurried grace swept away toward the reception room. Elida and Cheshire were left alone. A footman hurried up and filled their glasses.

"Guy, may I ask you one more thing," she begged, "about those affairs that lie behind?"

"Of course," he acquiesced. "Let us finish with it, my dear. Let us put a seal upon the lot of them but before we stamp it I will gratify your curiosity. Come on, what is it now?"

"Greys, your valet, the man who

Her own cook... but a partner in a hundred Industries



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• John Alden died last week, of pneumonia. Only 30, he left a widow and infant daughter. Two years ago he took out a New England Mutual family income policy, paying an average of \$18.10 a month in premiums. Mrs. Alden will receive more than \$100 EVERY MONTH until 1956, then an additional \$10,000, making a total of over \$31,600. Could any other investment have guaranteed this family so much protection? Write Dept. CF, 87 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., for booklet on family income insurance.

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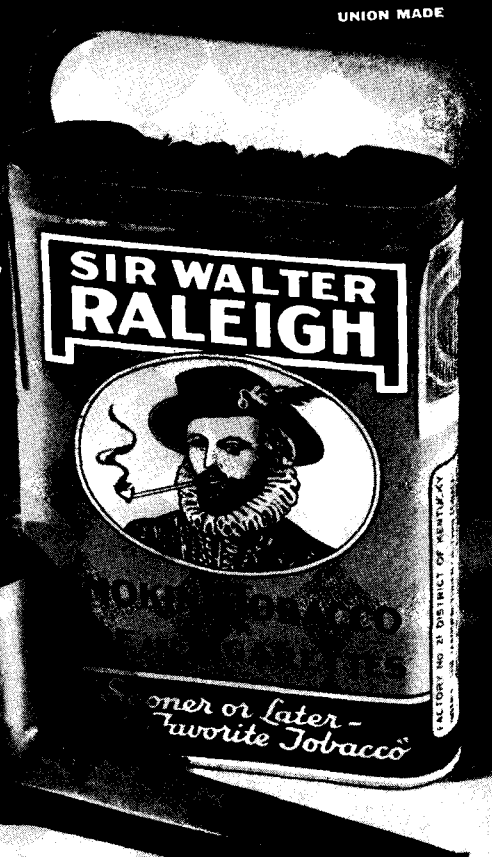


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HOW TO
TAKE CARE
OF
YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey
and his orchestra. Every
Wednesday evening,
NBC Red Network.

shot Florestan on the flying ground?"

"Tried by a special court called together by act of Parliament under an almost disused statute," he confided. "Sentenced to detention during his Majesty's pleasure. As a matter of fact," he added, with a smile, "it will be a matter of another fortnight."

"And the large woman, the one who came to the rooms that afternoon—I suppose Ronnie told you—and demanded you? She said she was Florestan's wife."

"So she was," he answered. "At least, for anything I know to the contrary. She has a large income, a flat somewhere in Paris, where she lives with her two children, and she is taking a mature course of voice production to enable her to sing publicly again."

"One more secret—the shot in Downing Street?"

"They caught the fellow, as you may have read, and half killed him. It was a long time before he could come into court. His case was remanded and he died in prison."

"And who was he?"

"His name was Marius Ludini and he was one of the few men in life," Cheshire told her, "whom I have specially and actually disliked. He was one of Florestan's gang, a sort of personal body-guard, I think. His job toward the end was to get rid of me, somehow. He was not really a good conspirator any more than he was an agreeable personality. Anyway, that was the end of him."

"And we go on," she murmured. "I am marrying Ronnie. Sabine will remain, I suppose, what Signor Corti called her just now—the greatest feminine figure in diplomatic Europe. Henry will live, too, with his head a little in the clouds, gently detached from the world, loving his wife and bridge more than anything in life. And you are going back to the sea. There is something wrong somewhere, Guy. What is it?"

All the sailor's high spirits rang out in his happy laugh but if he could have answered her question he preferred silence.

THE END

Accidental Night

Continued from page 10

"No," Shelby grumbled, "I suppose not."

Tom Cary said, "He was hit with a statuette. German silver. Must weigh a couple of pounds. There was a gun on the floor but it was his—right near the desk, and the drawer open. He must have been beat to the punch. We found his license to carry it."

"The house dick found him about two hours ago," Konig said. "Making his rounds, and he found the door unlocked. Cold as a cucumber. Medical-office man figures he got it around midnight. Looks tough for your ex."

Shelby's voice was low. "She's no killer."

"No one said she is. Accidents will happen, though. It still makes it tough." He pushed himself up out of the chair. "Want me to let you know when we pick her up?"

Shelby's frown was deep; it made two vertical creases between his eyebrows. What he wanted to say, what he ought to say, was, "No." He wished he were a million miles away from her. Far, far away. With Frieda.

"I guess so," he said.

Konig and Tom Cary went downstairs. Shelby walked out into the corridor and climbed slowly to the floor above. It did not take him long to discover that Ruth was not there. She must have crept down, gone away, while they were in his apartment.

THE morning air was crisp. Shelby walked half a dozen blocks, entered a big drugstore, sat down at a long black-and-chromium counter. Tomato juice, poached eggs, toast, coffee.

When he had finished he went into a telephone booth at the back of the store, put in a nickel, dialed.

"Hello, Frieda. This is Linc. Did I wake you up?"

"Oh, no."

"How are you?"

"Oh, fine. You?"

"All right. It's such a nice day, I thought maybe you'd like to take a drive out through the country. Eat somewhere. I heard about a new place, the Mill Wheel, up on Route 7."

"No, I don't think so, Linc. Thanks."

"What's the matter?"

"Please, Linc."

"Listen, Frieda—"

"Linc, we've been all over it, again and again. I'm just out of a tub and the window's open. Do you mind?"

He hung up. He bought two cigars, stuck one in his vest pocket, lit the other. There was nothing in the papers and, because it was Sunday, there wouldn't be anything until tomorrow. He didn't want to go back to his apartment. He didn't want to hear anything about it, from Konig or anybody else. And he didn't want to hear Ruth's voice on the telephone. Ten to one, they had her by this time. There was no guessing the kind of story she'd tell them.

He walked a dozen blocks, then tossed away the stub of his cigar and boarded a bus. Frieda lived on the edge of the city in a rambling red brick apartment house with white brick trim. It was only three stories tall and she lived on the third in a one-room-and-kitchenette efficiency with bright casement windows.

"I meant it, Linc," she said.

"All right. Can't I stop by?"

She turned and went into the kitchenette. "Have you had breakfast?"

"Yes."

"I'm just about to have mine."

"I can always drink coffee, though."

She was a tall girl in a russet silk dressing gown, mules to match. Her back was straight and slender. Her mouth was generous, a little large. The thing he always liked about her eyes was their quick warmth, their equally quick candor. With her hair pulled up off the back of her neck and twisted in a makeshift roll, she looked fresh and attractive.

"I've never seen your hair that way."

"What you get for bursting in so early?"

"I like it."

She put a second cup on the card table by the casement window and Shelby pulled up two chairs. The window looked out on parkland, evergreens, and in the distance a frozen lake where boys and girls were skating. He commented on the skaters, the view, and asked about her work. She was head of the lingerie department at Pommeau's and thought that, soon, she would be made a buyer. Travel. It went along nicely, amiably, one triviality leading to another. Yet Shelby knew that he was merely putting on an act out front while backstage there was a fire. And presently he stood up and stared out the window, while she cleared away the table. When she had finished she lighted a cigarette, said:

"What's wrong, Linc?"

He said, "Ruth's in a jam."

"That's not news."



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"Are Those the Men I Married?"



SHE: Why sugar, I thought you were a flock of screen stars. It must be a trick they do with mirrors.

HE: No, angel! It's a trick you do with Stetsons.

SHE: But can you really afford a hat that makes you look so overwhelmingly successful?

HE: When you see how well a Stetson holds its style, you'll think there *is* magic to it.

He's wearing a "Caribou Gray" felt . . . one of Stetson's superb new "Rod-and-Gun" colors for Fall. Now being shown in the world's leading stores. \$5, \$7.50, \$10 and up to \$40. John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia. Stetsons made in Canada, from \$5.50.

Step Out with a **STETSON!**

"It may be—tomorrow. She spent last night at my place. Most of it, anyhow."

Her mouth became a line that was first straight, then twisted, then straight again. "Why do you tell me?"

"I figured you might read about it in the papers tomorrow. She turned up at about midnight. She'd had a spat with Mannion, she said, and he drove her out. She didn't have any money with her and I guess she was ashamed to stop at the desk. I let her sleep on the couch in my sitting room and went to bed."

He told her the rest of it quietly and slowly, without emphasis anywhere. For a minute after he had finished, her chin, firm as she tried to make it, quivered; ragged patches of crimson grew on her cheeks; her eyes were bitter and rebellious, but they were moist also.

He looked around the room. He looked at the boys and girls skating on the lake.

"Darling, she'll ruin you!"

The hoarse, cracked sound of her voice swung him around on his heels and he saw her standing in the center of the room, dead quiet, breathless. He put his arms around her.

"Forgive me if I hate her, Linc. I meant to be so cool, detached. I—" She stepped back out of his embrace and turned away. "I will be."

"I don't love her, Frieda. I don't!"

"You're all mixed up, Linc. Will you go now?"

"Frieda, you're a fool!"

"Very well. But will you go, Linc, please?"

POLICE headquarters showed a granite façade to the street, a great high, wide doorway flanked by green, cone-shaped lamps.

"Hello, Lieutenant. Is George König around?"

"You're Lincoln Shelby, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"He's been expecting you. You'll find him at the Colony Hotel."

To a clerk at the Colony desk he said, "Where will I find Detective König?"

"Are you expected, sir?"

"Yes."

"I believe you'll find him in the house officer's room, number 100."

A man he did not know opened the door, raised soft, dark eyebrows in inquiry, said in a clipped voice, "Yes?" His eyes struck curiously back and forth across Shelby's face. "Yes?"

"Mr. König," Shelby said.

"That's Shelby," he heard König say. "Come on in, Linc."

Entering, Shelby saw König, a man from the district attorney's office named Pohlgren, another man whom he did not know, and a man he recognized as Trotter, of the city press bureau. König flung his hand here and there, made introductions: Delecamp, the man who had let Shelby in, was the resident manager; the roly-poly bald man was the house officer, Bishop. Bishop looked very upset, a condition he was trying to disguise, unsuccessfully, by keeping his underlip thrust forward.

König said, "Been trying to get you, Linc, but no luck. Your ex wants to see you."

"Where is she?"

"Oh, she's in the clink. We ain't booked her yet, though."

Delecamp said, "I'm extremely sorry about this, Mr. Shelby." There was genuine feeling in his voice, agreeable in contrast with his stiff-necked posture, his elegant clothes. "I believe, however, everything will turn out all right for your former wife."

"There's nobody hanging anything on me," the house officer said truculently.

König said, "Listen, Bishop, don't be antagonistic."

"I picked it up. Sure I picked it up. But—"

"What he means," König said to Shelby, "is we found his fingerprints on the statuette Mannion was crowned with—"

"It was just accidental. There he was lying, and this thing on the floor, and I accidentally picked it up."

"It sure was an accidental night," König said good-humoredly. "Accidentally Mannion comes home from Rochester on a late train. Accidentally Bishop picks up the statuette. Accidentally Mrs. Mannion has an argument with her husband and takes a walk and spends most of the night in the ladies' room at Union Station. Accidentally she comes back to the hotel at seven this morning and comes in the back entrance and up the service stairway and the porter meets her and says, 'Mrs. Mannion, there's been an accident.'"

Bishop growled, "Who knows she spent most of the night in the ladies' room at Union Station? All right, a scrubwoman saw her there at six, but that don't mean she was there all the time before."

"You would do better, Bishop," Delecamp said, "to pursue a little silence."

König came across the room, took hold of Shelby's arm, said, "Excuse us, gentlemen," and led him into the hall. They walked to the mezzanine and sat down in chairs overlooking the lobby.

Shelby said, "Been riding Bishop?"

"A little. It's just that we find his fingerprints on the statuette and he gets peeved because we ask questions. The one that's really in a jam, though, is your ex. No kidding. When she ran out, why did she take the service stairway? And why'd she come back in that way?"

"Her fingerprints on the statuette?"

"No. Only Bishop's. There ought to be others. Hell, a maid dusts, moves things around—even Mrs. Mannion or Mannion himself. It it wasn't Bishop—and personally, I don't think it was—somebody wiped all prints off before Bishop picked it up." He slapped his knees lightly. "Yes, the little woman is in a jam."

"What did she say?"

"Oh, she didn't do it, she said. She said she came in at half past eleven, stopped here on the mezzanine to write a letter, saw that both elevators were way up on the top floor, and walked up to the apartment. Said she'd been to a movie, and told which one. She said Mannion was home when she arrived and demanded where she'd been, and it got stormy and hot and she ran out, scared because he was fooling with a gun. She said he accused her of being out with you, and she said she tried to get you on the phone to come over and tell him he was crazy. Were you out with her?"

SHELBY shook his head. "No. I was at the fights."

"Alone?"

"No. Bob Henson and Johnny Hill were along, and we ran into Sergeant Dandignac and had a drink with him at Cork's before I left. What else did she say?"

"Not much. Just that she walked the streets a while, was afraid to go back, and killed the night in the ladies' room at Union Station."

Shelby's legs and arms felt all bone, no flesh—they felt leaden heavy. His face was masked glumly with thought, his eyes were blank, vacant. She had always lied about little things, brightly, almost believing the lies herself. She had always played up to men, even while she was married to him, but it had gone no farther than that, he was sure. She had always lived on flattery. She had always told him, jokingly, when men called her up, men he knew pretty well, and tried to make dates with her. The little things, the little inconsequential lies, the will-o'-the-wisp flirtations,

TRUE-or False?

How much do you know about America's most popular drink...the one you, yourself, partake of several times a day? How much of what you know is true — how much is false? Here a lot of non-sense and old-wives' tales are exploded — a lot of sound, solid, modern medical truths told. Check your beliefs with the facts.

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE? Put a check mark in the "true" or "false" squares below — then compare your answers with those at the end of each statement of the facts.

TO DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS—References to the medical authorities for the following statements will be supplied on request.



COFFEE MAKES PHYSICAL WORK EASIER,* and you can work longer and harder if you drink it. True? ☐ False? ☐

You've seen workmen engaged in heavy-duty jobs stop for a bracing hot cup of coffee. You've seen drivers piloting monster trucks long hours over tough roads stop for their coffee at roadside shacks. There's even a law in New York State decreeing that coffee *must* be served at frequent intervals to certain types of workers. Scientists explain that coffee not only intensifies the vigor of muscular contraction but also enables the muscles to act more economically—to do more work with the same expenditure of energy.

Statement in the headline above* is True.



ATHLETES WHILE IN TRAINING DRINK COFFEE.* True? ☐ False? ☐

Thirty leading coaches state that coffee is served at their training tables. Among the coaches interviewed are Football Coaches Howard Jones of Southern California, Beuny Friedman of C. C. N. Y., and Dutch Clark of the Detroit Lions. There is a wealth of modern medical opinion supporting their views that good coffee is a most healthful, harmless, invigorating beverage.

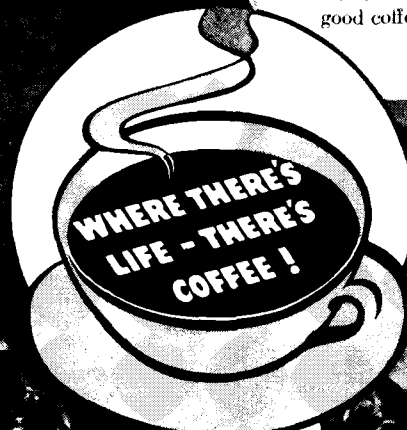
Statement in the headline above* is True.

COFFEE MAKES THE BRAIN CLEARER, FASTER, MORE ALERT.*

True? ☐ False? ☐

Here's the famous director "Woody" Van Dyke—on the set. He's the man, you remember, who made "The Thin Man." Here he's snapped shooting "Marie Antoinette," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's finest motion picture. Time's worth \$3,358.21 an hour here. Van Dyke's brain has to be at hair-trigger efficiency every single, costly minute. What's *his* drink? . . . Coffee! They say he drank 1,340 cups during the 67 shooting days—20 cups a day. Let the scientists explain it . . . "Coffee exerts a direct action upon the higher centers of the nervous system. It induces mental clarity, facilitating the reception of sensory impressions and the removal of the sense of fatigue." (See "Dietetics for the Clinician" by Milton A. Bridges, M.D.)

Statement in the headline above* is True.



UNITED STATES DRINKS HALF OF ALL COFFEE GROWN IN THE WORLD.*

True? ☐ False? ☐

To the United States come one and three-quarter billion pounds of coffee annually . . . half of the world's crop. Most of it comes from the Pan American coffee growing areas. And what with the fact that Americans are the largest coffee drinkers in the world—and America has one of the world's highest public health ratings—it speaks well for coffee as a healthful beverage!

Statement in the headline above* is True.



COFFEE MAKES YOU DROWSY.*

True? ☐ False? ☐

If you do feel drowsy, take coffee. Instantly it picks you up. Gives you new drive and energy. Yet — it interferes with sleep in no way—if two hours elapse between the time you drink coffee and go to bed. Drink that extra cup after dinner if you want it. The pick-up lasts only two hours with 97 out of 100 people, according to medical authorities.

Statement in the headline above* is False.

Copyright 1938, Pan American Coffee Bureau, 120 Wall Street, New York

Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world.

BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • NICARAGUA • VENEZUELA



To make good coffee use enough — a heaping tablespoonful for each cup!



Never put anti-freeze in a dirty radiator! The engine will overheat. You'll lose the anti-freeze and you may cause expensive damage to your car. It's easy to clean out the cooling system of your car with SANI-FLUSH. It costs only 10c. (25c for the largest trucks and tractors.) It takes only a few minutes.

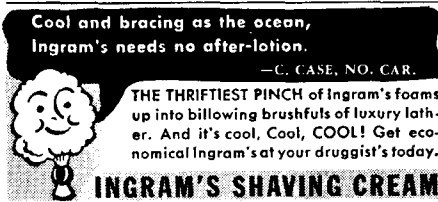
Pour SANI-FLUSH in your radiator. (Follow directions on the can.) Run the motor. Drain. Flush once. Refill with anti-freeze solution. Then you're all set for the winter. SANI-FLUSH is safe—cannot injure motor or fittings. You'll find SANI-FLUSH in grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush **Safe**
KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN **NOT CAUSTIC**

A Sign of the Season



JONES DAIRY FARM, Mary P. Jones, Pres.
Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin

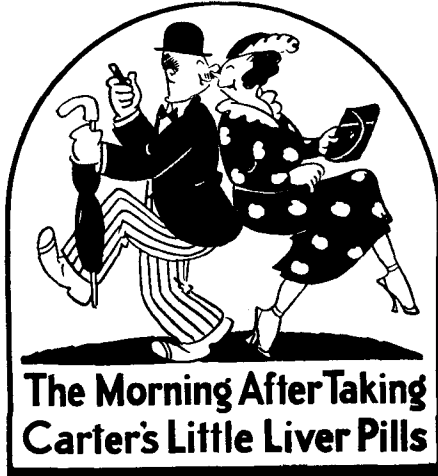


Cool and bracing as the ocean,
Ingram's needs no after-lotion.

—C. CASE, NO. CAR.

THE THIRSTIEST PINCH of Ingram's foams up into billowing brushfuls of luxury lather. And it's cool, Cool, COOL! Get economical Ingram's at your druggist's today.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM



**The Morning After Taking
Carter's Little Liver Pills**

had gradually grown to a gnawing whole that, since he was a normally jealous man, he could no longer endure.

Konig was saying, "Anything I can do, Linc, anything I can do—" He wagged his head. "But the inspector's a tough egg, and the D. A.'s no soft touch, either." He turned up his palms. "This ladies' room alibi won't hold water. The guy at the all-night newsstand in the station said he saw a young woman go in sometime between four and five. He described her, roughly, and it sounds like it was her. In my business, as long as I've been in it, you get a hunch when somebody's lying."

"You think she's lying?"

"Sure. And what's more, I don't think you're coming across all the way, either."

"When did you come to that conclusion?"

"Last night and today. When me and Cary left your place, we stopped for a snack, and I picked a couple of long red hairs off his sleeve. They're over in the lab now, being matched with your ex-wife's."

Shelby shrugged. "She was there last night. She came in about midnight, hid in the upstairs hall while you and Cary were giving me the once-over, and for some screwy reason left before you went out."

"You know what Cary figured?"

"I don't care what Cary figured."

"He figured after she couldn't get you on the phone she went over to your place, and you went back with her to the hotel, to talk sense to Mannion. He went for his gun, in the desk, and you clipped him."

"Bright boy, Cary."

"Well," Konig sighed, "you haven't been so bright."

HE WAS shaving next morning when the telephone rang. Wiping the soap from his hands on a towel, he went into the sitting room.

"Linc, I've just read the morning paper—"

"Hello, Frieda."

"Oh, Linc, it looks bad. I—I thought they might have—might have—arrested you."

"No. Not yet. They may pick me up, but don't worry."

"Darling," she said urgently, "don't do anything foolish. Linc, I love you, darling. Don't be a fool. Help her, yes, if you can—but don't, darling, don't do anything foolish. I don't want to see you hurt; I don't want to see you ruined. I love you—"

"Listen, Frieda. Listen."

"Yes—yes?"

"Don't worry. Don't get upset."

"I'm not—I'm not. Forgive me for what I said yesterday. Help her. No matter what you do, no matter what. I'll love you, darling."

When he hung up his hand shook. It continued to shake while he shaved, and several times he had to stop, but finally he finished. He dressed without haste, pausing several times to stare out the window and ruminate. He put on his overcoat and was on his way out when the telephone rang again.

"Look," said Konig, "you'd better come over, pal."

Shelby went over. The lieutenant at the desk directed him to Inspector Bright's office, and when Shelby knocked, and was admitted by Konig, he saw Ruth sitting in a leather-upholstered chair. Thin nose glasses shimmered coolly below Bright's thin gray eyebrows; his gaunt, ascetic face was unrelieved by the thin, precise line of his mouth.

Ruth cried, "Linc, help me, help me! These men—the things they keep saying! Linc, there was no harm in my running to your place—I was desperate—I was afraid—he was a madman!"

"Mrs. Mannion," said Bright, and turned to Shelby: "Have you anything to add to what you told Konig yesterday?"

"I don't know. What did he tell you?"

"That Mrs. Mannion arrived at your place at about midnight and left about four in the morning, while Konig and Cary were questioning you. Did you tell her to do that?"

"No. I told her to hide in the upstairs hall."

She cried: "I was afraid someone might open a door and see me! I—I ran away because I was frightened! I—"

"Please," said Bright, his nose glasses shimmering at her. He said to Shelby, "When she came to your place, what did she say?"

"She had an argument with Mannion. He came home before she did, and when she came in from a movie they had an argument about where she'd been. He got hard to handle; she got scared and ran out. She had no money on her, so



she came to my place and I told her, of course, she could camp on the divan. There seemed to be no harm in that."

"The way you tell it, no," said Bright. "Yet you went to a lot of trouble to make sure no one would see her there."

"Of course. Some people, even friends, take a lot of things wrong. Besides, I thought it might be Mannion."

"YOU didn't by any chance think that Mannion was dead and that it might be the police?"

"I didn't know Mannion was dead until George told me."

Bright turned on Ruth, snapped, "Did you?"

"Did I?" she cried. "Of course I didn't! I told you what I did—I told you—"

"You've told us a lot of things, madam, some of them lies, which you corrected only when you saw no other way out." He shook a pale finger at her. "Isn't it true that your husband was dead when you fled your apartment?"

"No—no! I tell you, I told you yesterday, I've told you a hundred times—no! What is this, what is this? I'm locked up! First one, then another, three, four, I don't know how many, all ask me questions, questions!"

"And all the answers are checked, and each set is a little different. Madam, I intend to interrogate you until you begin to sweat honesty!"

Shelby said, "Listen. I didn't come over here to see her pushed around. She's not under oath, and she can tell you anything she wants—and if she doesn't want to answer your questions she doesn't have to."

Bright straightened.

Konig said, "Now look, Linc, take this right."

"I'll take it the way I please."

Ruth jumped up. "Linc, they're persecuting me!"

"Sit down!" Bright snapped.

The telephone rang, and when it stopped ringing there was sudden silence in the room. Bright, glaring coldly at Ruth for an instant, picked it up. He said, "Hello . . . yes," and then his eyebrows quivered, his lips parted, closed again, his glasses flashed toward Ruth, toward Shelby. He wrote swiftly on a pad of paper. He hung up.

"Delecamp, the manager at the Colony, committed suicide. He killed your husband, madam."

SHELBY felt the skin on the back of his neck crawl. He glanced at Ruth and saw the color drain from her face and leave it gray-white. He saw her fingers crawl up to her throat, and clamp suddenly against her lips to stifle a cry.

"Go over, Konig. He left a note. It absolves her. She ran out while they were arguing and then Mannion went for his gun and Delecamp socked him."

"He seemed like a nice guy."

"Plenty of nice and good men are tantalized by scatterbrained women into committing acts of violence."

Shelby pulled his stare away from her. He felt his ears burning. He did not want to look at her because he knew that she would, in a minute, crumple and grimace like a little child and say his name in that broken, cloudy, helpless way. If he got away this minute, this very second, he would be all right. But he didn't go. He looked at her. Her eyes were wide, moist, starry, and her lips blubbered like a little child's. She held out her little pink, childlike hands toward him. "Linc! . . ." Then he turned, without haste, opened the door and walked out.

Two hours later he got up from his divan and answered the telephone and there was her voice. "Linc, listen—it wasn't what you think! We were just dancing in the apartment to the radio, having a little innocent fun, when he came in. Why did he come back like that? Linc, he didn't trust me; he didn't trust me! Always, always, he was trying to catch me! We were just dancing, being a little gay. The lipstick on his cheek—goodness, there was nothing in that! It was just in fun, just in fun. . . . Linc, listen, Linc, it was nothing more. Linc, the way you walked out on me! And the newspapers—think of the newspapers! Oh, Linc, I need you! When they were arguing, when Philip wouldn't let him leave, I ran in the bedroom and tried to phone you—I knew you'd come over and help—Linc! Linc!"

He hung up quietly and went back to the divan and sat down and looked at Frieda's picture. They had a date to-night. It was all right with him and Frieda again. It would be all right; it wouldn't be wrong again, ever.

The telephone bell rang. It rang insistently, urgently, drilling at him. It rang on and on, querulously, then frantically. Then suddenly it stopped. It didn't ring again.

They Satisfy

Discovered
...a new pleasure
in smoking

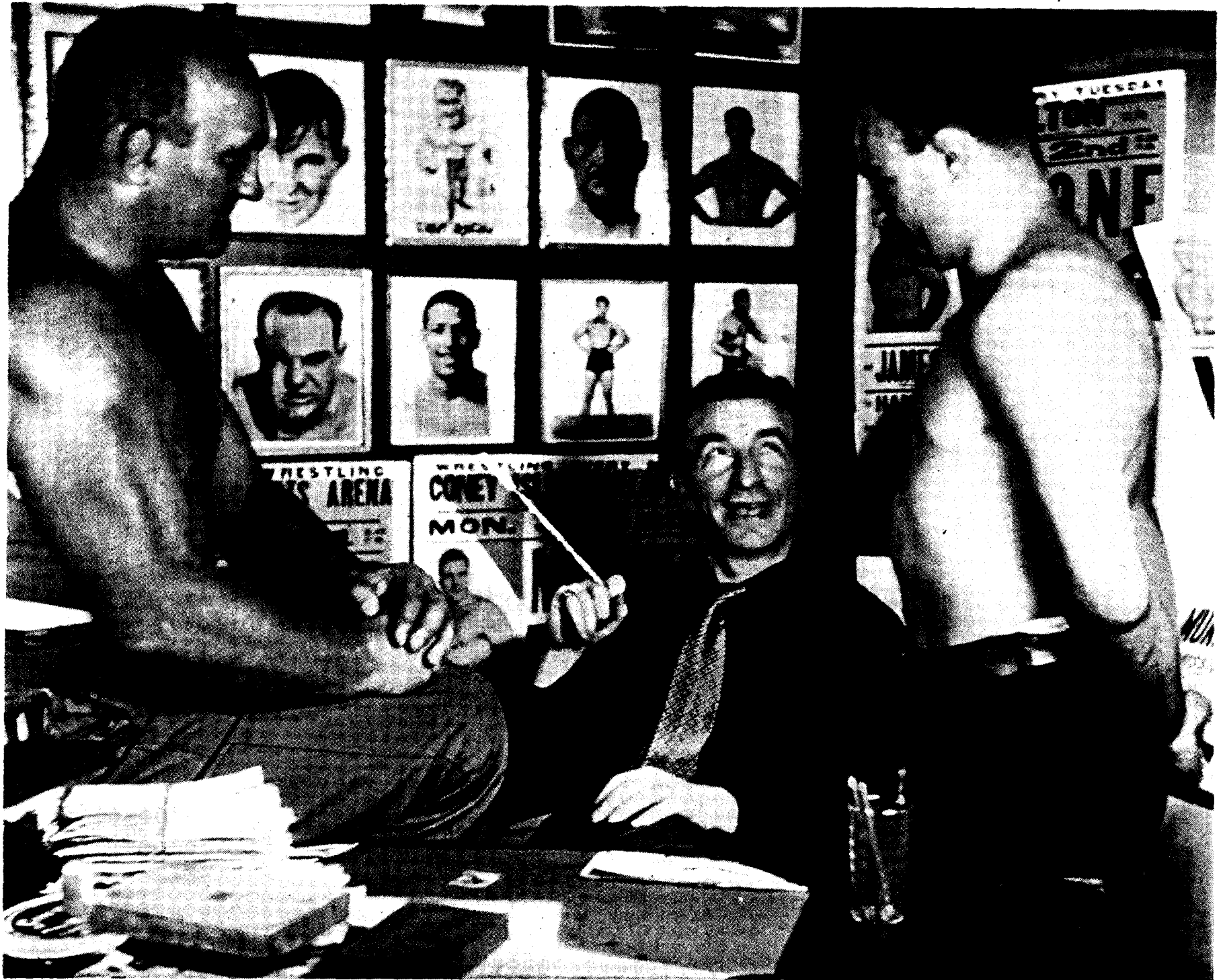
You too will find more pleasure
in Chesterfield's refreshing
mildness and satisfying taste.

That's why smokers every-
where are now saying ...

*"More pleasure than any
cigarette I ever tried*

They Satisfy"





Jake Pfeffer, self-styled Ziegfeld of the wrestling promoters, with Wladek Zbyszko (left) and Tony Siano

Jake's Juggernauts

By Jack Miley

JAKE (HASSEN) PFEFFER is a weary wanderer from Warsaw who came through Ellis Island twenty years ago as a humble spear carrier for Pavlova and wound up as the self-styled Ziegfeld of our wrestling promoters. At least, that is the modest manner in which Jake describes himself today, but jealous rivals declare he is a mountebank and the Minsky of the mat.

Jake admits the first charge without argument, but insists he combines the best features of Rickard, Barnum and Belasco. His wrestlers are phonier than \$7 bills and he has never been connected with a "shooting match"—the trade lingo for a bout that is on the level—in his life, Jake cheerfully confesses, but he will fight the man, big or small, who hints that he isn't an artist to his finger tips.

Pfeffer bosses a stable of grapplers who look and sound like old-home week

For many years Jake Pfeffer has been preaching that wrestling is strictly phony. That's strange advice, coming as it does from a promoter who is up to his ears in wrestlers—and such wrestlers! Have a look at Jake's stable of giants

in the Chicago stockyards. He rents out these grunTERS by the pound, just like your butcher sells frankfurters, and he ships them to every state in the Union, with a few odd batches now and then to Canada and Mexico. He will send you a ton of assorted groaners for as little as \$10 or \$12, plus cartage, if you can't pay more. Nearly every wrestling club in America uses Pfeffer pachyderms and Jake has what amounts to a monopoly

—or should I say a strangle hold?—on the matmen.

Jake is a jittery little gent with one of those William Jennings Bryan bird's-nest haircuts that went out of style with the Scopes monkey trial. Only one other citizen has a coiffure like it—Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis. And, like Pfeffer, the judge is a dictator in his sport. Jake wears his trousers pulled up under his armpits, a wilted white carna-

tion is always in the lapel of his flashy Broadway ensemble, and his heels are elevated like a stilt walker's to give him a semblance of height—about five feet, net, with his hat on.

The great impresario of the grimacers always carries a silver-knobbed cane, which he clutches amidships, like a pole vaulter about to take off. Jake also uses this malacca to threaten wrestlers who ask him for money in sums greater than \$2. Pfeffer's accent is indescribable. When his jumbled and heavily accented oratory is in full flow, which is most of the time, he sounds like George Arliss being put through a concrete mixer.

"If wrestling is on the square," Jake tells you, "then so is a full moon!" But when you pry into his trade secrets or seek details of his racket he is likely to become very elusive.

Pfeffer's rookery on the tenth floor

SEE AMERICA FIRST...

... first ... last ... and always



Yes, see America for what it really is — better than a promised land.

To our forefathers it was just a plain land of promise with no trimmings. The merciless frontier drove hard bargains ... demanded privations and daring in exchange for day-to-day existence. But they were thankful and confident.

Today vast oceans still guard our freedom. We have the Earth's greatest storehouse of natural resources. Comforts and conveniences abound. Best of all, we see every promise of a future more generous still. For America? Yes! But especially for all those with the spirit of America's pioneers.

*Live Life ... Every golden minute of it
Enjoy Budweiser ... Every golden drop of it*

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MAKE THIS TEST

DRINK **Budweiser** FOR FIVE DAYS.
ON THE SIXTH DAY TRY TO DRINK A SWEET
BEER. YOU WILL WANT **Budweiser's**
FLAVOR THEREAFTER.



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Ya Can Play Golf Three Ways —



ya can be a dub...



ya can play



in the 80's...

or be the club champ



AND YOU HAVE 3 GRADES OF PERFORMANCE IN YOUR CAR

✓ Right you are, Skippy! But while everyone cannot rise from "dub" to "champ" in golf, he can easily step up his car's performance after reading these facts:

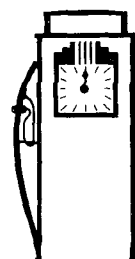
The farther you advance the spark of a modern high compression car, up to the point of maximum efficiency, the more power you get from gasoline.

But the motor "knocks" or "pings" when the spark is set farther ahead than the "anti-knock" quality of the gasoline permits.

Judged by anti-knock quality, there are *three* grades of gasoline: "low grade," "regular" and gasoline containing "Ethyl."

That is why your car has a device—variously called "distributor adjuster," "Octane Selector," etc.—for setting the spark for each of these three grades of gasoline.

And the performance of *your* car depends upon the grade of gas and spark setting, as shown at right.



Poor performance
with "low grade" gasoline

There is no anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) in "low grade" gasoline. Power is lost because the spark must be retarded to prevent "knock" or "ping."



Good performance
with "regular" gasoline

Most regular gasoline has in it anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead). The spark can be considerably advanced for more power without "knock" or "ping."



Best performance
with gasoline containing "ETHYL"

Gasoline "with ETHYL" is highest in all-round quality. It has enough anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) so that the spark can be fully advanced for maximum power and economy without "knock" or "ping."

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, manufacturer of anti-knock fluids used by oil companies to improve gasoline

of the Times Building, at 42d Street and Broadway, a spot that somebody once called—appropriately enough in Jake's case—the double-cross roads of the world, looks like a combination of the Eden Musee and the Bronx Park Zoo. The promoter's private offices are decorated in a color scheme of bright red and gold and resemble more than anything else a pack of firecrackers; so much so, in fact, that one punch-drunk wrestler was heard to remark, "I'd hate to be in this joint when it goes off!"

The lowing of the kine is audible, if not deafening, the moment you enter Jake's joint. These oink-oinks and other strange and guttural sounds come from an adjoining chamber. You enter a hermetically sealed, smoke-filled room and this is where Pfeffer tethers his stock. Seated around tables and playing cards, stretched out snoozing on couches, pacing the newspaper-strewn floor and muttering unintelligibly to themselves are the athletes. They are there from dawn until dusk and each man has his battered bag of ring togs, or working tools, within easy reach. They never know, you see, when a phone call from Paterson, Passaic, Bridgeport, Hartford, Harrisburg or New Rochelle will arrive with the command: "Send me a dozen assorted wrestlers!"

The boys in the back room are a fierce-looking lot. One bone crusher, who calls himself King Kong, has a bristling black beard that conceals his cravat, if any. Another has no neck; his head just squats on his shoulders. A third, Martin Levy, weighs 635 pounds and is a fugitive from a Coney Island side show. He is so big that Pfeffer transports him on a truck. "The trains don't want him," he explains, "and say I should ship him in a baggage car. Levy is my glandular champ and doctors marvel at him. Some night he'll drop dead in a ring, God forbid! He can't wrestle a lick, but nobody can knock him off his feet. When he does hit the floor, he loses, because he can't get up without help."

It's the Artist in Him

One shabby, flabby fellow shuffles over to Jake and croaks hoarsely into his ear. Pfeffer raises his cane in an angry gesture and the supplicant cringes. "Bum!" screams this midget mahout of the herd. "Money you want—always money! Food you need—always food! Only yesterday I gave you a dollar—where did you eat, at the Ritz? When you wrestle again, you get money—until then, starve! I don't want you should get indigestion pains, maybe, from stuffing yourself!" Pfeffer slams the door and stalks out, flinging over his shoulder the admonition: "Quiet, tramps! Neighbors say I keep animals in here! Sometimes I think they're right!"

Then the artist in Jake crops out. He vanishes into a dressing room and comes back wearing a Russian blouse. He picks up an ivory cigarette holder as big as a bean blower. He is almost lost in a big leather desk chair as he strikes his Rodin's "Thinker" pose. He hums a tune from "Boris Godunov." Then he sighs: "Ah, to be away from these lousy palookas, these gorillas, these hoodlums! They drive me crazy, sometimes, I tell you! Money they want—food, lodging! Am I Rockefeller or Morgan—me, Jake Pfeffer? I have got, I tell you, a job for an animal trainer! I should turn these freaks over to Ringling and forget the whole mess!"

Then the master of the hounds starts reminiscing about his theatrical career. "When I played piano for Pavlova"—he begins. "Wait a minute, Jake. I know guys who knew you when you came to this country in that Russian troupe. You were a stagehand who doubled as spear toter," the dreamer is reminded.

"I know, but I played piano, too," Pfeffer admits sheepishly. "But I was a lousy piano player," he adds, "just like them bum wrestlers!" Jake shudders when he is reminded of a grandiose claim that he once managed Chaliapin. "The Russian said he didn't know you," Pfeffer is challenged.

"Well, I didn't know him, either," Jake admits, "so that made us even, eh?"

Guaranteed to be Phony

Now for Jake's gladiators. He has sixty or more on his books. "A few of them can wrestle," Pfeffer admits, "but I don't hold that against 'em. They don't

every night in the week. Once in a while a wrestler gets busted up, but it is usually in an automobile accident or something. They dive at each other and knock themselves dizzy—but not too dizzy.

"Freaks I love and they're my specialty. I am very proud of some of my monstrosities. You can't get a dollar with a normal-looking guy, no matter how good he can wrestle. Those birds with shaved, egg-shaped heads, handlebar mustaches, tattooed bodies, big stomachs—they're for me! Dopes who wear Turkish fezzes and carry prayer rugs into the ring with them, kurdled Kurds, bouncing Czechs—all those for-



"Why shouldn't I study in my off hours? After all, I don't always expect to be a corporation director!" GARDNER REA

have to. Everybody these days knows that wrestling is strictly a phony. I've been trying to tell the public that for years. Other promoters have been humbugging the customers, but not me—I'm honest! This wrestling racket has more angles than a Chinese pagoda. But it isn't sport; it is show business. I'm not an athletic promoter; I'm a theatrical man. Like Ziegfeld or the Shuberts maybe. I don't tell people my wrestling shows are on the level; I guarantee them they're not. I've never seen an honest wrestling bout in my twenty years in the game. Maybe there was one, but I wasn't there. And I'd hate to see one; it'd be an awful thing!

"My fellows are tumblers, acrobats, like circus performers. They throw each other around, up in the air, out of the ring. They land on concrete floors or spectators' laps. But they seldom get hurt, and when they do it is an accident. They have rehearsed how to take those falls, y'understand, and they do it nearly

eign novelties I import for my stable. I've got college football players, too, but they're not so good—they want money. I guess those schools spoiled 'em. None of these atrocities of mine can find their way out of a phone booth or sock their way out of a cellophane sack, but that's not important. I teach 'em their routines and ship 'em out. The suckers think they're hot stuff—haw!"

Keeping the Bums Confused

The way to handle a wrestler, says Jake—who is unmarried—is the way to handle a wife. "You get 'em young, treat 'em rough and tell 'em nothing!" is his recipe. "One day I yell at 'em and threaten to knock their brains out, if any," he says of his herd. "Next day I give 'em money, baby 'em and tell 'em they're terrific. That way I keep the bums confused. They don't know whether they're coming or going, the loafers—and neither do I!"

Jake is the creator of many innovations in his chosen branch of the-atrials. You've seen two blubbery behemoths stand toe-to-toe on the canvas and club each other with heavy forearms until the crimson drips from their snoots?

Well, this pseudo mayhem is effected by the Pfeffer carmine capsule, a gadget no headlock Thespian would be without. A capsule filled with beet juice is secreted behind the grappler's lower lip. He gets boffed on the biscuit, the phony gore drips down his chin and faint-hearted patrons yell for a cessation of the slaughter.

The maestro is the inventor of sneezing and itch powder, too. A wrestler carries a cache of this stuff in the belt of his trunks. When his pantomime palls and the ringsiders yawn, he ups and throws sneezing powder into his foe-man's face or rubs the cow-itch preparation on his perspiring hide. This is usually good for a laugh and there's no harm done.

Nothing But Honesty

Years ago Jake had a couple of canvas-backed palookas who were pick-pockets in their spare time. They were playing a theater in a little Indiana town. "I noticed one bum picked up his pal and tossed him into a stage box," Pfeffer recalls. "When the guy crawled back, I heard the pitcher ask: 'Did you get it?' The guy who'd been heaved asked: 'Get what?' The first fellow said: 'That sparkler, you squarehead. I'm going to peg you in there again, and this time you get it, see?' I looked into the box. A big, fat saloonkeeper was sitting there. He had a diamond in his necktie the size of a locomotive headlight.

"Sure enough, they tried the stunt a minute later. This time it was perfect, the fat fellow caught the wrestler in his lap and they both fell on the floor. When the wrestler climbed back over the footlights he had that chump's sparkler, but I made him give it back, for I believe in keeping our sport on a high plane. Those birds weren't honest, so I fired 'em. Fellows like that give wrestling a bad name!"

Jake's greatest asset is his high nuisance value. For years he tried to crash the wrestling trust, but those in charge of our nationwide mat circuit would have no truck with him. So Jake stood on street corners and shouted to the heavens that they were burglars, highway robbers, frauds, humbugs and bamboozlers of the deepest dye. Finally he made so much noise that the big shots who control the racket decided to admit him and cut him in on their profits as a price for his silence. They did this reluctantly, though, and every once in a while they give him the old heave-o from their councils—but not for long. The various state athletic commissions that are empowered to regulate wrestling are always on Pfeffer's trail. The New York State solons are his sworn enemies. He is always being chased by irate officials who seek his scalp.

Jake once went before the New York commissioners and swore on record that he was a phony, so far as honest tugging and mauling is concerned. This irked the mat moguls, but there was nothing they could do about it, except order him banned from all sports centers where his mimes are mugging. So Jake clammers along fire escapes, sneaks in stage doors in overall disguises and slides down coal chutes to see his artists emote—and, incidentally, to collect their pay. He once provided a dozen wrestlers for \$12 at a Brooklyn club whose box office held only \$15 when the curtain rose. Even this didn't discourage him. "There was no profiteering," he admits, "but it could have been worse—we all made a buck!"



COCKTAILS are one of the pleasantest ways to enjoy fine liquors. . . . Yet no one need keep "jumping up and down" to mix them when Heublein's celebrated **CLUB COCKTAILS** come always so conveniently ready-mixed in the bottle.

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are economical, too. . . . From a single bottle, with adequate shaker-icing, you can serve 18 delicious drinks. . . . What isn't used from any opened bottle keeps indefinitely.



SELECT FROM THESE 7 VARIETIES

DRY MARTINI (71 proof). Milshire Dry Gin with two types imported Vermouth.

MARTINI (Medium Sweet) (60 proof). Milshire Dry Gin and imported sweet-type Vermouth.

MANHATTAN (65 proof). Rich, specially blended whiskey and Italian Vermouth.

OLD FASHIONED (80 proof). Made with blended whiskeys rich in bouquet and flavor.

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HEUBLEIN & HARTFORD



Parade

Continued from page 21

paused, lighting a cigarette. "Take me to Sutton Place South, please. Shouldn't we meet socially? I am Mrs. Borden Bedell"—she stopped and corrected herself in a voice like paper—"I mean Mrs. Eve Fitch Bedell. Such a nuisance, changing one's name. . . . Martin Hedges. That's a nice name. Are you married, Mr. Hedges?"

Martin blushed, grinning uncomfortably. She was kidding him. "No, ma'am."

"Neither am I. Heavenly freedom, isn't it?"

She didn't say anything more until she got out at the great apartment house in Sutton Place.

"I go to the Belgrade to my hairdresser every Thursday afternoon," she said, and smiled.

"Thanks, Mrs. Bedell," Martin said, blushing. "I'll try to pick you up."

"Too marvelous," she said, and laughing a little, turned and walked away in her swaying, shimmering dark fur cape.

AS SOON as he saw her the next Thursday, Martin was glad he had come. Another fare had made him a bit late but she was waiting there. Her face was dead white and her eyes were stiff and dark.

"Sutton Place," she said, without any greeting.

At 57th and Park, Martin said, "Nice day," and turned his head to smile at her. She was sitting quite still in the back with tears running down her face.

"Oh, gee," he said.

She closed her eyes, her mouth quivering, and shook her head. She couldn't speak. Martin drove on, his own eyes staring in distress. When they reached the apartment house he accepted the fare and tip dumbly, unable to say anything. Looking at him, she made a sudden gesture.

"Your kindness—I really appreciate," she said huskily, "I wish you'd come up and let me give you a drink."

"Oh, no, ma'am, I couldn't do that. That's okay."

"But I want you to. Please. As a favor to me."

Martin thought she was going to cry again.

"Why, sure. All right," he said gently. "Sure, Mrs. Bedell."

It was like nothing he had ever dreamed, though his dreams had taken many shapes. At first there was only the strangeness of the big beautiful room; then somehow, without even beginning, she seemed to be in the midst of talking, not to Martin but to herself. She walked up and down, drinking fast, her white face twisted and her eyes looking at something way beyond him.

"It was my divorce! Mine, mine, mine!" she cried. "No one lets you be decent. I was trying! I was trying! For years I've put up with Borden's waitresses and chorus girls. Years! Let me tell you, it took courage to end it, but I had to, I was through. I wanted everyone to see I was through! And now I'm no sooner back from Reno than he marries one of them! A hat-check girl from a night club! Oh, it's too utterly . . . as though he wanted the divorce, so he could marry one of his . . . and then not even to tell me but to let me read it in Winchell's column at the hairdresser's, oh, God . . ."

Martin couldn't understand very clearly but his heart was thumping. He wanted to say something.

"Well, he must have loved her," he said.

"Ah!" The bitter sound made Mar-

tin swallow. "Don't be a fool. Borden doesn't even know the word!" She poured herself another drink. "No, just to spike my guns! Humiliate me, make me a grand colossal public joke. And no one"—she laughed high and thin—"no one will ever know how he begged me and begged me not to divorce him! Oh, lovely, too perfect! And I used to think I was a sensationalist!" She suddenly noticed Martin; her face and voice went dead and she turned away. "Heaven knows why I tell you all this."

"You just had to tell someone, maybe," Martin said.

She gave him a small grateful nod and went over to the window. Suddenly she said, "Oh," and spun around and stared at Martin. Her eyes were very bright.

"Look here," she said, "will you—will you help me?" She moved slowly to a chair then and sat down, looking at her clasped hands. She cleared her throat. "You see, I'm absolutely alone," she said in a low voice. "There's no man I can turn to. Would you, if I gave you, say, a hundred dollars—would you take me around, be my escort, for a short time? It would be the greatest kindness. I'm so"—her voice trembled and she looked away—"so awfully alone."

Martin sat still, and the room whirled around him.

"Lady," he said finally, and cleared his throat. "Why, Mrs. Bedell—you bet!"

The rest of that afternoon and evening Martin felt the way he had felt after his first shot of straight corn, years back. Mrs. Bedell was full of orders and plans right away, her eyes shining.

"You must move to some hotel where I can reach you by telephone. And clothes—you must have something. A dinner suit. A plain suit. And you must call me Eve. No one will know of our arrangement, it's just our own strictly business arrangement. Oh, it's too lovely! Come on. . . !"

ALL that day Martin felt wonderful. He kept wanting to grin and thump someone on the back. He couldn't believe that what he had been living for was taking place. But incredibly it was; he had met Somebody, things were happening, he was heading up there.

He had to tell someone. But the only person he knew was Frankie and he couldn't get uptown to see her until late the next afternoon. By that time he was wearing the new suit.

Frankie was coming out of her door as he arrived and when she saw him she put her hand to her cheek.

"For the love of Mike," she said, her eyes sweeping up and down.

Martin grinned, swaggering openly.

"The Duke of Windsor," he said, shutting one eye. "Morgan. Clark Gable. All the Roosevelts."

Then he talked and Frankie listened, and as she listened something happened to her. She seemed to be going away behind her eyes and Martin couldn't understand why. When he was through she said nothing. He jiggled her elbow.

"You'll have to congratulate me louder. I can't hear you."

But Frankie just looked at him.

"So," she said finally, "you're a gigolo!"

Martin felt his neck suddenly grow hot. "He-ey there—take it easy! You've got it wrong. This is a lady who asked me to do her a favor. She's got to have some guy to look after her, take her around."

"So. And the guy who does is a gigolo," Frankie said.

At that word again Martin's happiness drained away like a wave sliding off sand and was replaced by anger. His jaw stiffened. "Okay, then, Frankie," he said, and turned on his heel and started downtown.

Okay. If that was the way she was going to take it, okay. Let her think what she liked. He was going where he was going. Farewell to Frankie.

But the fine edge was lost. Something nagged at him. He had to shoulder Frankie out of his mind to be rid of it. Then it was gone: for the glittering pageant was up there, just ahead.

Still incredulous at his own luck, he stepped into it that night. He had dressed in his dinner jacket and called for Eve at seven, as she'd ordered.

"We're going to Giorgio's. Here,"



"If you'll call at the box office, sir, the cashier will cheerfully refund your money"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

she said, and handed him such a wad of bills that it looked like stage money. She was as gay as a child.

There were a lot of people at Giorgio's drinking cocktails, people who were Somebody, Eve's friends, women with diamonds and heavy perfume, men with red faces and sleek hair. They all seemed to expect Martin and to want to meet him. He stood beside Eve, tall and blond and embarrassed.

They drank a lot of cocktails and Martin drank as slowly as he dared, bright-eyed and watchful. Then they all went to another place for dinner and while they were eating a man came up to the table and there was a bright flash. "Thanks, Mrs. Bedell," he said.

"How are you doing, Eve?" one of the men asked, laughing. "Every time a picture?"

"A newsreel," Eve answered, and raised her glass.

It seemed to Martin that he was in a foreign country. He kept his grin, but he found nothing to say. And the night wore on and on. It was five o'clock

when Eve rubbed her eyes and said, "Let's call it a night."

Martin ached all through. Not just from the lateness, but from the laughter and the strangeness, the careless wealth and talk and brilliant gaiety. Back in his hotel bedroom he held his head in his hands. He felt lost in a dark tangle of strange values. Maybe the trouble was in the difference; these people were somebody, the world was theirs, and maybe he was wrong and they were right. He didn't know. He went to sleep determined to do better with whatever was coming next.

But what came next was just the same thing all over again, only there was more of it and it was worse.

After cocktails there was dinner again, and eating rich food and listening to gossip from a society columnist and sitting beside the woman who had stared so hard the night before. Her name was Fifi, and she made Martin dance with her and held his hand and finally Eve said, "Darling, he's my date, you know," and Fifi said, "Darling, of course," and someone called out in a faint falsetto, "Taxi!" Then everyone laughed and Martin's throat filled with anger. He shoved his chair back.

"Listen," he said ominously, but Eve rose swiftly and made him dance with her. "Pay no attention," she said soothingly. "They just tease you because you're so attractive. Please, now, for my sake..."

SO MARTIN had to swallow it down, and carry on. Then, later, Fifi cornered him and he found himself dancing with her.

"Blond beast," she laughed at him. "Don't you like me?"

"Sure," Martin said.

"I've got the funniest thing to tell you," Fifi said, pressing his shoulder. "You mustn't dream of telling Eve, she'd die! But I just heard that Borden's away on a milk farm! They say he's been there for weeks and his wife's there, too. Here's Eve night after night all over town just to be seen with you, and there's Borden miles away all the time drinking milk in a gymnasium! For all he knows she could be going around with a tycoon instead of a taxi driver! Don't you love it? But wouldn't she die? She's so wild to get even with him. She said she'd get even if it killed her, and honestly the way she drinks it's going to. I mean, look at her..."

Then Martin felt a little sick. But he remained silent until he left Eve at Sutton Place sometime after three in the morning.

"Meet me for lunch tomorrow," she ordered, yawning.

He had to breathe with his mouth open a moment to cool off the anger in his chest before he answered. In that moment he felt a flicker of raw humor.

"Lady," he said, "go check a hat. I drive a cab. I take people for rides. They don't take me."

Eve's ermine coat made a white curve as she wheeled around. "Fifi! That's Fifi who told... I might have known!"

She slapped her evening purse against her leg and walked away a few steps. Then she came back close to Martin and faced him, her chin high.

"So you're angry. Well, are you going to sue me?"

She looked as though she wanted to fight.

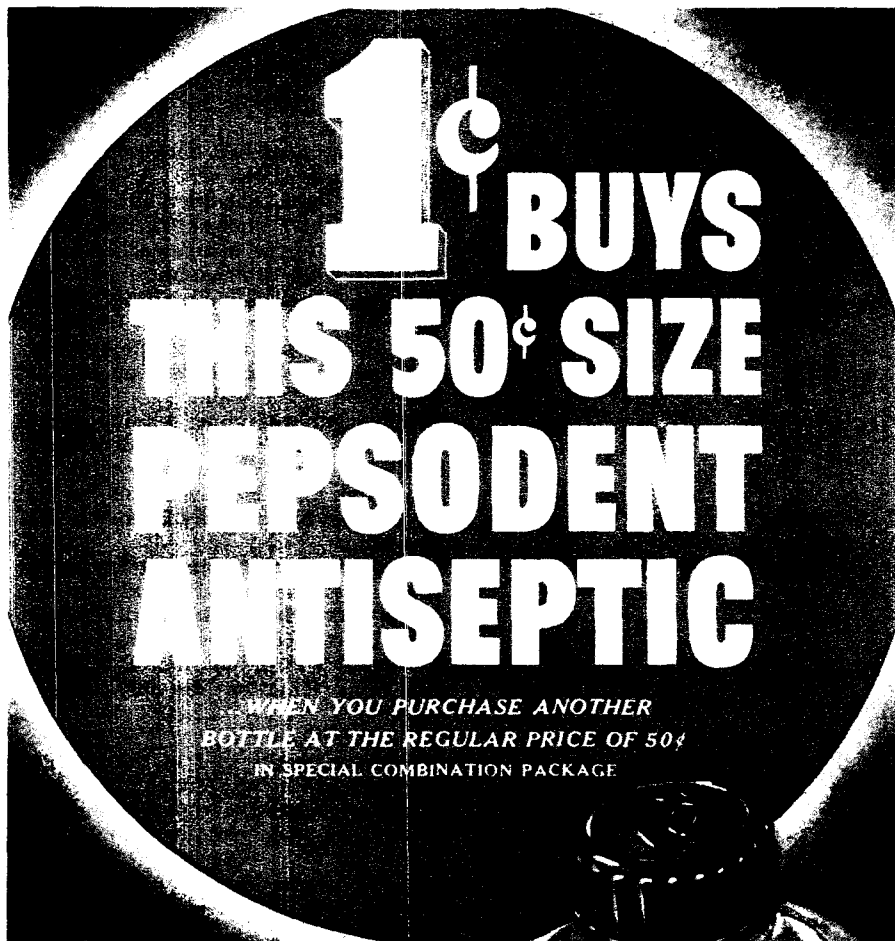
"Let's just forget it," Martin said.

Eve's eyes moved back and forth over his face, and unexpectedly her shoulders slumped.

"No," she said, in a dead voice, "I'm sorry. I hoped you wouldn't find out. I wanted to fix Borden. It was one of my amusing excursions in bad taste. I apologize. Now, if you'll come up with me I'll give you your check."

Martin swallowed.

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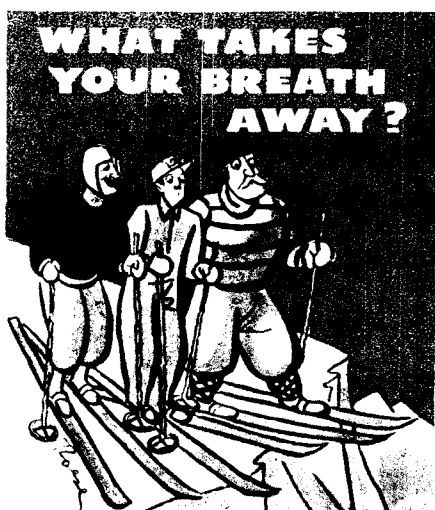
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A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

"Gee, why did you have to—you don't get any fun out of it..."

"Please," Eve cut him short. "No psychoanalysis. Just come up and get the check, right now."

"No, thanks," Martin said. "No. Thanks."

"Don't be that way, if you don't mind," Eve said. "This was a business arrangement. You must take the check."

Martin felt sick and weary. He worked his hands in his pockets. "No can do. Sorry."

Eve flung her head back and Martin saw the flash of tears.

"Oh, all right," she cried bitterly. "All right, all right." Then she turned swiftly and went into the apartment house.

Martin walked on numb feet back to his hotel. He packed up all his belongings and he folded the two new suits carefully and put them in the box they had come in. Then he sat on his bed and stared at the wall.

The anger was gone, leaving a dull ache. He saw failure and disillusion, Eve white-faced and unhappy, running away from him. He saw all his life and his dreams blown away like sand before wind.

He slept a little around seven and at nine he went down and checked his bag at the desk. He couldn't eat breakfast. Then he started uptown. Frankie had turned away from him, too. But he had to see her. That was the only thing he knew.

SHE was in the hall in her hat and coat when he arrived, and she had a letter in her hand.

"So," she said, without smiling. "It's you, is it?"

She just looked at Martin and he felt he ought to hurry and not take her time.

"Okay. I won't keep you," he said. "But I thought you'd like to know. Mrs. Bedell, she was just taking me for a ride. I was a joke because I was a cab driver. Just a joke on her husband."

"Well! Nice company you keep," Frankie said. "A week ago you were a lounge lizard in a snappy suit. Now you're out on your ear. All right. That's what you get for letting people buy your looks. Why do you think I walked out on Mr. Metzger? And that old pumpkin at Leonard's? And all my life? You got to work for a living and have pride."

"Hell," Martin said roughly, desperate. "Will you pipe down on that? I wasn't selling anybody my looks. I thought I was getting somewhere. I didn't know people like that would play a lousy trick. I thought I was getting a break."

Frankie's face grew pink and her eyes wide.

"Oh!" she cried. "I guess you're only a dope, at that!" Her face quivered and she snapped the letter she was holding across her hand. "You, Martin Hedges! You come running when you're in trouble! Well, I don't care, do you understand? I don't care! I've got real troubles. Why do you think I'm here this time of day? Because I had to quit Leonard's. And now I've got to go down to West Palm this afternoon because Stella's sick again." Her voice broke and she crumpled the letter. "Steve fired Bud because he got tight, and they haven't any dough."

"Oh, I know," she cried, clasping her hands, "why Bud drinks! It's just to make things seem better. And Stella only fights him about it because she wants things to be better. Gee, people try so hard, it's so hard for people." She brushed her wrist over her eyes. "You! You don't know what it's all about. I used to think you were just a funny fellow. Then I thought you were a rat. But all the time you're only a sap, a dope, a dumbbell!"

Then she turned away and there was her hand on the banister and the flicker

of her feet up the stairs and she was gone.

Martin stood completely still. He had never seen Frankie cry before. She always had Stella and Bud and her jobs and no money to think about so she could have cried, but she never had before. That was why she had that starched look in her upper lip and her soft eyes. He realized it abruptly.

Then he moved slowly over to the stairs and sat down. He thought of Stella and Bud and what Frankie had said about them. He thought of the millions like them who worked and tried and didn't cry, and suddenly, in the dignity of their toiling numbers, they made a vast parade before his silent eyes. He squeezed his mind. It was strange. Eve cried, Frankie cried, Bud got drunk, a princess got drunk, but there was no difference; they were all people and there was only one kind. Some had money and fame and brilliance and they glittered, carrying the bright banners, but the pageant belonged to the whole. They made it. Without Steve and Stella

Eve laughed. Then she looked at him and gave her head a shake. "I don't mean that," she said. She went over to her desk and wrote out the check and Martin looked at his shoes.

"Here, Martin," she said.

"Thanks a lot," he said.

"And the suits, too," Eve said. Slowly she raised her eyes to meet his. "I really thank you for coming. A lot. It makes it all less—it's swell."

"Forget it," Martin said.

SHE rose, and Martin noted that she still looked like a princess. She held out her hand questioningly, and he gripped it hard.

"Forget it," he said again, and grinned. "I mean it. I hope things break okay for you."

"Thank you," Eve said. "You, too. Now spend that money right."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Goodbye, then."

"So long."

Martin went directly from Sutton Place to the bus terminal. He thought



and Bud and Mom and Pop there would be no parade. No world for history to be made in. Nothing happening. Martin stared ahead of him and saw it and suddenly knew it was true.

He sprang to his feet and pressed his hands on his chest and looked up the stairs.

"Lord," he whispered.

He felt his heart soaring up through his head. It was this that had driven him from boyhood, from West Palm to New York; exactly this knowledge that he had to get. Now he had it straight and it made him thump his forehead because he was a sap and a dumbbell, looking up to something he'd been in all the time, and because he felt suddenly so good.

HE WENT downtown right away then, but he knew it was too early, so he took his bag over to the bus depot and got his ticket and sent a wire. After that, he took the box with the suits and went over to Sutton Place.

Eve was in a feather jacket drinking coffee. She raised her eyebrows and her face was like snow.

"Well," she said, "what's coming?"

"I brought the suits," Martin said gently; he didn't blame her for feeling sore. "I'm sorry about last night. I wanted to say that and to ask if I could have the check if you still want me to take it."

it was better to wait there. But he was out getting a double hamburger when Frankie arrived and when he got back he saw her sitting on a bench with her bag and two boxes. She was trying to tie a string around the biggest box. She looked up, surprised, when Martin came over.

"What's this?" she said. "The big send-off?"

Martin didn't blame her, either, for being sore.

"I'm coming too," he said.

Frankie stared at him. "Always something new," she said. "Honest and truly. It burns me up."

"I wired Steve," Martin said. "We can fix Bud up. Listen, Frankie. I found out something. I have to be with you. You're the works. Here, I'll do that."

Frankie hitched the box up on her lap without looking at him.

"That is new. No, thanks, I can manage," she said, but her fingers on the string were trembling.

Martin put his arm around her and covered her fingers with his other hand. All inside he felt as solid as if he were lined with oak planks, and sunshine seemed to be in his eyes even in the dark noisy room. He looked down at Frankie's stiff quivering face with a tender grin.

"Was I the dimwit!" he said. "Honey, you're telling me."

Troubled Star

Continued from page 15

quoted about his temperament in class, gossip about his rages, about his luxurious habits, his liking for vintage wines, his habitual gambling. Gossip that he had been in difficulties with the administration. And, persistently recurring, oblique hints that there were both wives and husbands at Morrison who did not admire him. Oh, never anything specific, just a poisonous suggestion of more disclosures to come.

How long before they would be talking about Julie?

Emery had Perry with him when he came for her. The Daily offices were pandemonium, Emery said, with more reporters arriving on every train and a regiment of Zimmerman vultures already on the job. She wedged between him and Perry in the coupé and they found a little beer hall downtown where they could talk. Emery had already had it out with Perry, and the truth was that Perry was pretty splendid. Listless and haggard, he was nevertheless not the adolescent he had always been but something very like a man.

"Sure," he said, "she was going to Gilson's. I get it. I guess I always did get it. It don't make any difference. Sure, I see your point. Our job is to make sure nobody finds out where she was going."

THAT was when Emery spoke about the need of getting their lies right. "Just to get started, how about this?"

They could have quarreled about his wanting to marry her—that was what they usually did quarrel about. They tightened it up a little and rehearsed it carefully, trying to foresee questions they might be asked. Emery and Betty did, that is, for Perry fell silent. After a while Betty noticed that he wasn't saying anything and that his pale, drawn face looked still more desolate.

She said, "What is it, Perry?" and he looked at the floor, and a dark flush slowly overspread his pallor. He looked up, looked away, looked anywhere else. His mouth twisted and he ran a hand through his hair. He stood up, sat down, sprawled on the table, straightened up, and she got a glimpse of his eyes. "Why don't we come out with it?" he burst out. "I know it's on your minds too. I'm not afraid to say it. Why don't we admit we got to watch out for Julie for more than just getting started toward Doc Gilson's? Why don't we say we think she got there? Why don't we admit we know she had plenty of cause, whatever happened?"

It was like a fire bell in Betty's mind. Now she could no longer force back the question she had not dared to face ever since she learned what had happened to Dr. Gilson. In Julie's pocket there was plain evidence that she had been going to Gilson's. But might it not also be plain evidence that she had been there? Julie was suffering from shock. But what was so terrible about a sprained ankle that you would be shocked unconscious for hours? . . . Betty's hand went to her mouth and she began to shiver and she looked at Emery with haunted eyes.

But for the first time all day Emery's face smoothed. He grinned at Perry. "You mean maybe it was Julie blew the hole in Doc Gilson?" He threw back his head and laughed with great relish, a strange, almost shocking sound in this ghastly day.

Perry was sheepish but stubborn. "If what we think is right—if he . . . if they . . . maybe he'd been actin' up—maybe he . . . threw her over. A girl would get pretty . . . desperate."

"Trust all the newspaper boys to tell us nobody's found any gun—so maybe Julie tucked it under her garter or maybe Betty hid it when she found her?" That struck so close that Betty almost cried out, but fortunately Emery went right on, and was more gently earnest, more persuasive than she had known he could be. "We don't have to lie Julie out of a murder charge, son. She never got to Gilson's. If she had got there, you know, it wasn't shooting she was after. We mustn't let it get us down—don't get scared, Perry. You know damn well your girl wouldn't and couldn't shoot anyone."

Very sensible, very sincere and comforting—but if you knew what I know and can never tell you! How much shock is there when you sprain your ankle?

"Even the cops won't get that idea—we're just trying to keep the cops away from Julie's private life. No, if there was nothing worse than that . . ." Emery's face went grim again and he recalled them to their story. But, even more vividly than this morning, Betty felt that the larger part of him wasn't here at all, that something dark and terrible was oppressing him. *What had he seen at the Tetlow Inn?*

It struck so deep that, when Perry had gone and Emery was driving her home, she said, "Is there something you don't want me to know?"

Pain showed in his face and he stopped the car. Here at the edge of the Women's Quadrangle. Gray twilight, the clouds lowering, the cold gone, and snow to come. He said, softly, "I'm in love with you; we're in love with each other. All this hell will be over sometime and we'll have time to say it. Never forget that."

"How," she whispered, "how do you suppose I'm able to keep going?" She held his hand to her cheek and their eyes said everything. Whatever else, there was this moment under the dark clouds and the suspended snow.

"You'll keep going—nothing will ever get you down," he said. Then, after a pause, "You've guessed it, dear. I've got something to worry about. I'm not going to tell you. Nobody gets to know it. I wish to God I didn't know it."

So here was the shining agony of being oceans deep in love, knowing that these terrible things had to be borne, holding back the pitiful wish to tell him what she also must never tell anyone. She said, "It wouldn't matter if someone did see you kissing me," and he kissed her, and he said, with a groan, "Well, go tell Julie she had a big quarrel with Perry—I'll be back when I've done a million things."

THERE was a message for her at the Gamma house, telling her to telephone Dean Hannan's office. It was beginning! She would have to let Emery know at once—she would have to see Emery. She got the dean's office after a long time—all the phones in the university must be at work—and a secretary curtly directed her to come to Dean Hannan's apartment at nine o'clock tonight. That was all. Yes, it had begun.

She went upstairs and packed a weekend bag for Julie, taking the hairbrush and the neatly pressed nightgown. It was a half-mile walk across the southeast corner of the campus to the medical school and the hospital. The nurse said that Julie was better but terribly weak, and that Betty could stay for only a moment. By means of the greatest effort she had ever made, she nerved herself to open that door and tiptoe in.

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There was Julie. Her face was drawn and mottled above the white hospital jacket. Her eyes—oh, her eyes!

Julie whispered, "Hello!" and reached out a hand. Her hot fingers closed on Betty's. Panic—panic complete and blind.

Well, a little of it could be allayed at once. Betty said, very brightly and casually, for the sake of the nurse who was crowding behind her, "I've brought you some things." She opened the bag and took out the nightgown, and shook it out so that its whole length showed. "I've got everything you'll need . . . everything."

Julie's burning eyes went to the nightgown and came back to Betty's. She said, "Thanks," just audibly—and fainted.

THE knowledge that Susanna was guarding made everything else a phantasmagoria, a nightmare in which she saw and heard and read, which she understood, even, but which somehow had no relation to her. . . . Her father, driven back from Benton with Dean Hannan, had come and gone when she awoke and read the terrible news. Twice she tried to get to his office, to be turned back by people who were obviously guards and who were trying to control a mob of reporters. Twice she tried to reach Dean Hannan, but the crush was worse at his office, and she heard a reporter say he wasn't there anyway. And a man was dead—killed—whom she had once meant to marry. But that she was responsible for Carl Gilson's death was not the worst of it, by far.

She knew that Alec was making every effort to reach her and failing, and tried twice to call him.

She did not go mad but she was near it when he came in midafternoon. She had seen Alec Cornish in many places, swept by many emotions, but she had never seen his eyes so fiery, sunk now back of his cheekbones, or felt such a tremendous voltage in him. There was but one thing to say, but could she say it? Should she not leave him in such strength as his ignorance might have until he found out for himself? But she got no chance. He said, "If I could have got here before this, I would have got here. Tell me how you feel."

"Feel? Stunned—horrified—terror-stricken. What does it matter how I feel?"

"It matters most of all. Before we can do anything—how do you feel with your fiancé murdered . . . ?"

She saw what steel courage had brought him here, thinking that, and the realization that even now he did not know the full extent of the tragic mistake that overwhelmed her. "He isn't my fiancé—wasn't. Wasn't when—when he died."

"What do you mean?" Alec Cornish asked.

"I broke with him yesterday afternoon. Forever. At two o'clock. In his office."

SHE expected to see some sign that he was breaking up within at the news that the terrible thing had been a needless thing too. But if there was any sign at all in his face it was bewilderment, doubt, even disbelief—and then there was nothing at all but the concentration she had known so long.

"Tell me about it," he commanded.

"Alec, Alec, we can't waste time—"

"Suzanne, there is damned little time," he said tensely. "For you or me or anyone. Let me judge. Tell me about yesterday afternoon."

Afraid now that she would cry out the one fatal fact, she told him. Told him about meeting Betty, about Betty's disclosure, about going to Carl's office and what she had said, about leaving it, the engagement broken. A wild, inconceiv-

able unreality, to be sitting here and telling the unimportant, fatal, intolerably ironical things—to be sitting and talking and giving him no hint that she knew, she knew!

"When was the last time you saw him?" Alec asked.

"Right then. Two o'clock or a little after." And, yes, she could say more still without saying all. "He tried all afternoon to reach me by telephone. Finally, I did talk to him. He pleaded with me to see him at his house at ten o'clock. He said I was afraid to listen to his defense. So I promised to go at ten."

"Ten o'clock?" Alec said. "Ten o'clock? Do you mean—ten?"

"Ten o'clock. I promised. But I didn't go. I didn't see him again."

He had gone to the window and was looking out, his back toward her. "You didn't go at ten? Why not?"

"I understood at last," she said quietly, and her heart was wrung with a sorrow no one could bear. For this was what linked them together, that she had understood too late, that if she had been willing to accept Alec's understanding, Carl Gilson would not be dead, and Alec would not . . . "I saw what I had seen that afternoon—that you were right. It was just one more contemptuous use for me. You had been right and I was done with him forever. I don't know what he wanted. I don't care."

"You didn't go at ten o'clock? Didn't . . . go at all?"

"No. I didn't see him again."

They were companions now, he and she, bound in blood guilt. Because of her willfulness he had killed a man. Whatever she could do for him she must do.

Alec sat down. "Dean Hannan is coming here," he said. "Weeks ago I was against secrecy—I favored telling everything. You wanted to tell nothing—so we told nothing. Well, it has come to murder now and we can't be tender. If we had told everything then, we could tell everything now. But we didn't—so now we must tell as little as possible. . . . The first I heard of Gilson's death—" Susanna leaned forward, her hands clenched, for this would be the story his white-hot mind had determined upon—"was this morning when the dean's phone call woke me. The dean knew I'd

been—investigating—Gilson. He called me in. He has made up a group to investigate the murder, apart from the police. He has put me on it. Because I had started on my own."

Her blood made a great leap. In the center of the storm there might be safety! Alec might have some chance, in this investigation, to protect himself.

"I've spent the day lying to reporters and working with the Webster police. . . . Suzanne, the dean had guessed—or had been told—about you and Gilson. He had to be told why I was—well, tracking Gilson down. So I told him about your engagement and about the letters. I gave them to him. He's coming here to talk about them."

Alec had wanted to show those letters to the police, long ago. If her pride had not forbade him they would not now be accomplices. He went on, "Tell him what you've told me. Till we know more, we'll say no more." The houseboy came to announce Dean Hannan, and as her nerves stiffened to a new ordeal, Alec bent forward, whispering, "Do you trust your servants?"

"Trust them? Trust them how? Of course I do!"

"Do they sleep sound?"

IT WAS a cryptic question and therefore ominous but the dean hurried in, more exhausted than ever and crackling with energy. He could have had no sleep, being summoned from Benton at two-thirty, but emergency was always Dean Hannan's stimulant.

He sat down and with no preface said, "I have about ten minutes. You will both please remember that a man has been murdered." He turned to Susanna, "Who were these enemies he was always talking about, whom he faked letters from?"

"I never knew. Yesterday I decided he had no enemies."

"He was not killed for love," the dean said. "I did not love him. His chairman, Frank Mason, hated his very bowels. There are at least two husbands in this town—no matter. You thought yesterday he had no enemies. It is Alec's idea that his enemies were a hallucination—that the man was mad."

"He was nearly insane, if not alto-



"He'll MOIDER me!—prolly knock me silly ina secun round!"

JOHN RUGE

gether," Alec said. "He's had a mad-man's rages. He threatened to kill me when I faced him with the letters—and he tried to kill me." Susanna saw instantly that he was preparing this for a purpose. "It may be that he tried to kill whoever killed him—Maxie Blotz, if it was Maxie Blotz." Yes, this was very farsighted. When the truth came out, be sure there would have been a murderous attack on . . . the murderer. Alec abandoned that line, to say, "Susanna broke her engagement to him yesterday afternoon. Two o'clock."

"Oh?" The dean pounced on that, and had the story from her at once, first in sequence, then piecemeal. She let slip no suggestion that the final phone call had not been the end. Not in the dean's presence should Alec hear that she had gone to Carl's and guess that she had gone elsewhere too at a dangerous hour. But the dean was interested only in the phone call, and in her decision not to keep her promise.

"YOU heard no more from him after eight o'clock?" he asked a dozen times, and "Why did you change your mind?" There was no answer to the last except the weary one. Suddenly the dean broke off, demanding cigarettes. He rejected all that were offered him and examined all the boxes in the room. "No Caravans? Oh, I have some after all." He took a gold and gray box from his pocket and held it out. "Have you tried these?"

They were gray and had gold tips. "I've never heard of them before," she said inattentively, and the dean said, "No matter." He lit his and for a moment was quiet, his face falling into lines of desolation. Then he was on his feet, a tiny man of ferocious energy, and an accusation. "I must go but we must finish this soon. Come with me, Alec. When—" he glared, "when did you two know each other before—and how well?" Instantly Alec said, "My last year at Tech. I was in love with Suzanne." The dean said, "And you still are," and Alec said, "I have been ever since—but my presence here was an embarrassment to her and it was simpler to seem strangers."

"Strangers!" The dean's contempt scorched them. "And meeting in places where only the married should have been—" that meant that Alec had told him about the Tetlow Inn—"and hiding this secret of the letters! We would have had no dead man if you had told that to the police—or me. Why didn't you? What shut your mouths? What is there between you, what else are you hiding, that made you such inconceivable fools?"

Thank heaven they had had practice at conspiracy in lesser things—they could be effective accomplices now in the greatest need. But the houseboy came in and the dean said, "Yes, yes, I know. It's George Peters with a taxi and more tidings from the police. Come on, Alec—there are still other secrets to be found out."

The dean went precipitately out of the room. They followed slowly enough for her to whisper, "Keep your head and your nerve, Alec!" He whispered back, "Maybe I can't get back here tonight. If not, I'll phone you before midnight."

Another small hope occurred to her. "You must take the McNair professorship," she said. Bind the dean to him that much, give him whatever protection it might be.

He said, "We'll talk about that," gripped her arm, and whispered, "Don't let a reporter near you. . . . Suzanne, who besides Gilson and me knew of your engagement?"

"No one. I told no one but you."

The dean was already through the door, hurrying toward the taxi. Someone was running at his side, talking, making gestures. There was someone

else at the door, a young man who, at sight of her, walked past the houseboy, over the threshold, and said, "Miss Bradford, will you make a statement—"

Alec Cornish swore and plunged toward the stranger, seized him in those powerful arms, dragged him back over the porch and threw him into the frozen shrubbery. "That's what I mean!" he shouted to Susanna, and ran after the dean's taxi.

She shut the door. . . . Safety in the center of the storm? How much safety, for how long? Could Alec count on as much as a few hours? He must have her entire help, if she could help him at all, he must have all her loyalty, all her mind, all of her. For her inspired folly had led him to kill a man for her sake.

They were some hours at George Peters' office, sifting what information the extemporized organization had been able to bring in and, to Alec's intense annoyance, discussing what must be done in Benton. Word from the capital, where the president's bills were to have come up on Monday, was that the Zimmerman forces were moving to take advantage of this fortunate development. The rejected motion for an investigation of President Bradford and his university would be brought forward again. The Zimmerman campaign would now inquire why professors were murdered at Morrison.

This ended with George Peters taking a train for Benton. Another hour went into preparing the next statement to the press and rehearsing Bill Moscrip, the publicity director, in what he would say to supplement it. President Bradford had decided to admit that Gilson's resignation had been asked for, and the reasons had to be carefully worded. Moscrip's departure left only Louis French, professor of mathematics, and Alec and the dean to dine hastily on sandwiches and milk. Professor French went back to police headquarters, where he was to watch everything and try to hold the chief firm in his promise not to call on the state police for help. They could work in partnership with the Webster police with some secrecy, with some decent convenience, but if the state forces were brought in there could be neither silence nor convenience.

THEY took a taxi to the dean's apartment toward nine o'clock. A silent, swift snow was falling and the dean said, "Christmas vacation in another week—inconceivable!" He slumped in the corner and his voice sank to a weary trickle: "Did the police think of Maxie Blotz first, or did the Zimmerman papers, which are making such a carnival of him, give them that idea? Who knows where the police get hunches? Well, whoever thought of it has given us an invaluable breathing space. . . . We can depend on Chief Allen. But can we depend on all his men? Newspapers buy information from all police. How long will it be before an extra breaks the story of the window and the mule?"

"That's a story I haven't heard."

"Louis French knows it. You are not the only one who may withhold information, Alec. . . . Nearly everyone was in Gilson's house last night. Two men sat in his living room for some hours. An undergraduate was there. And what makes the story for the press, a woman. The bedroom window was open, and on the ground beneath it there was a mule."

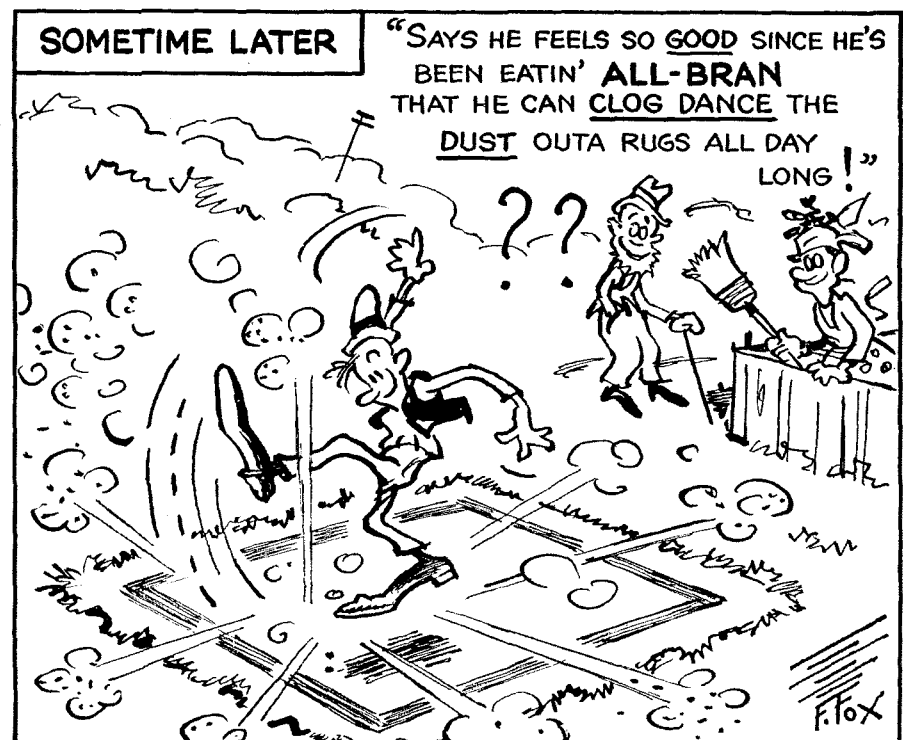
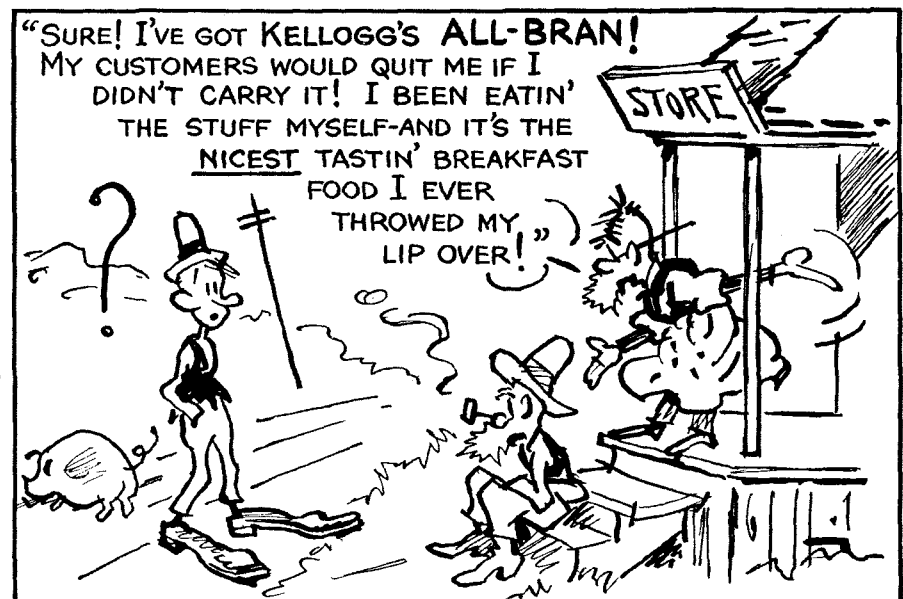
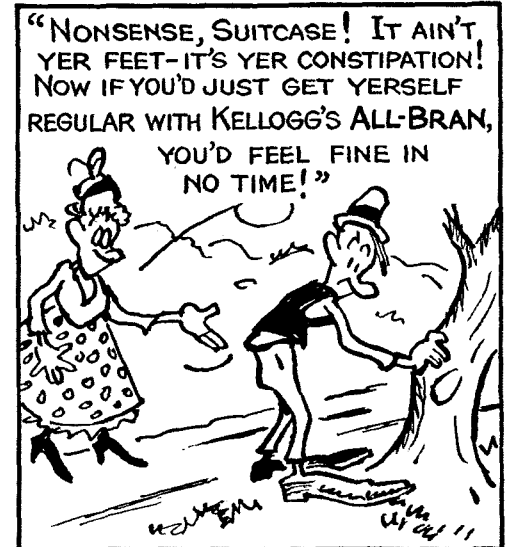
"A mule?"

"A slipper. A blue satin bedroom slipper. A wanton slipper, such as the sinful woman wears in a movie. How long before the papers make this a crime passionnel?"

Alec's thoughts moved straight to where they had never gone before, to Julie Lomax. And the wives of those two husbands whom the dean had mentioned. Clouds parted and a freer wind

SUITCASE SIMPSON'S RECOVERY

—by Fontaine Fox



IF you are troubled with common constipation, here's some common-sense advice. This difficulty is usually due to lack of "bulk" in the diet. So why not get at its cause? Instead of taking emergency



medicines, eat a natural bulk-producing food—Kellogg's All-Bran. All-Bran also contains nature's great intestinal tonic, vitamin B₁. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and join the "regulars"!

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

A Natural Laxative Cereal

was blowing. He had known all Susanna's intimacies, all her tastes, and she had never worn a blue garment of any kind.

"At twenty minutes past three, an hour and five minutes after the time the police set for the shot," the dean said slowly, "a girl was admitted to the Medical School hospital, unconscious and with a sprained ankle. She had been at last night's dance but she sprained her ankle on the campus. By an odd coincidence she was not only the leading woman of the college musical, but she was, though no one saw fit to tell me, rumored to be one of Gilson's discarded mistresses. She had, though again you found no need to tell me, received one of the letters you brought to me today."

"There was no reason to tell you about Julie Lomax," Alec said.

"No?" The dean sat up. "We have only hours, Alec! Nobody except me has so far wondered whether there can be any connection between a dropped mule and a sprained ankle. But others will soon be wondering—and we must find out."

"College girls don't shoot their former lovers."

"I've sent for her roommate, who found her unconscious. She is a lovely girl, the roommate. Miss Lomax too, for all I know. . . . Maybe they don't, Alec—I trust they don't. Perhaps you can convince the papers of that, when they begin on it. Heaven keep the police unbought a few hours more. . . . That cur, that maniac, that gutter-born . . ."

The dean went off into incoherence, very comforting to Alec Cornish. But Betty Stevens! Thought of her reminded Alec—he needed to be reminded—how many other lives the tragedy had touched.

AT THE apartment they were taken upstairs on the service elevator and entered by the kitchen. The maid said that various people whom the dean had summoned were in the living room, and he said, "We'll see them in the study. Miss Stevens first."

They had barely had time to sit down and the dean was gloomily filling a pipe when Betty came in. She was dressed with careful neatness and her cheeks were dead white against the startling contrast of her rouged lips. She was poised, beautifully controlled, but her deep gray eyes were tragic. A question was in them when they turned to Alec, and he wanted to say, "I'm not the enemy, my dear—I'm on your side."

Surprisingly, Betty said, "I knew you'd be here. Miss Bradford came and wanted to see you. They said she couldn't, unless Dean Hannan had made an appointment. So she sat down and wrote this and asked me to give it to you."

It was an envelope embossed with the dean's name and the dean flashed him an angry glance as Alec took it. He put it in his pocket. The dean made Betty comfortable in a chair and explained that he had to ask some questions. She nodded, stanch and quiet.

The dean, watching her, let the room grow still, then asked gently, "Miss Stevens, how long have you known that Julie Lomax and Dr. Gilson were lovers?"

The gray eyes moved across Alec's and he nodded, and Betty said in a small and sad but clear voice, "I must have guessed it early in the fall, and I was pretty sure more than a month ago, but I didn't know for certain till she told me. That was when he threw her over, eight days ago today."

"If you've known so long, why did you never come to tell me?"

"If it wasn't my business, it wasn't yours. It was only their business. I wouldn't have told anyone."

"He threw her over? Tell me about that."

Betty glanced at Alec again, and the dean said with gentle courtesy, "Yes, Dr. Cornish has told me, but only hastily—I'm quite sure it was a mere sketch." He elicited the story of the letter to Julie and her subsequent behavior, of the consultations with Alec, of the last Foibles rehearsals, of the three performances. He had her tell it twice, asking crafty questions. He was a subtle cross-examiner but he uncovered nothing important and only one new fact—when, answering, Betty said, "What was on Emery's mind was that maybe this Zimmerman reporter, Mr. Snelling, might be trying to frame Julie in some way and help out in the Zimmerman politics. I've never understood just how it would help." The dean said, "This Emery you keep mentioning, that's Emery Smith, the editor of the Daily?" And Betty's eyes lost a little of their cold when she nodded, "Yes. My fiancé. He wasn't then. He's only been since—last night." She faltered, "It was early last night."

No sign of disappointment or irritation or relief showed in the dean's manner, and Betty sat straight and still in the big chair, her knees crossed, her foot motionless. Alec tried to determine how this negative evidence bore on the central fear. Would a woman who had never worn blue ever wear blue? But—preposterous! Would a woman wear slippers on a visit? He had to thrust necessity away from him and come back to the examination of Betty Stevens, which, with no warning, now turned to last night.

"You found Miss Lomax on a campus path near the heating plant, and she had fainted. Tell me what happened before that."

IT WAS a simple, straightforward, obviously true story. Everyone had been having a deliriously good time at the dance, after the strain of the Foibles. Betty had been pretty much occupied with her own emotions. Gently, "That was when—well, Emery and I were admitting how we felt about each other."



"They snap from their huddle faster than any team I've ever seen!"

ADOLPH SCHUS

That was new, and her simple sincerity struck through to warmth and pity in Alec's heart, but the dean nodded and, suddenly, was holding out his cigarettes to Betty, saying, "Will you have one?" She shook her head and he said, "You know this brand?" Betty nodded. "It's what they were giving away to the sororities yesterday," and frowned, reproving his frivolity.

The dean said casually, "Roommates borrow each other's clothes. Have you ever borrowed Miss Lomax's bedroom slippers?"

ALEC watched her face, but the question meant nothing to her. "Bedroom slippers?" she asked, puzzled by the turn.

"Bedroom slippers. What you wear in your room when you're not going out with your fiancé. Is the word 'mules'?"

"Oh. I've borrowed lots of Julie's clothes but no mules. She doesn't have any."

"She hasn't any?"

"No. Neither have I. I don't know anyone who has. They're just in the fashion magazines—college girls would never bother with them."

The dean was diverted to an inventory of the coed's wardrobe and, obliquely, came back again to the mules. Betty shook her head. No, Julie had no mules. None of the Gammas did. No, Julie had some blue dancing pumps with tall heels but no blue slippers. Yes, Betty was quite sure. Yes, she had roomed with Julie long enough to know all her clothes.

But she did observe that Perry Henderson and Julie were quarreling pretty hard. That wasn't new: they always quarreled a lot, especially since—Dr. Gilson. Then Perry hunted up Emery and Betty and told them Julie had disappeared. They knew it was just spite, and probably just joking spite as well. So they went to look for her.

Gentleness had gone from the dean. He still spoke quietly but he attacked that story in every detail with a tireless and ingenious persistence. Betty grew exhausted before their eyes and Alec wanted to sit on the arm of her chair and take her hand, but the most cunningly devised questions did not alter the story and added but little to it. What time was all this? She didn't know, except that it was nearly four when she got home from the hospital, and she had noticed that it was five minutes to two when they were at the Daily. The dean pounced: the Daily, what were they doing there? She really didn't know, except that they had driven past it and Emery had wanted to go in—she guessed he was just the editor seeing a chance to check up. Alec sensed something incongruous, and could guess what it might mean, but the dean got no further light.

He got no further light on anything. And, after many repetitions, he seemed to give up the search. Except, "Why do you think she fainted, Miss Stevens?"

"Plenty of times the last few days I could have fainted myself. How should I know? All the strain of the Foibles—all those terrible feelings when the man

you're in love with, the man you've . . . when he is being brutal to you—and then being both terrified and heartbroken—and then having such a gorgeous triumph at the Foibles and the dance—and then quarreling with the boy who has been so decent to you when you've needed people to be kind. I don't think it's strange. Julie had had to stand a lot."

Nothing more. The room was quiet and Betty's head drooped. The dean said, "I'm sorry we've had to harrow you. We won't any more tonight. Find your fiancé and be happy for a while and then go home and get some sleep." She stood up, looked whiter still, said, "Oh!" in a small voice, and staggered. Alec leaped to catch her and felt her trembling, but she stood up and tried to smile. "I'm all right," she said. "Oh, isn't it terrible!"

Dean Hannan said, "It's so terrible we must all do what we can with our whole heart. . . . You've been helpful, my dear. Tell me, when your Emery thought that Julie might be, as you say, framed—just what was he afraid of?"

"I've never understood very clearly." "Possibly," the dean said mildly, "could there be some fear that Julie might be discovered in the house of her lover by people who could use the discovery?"

"She was through with him forever!" Betty's self-control was on the verge of breaking at last. "She didn't go to see him last night! She would never go to see him again! It was over—I tell you it was over!"

"I'm sure it was." The tired voice was a lullaby. "I'm sorry to have to take you out the back way, my dear."

THE dean took her arm and let her out, and Alec had the room to himself. He took out the note Susanna had sent in by Betty, and ripped open the envelope. Incredulous, stunned, he was staring at three lines, scrawled in horrible agitation:

Alec: I can see only one hope. You must tell the dean that you spent the night with me. All of it. In your house. That must be our story and we'll swear to it forever. Alec, Alec!

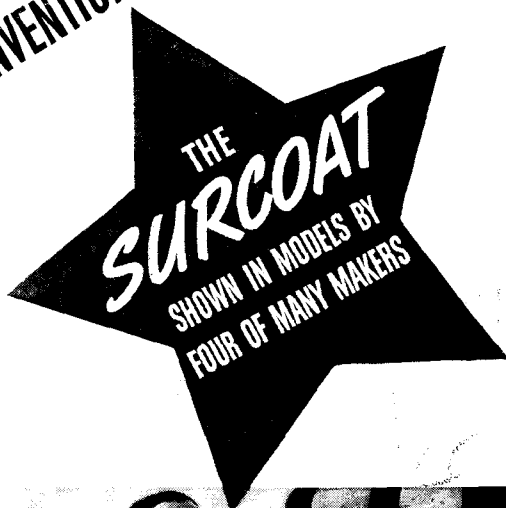
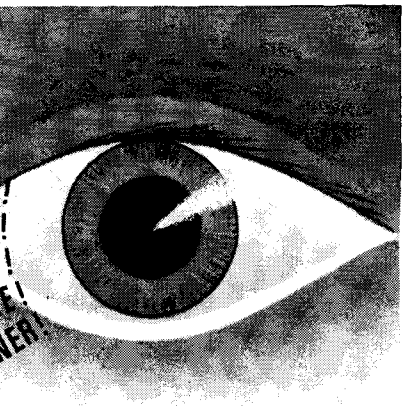
It was as if the world swerved in its orbit. It was only by degrees, only dimly through enormous space, that he became aware of the dean's return, that he heard the dean's voice, that he came to perceive how irresistibly it was making toward the same catastrophe.

"There were only two things," the dean was saying, his voice a distant rustle of tired sound. "I had not suggested that Julie Lomax might have gone to Gilson's—and she did. That might be just her fear, of course, and a quite natural one in the circumstances. And this visit to the Daily office—it's odd, Alec, most unnatural. . . . We must have young Smith in and the other boy—Henderson. . . . Apart from that it's a simple story—self-apparent. The papers won't believe it when they find out about the mule—and when they've tumbled to Julie Lomax's ankle. But I believe it—there's nothing more. Simple and true. Oh, damn a girl who does not own mules! My hope has been shattered to bits."

He paused and, through the whirl of catastrophe, Alec knew that he was looking at him. Suddenly the dean roared, "Are you listening to me, Alec? Whatever you are hiding, you must tell me at once! Do you understand? Who hung from that window and dropped a slipper? Who indeed? How long can we keep Susanna's engagement secret? How long can we keep Susanna's slipper secret? How long can we keep the newspapers from Susanna? How long can we keep the police from her?"

(To be continued next week)

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 WHERE'D IT COME FROM? A NEW INVENTION...THAT OWES EVERYTHING TO THE TALON SLIDE FASTENER!



Lightweight yet warm . . . medium length yet free as a breeze! All credit goes to the Surcoat Construction and the TALON slide fastener. This model in unlined topcoat material—pockets in side pleats—raglan shoulders!



Note the wide variety of fabrics and styles that the new Surcoat comes in. This model made in fine goat-skin. It is full-lined—has four bellows pockets—and shirt cuffs. The TALON slide fastener closes it quickly, easily!



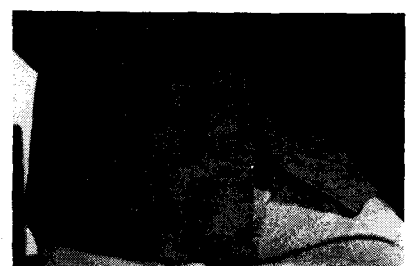
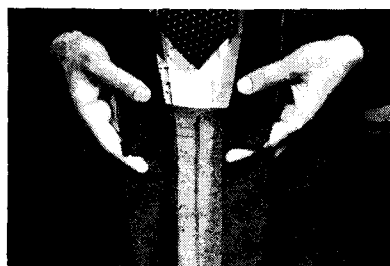
Designed by a man who's known wintry blasts! This wool plaid coat features perfect drape, weather protection, and complete freedom of action . . . owes everything to the Surcoat Construction and the TALON slide fastener!



Now, for the first time, a double-breasted coat that isn't "bulky"! The reason: Surcoat Construction and the TALON slide fastener. This water-repellant gabardine model with plaid wool lining, is lightweight—yet warm!

* **NEW INVENTION...**the Surcoat Construction with the TALON fastener. Makes possible the first slide-fastened medium-length coat that *can't* bind at hips . . . that *always* drapes perfectly. A coat, in addition, that's *easier* to put on and take off. Be sure to see the Surcoat today at men's and department stores.

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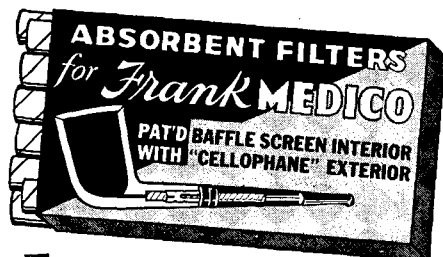
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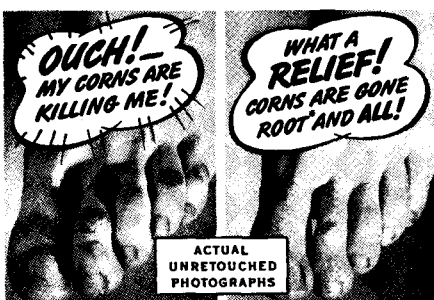


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Remove ROOT* AND ALL with double-action Blue-Jay

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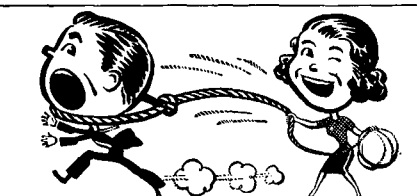
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An Interval in Youth

Continued from page 14

ruby squares in the corner shadows. My mother looked at Father, her white fingers pausing with the needle. She was on the edge of smiling, as though amused by his late knowledge. "I have already left some things with her. She has an eye for design, like a Frenchwoman's. She is well-bred, Tod."

My father said: "It is somewhat odd for a woman of her refinement to be so far from home. I have wondered—"

Mother said: "You needn't wonder." She spoke one more word, but she spoke it without sound, framing it on her lips. The word was: Divorced. And then both of them were looking at me with a sudden sharpness, as though something unseemly and evil were here.

There is something you need to know about New Hope as it was then. It sat on the bank of the muddy Missouri, facing the endless, unfilled prairie westward. Ours was a rich little town built on the freighting trade. Up the river came the cargo-laden steamboats and out into the prairie, day after day, the great high-wheeled wagons rolled. Along St. Vrain Street stood a row of gaunt, unlovely three-story warehouses with their high arched doors and windows; on Custer were the stores and saloons and shops that supplied the surrounding prairie. This land was fresh and still raw; hot by summer and bitter by winter, and all its contrasts were violent. Now and then at night, at the end of St. Vrain Street, a great round sullen plaque of flame marked the campfire of the freighters, like a portent of violence. On Sunday a long silence settled and the bells of the two churches rang a bronze, sonorous summons all across the rooftops, and stiffly and solemnly we went to church.

One evening I rounded the corner of Custer and saw Hugh Sutherland come by the Himmelmyer house and pause and lift his hat to Mrs. Stuart on the porch. I heard him speak and I heard Mrs. Stuart's slow answer, and for a moment these two faced each other and then Hugh Sutherland replaced his hat and came on. When I passed him I saw that he didn't notice me. There was something sharp and half excited on his face.

THESE are memories that come across those years, bright and crowded and so little dimmed by the intervening time. That week the rains filled the pond at the bottom of Gentner's meadow and I made a raft of fence posts and old batens from Gentner's barn and floated it. Elizabeth sat in the center while I poled the raft around the shallow pond. When I put the raft over toward the shore line Elizabeth jumped and sank to her knees in the water. I stepped into the water and pulled her ashore and for a moment I had my arms around her and felt the quick beat of her heart. She was a speechless girl but she looked at me with a shock on her face and tore free and ran through the oaks, toward home.

Ben Jettson called, from the school side of the pond, "Come on back, Tod," but I left the raft and tramped into Bridger Street, and up Bridger to Custer, traveling toward my father's office. Mrs. Hugh Sutherland's buggy and two white horses stood hitched in front of Sutherland's law office. I stopped to scratch the nose of the near mare and was this way when Mrs. Sutherland came out. She was a tall, buxom woman, always heavily dressed. And she was laughing at something, though the tone of her laughter was hard. I turned around to see her look long and care-

fully at Hugh Sutherland, who had come to the door. Her face was red and she laughed again and saw me. She said, "Tod, you are a little man," and reached into her purse.

Hugh Sutherland said in a downward tone, "Nellie," and then Mrs. Sutherland bent toward me and put a half dollar in my hand and stepped into her buggy and ran it recklessly down the street. I didn't look at Hugh Sutherland, feeling strange; and went up to my father's office and waited in the doorway. It had begun to rain again, slow and fine, and twilight moved down from the lead-colored sky. Mrs. Stuart appeared from the Bon Marché, walking toward Bridger Street, and immediately Mr. Sutherland came out, as though he had waited and watched for her, and the two of them were face to face for a moment. I saw Mrs. Stuart step away and lift her head, and I saw Mr. Sutherland's arm go behind his back and remain there. He was a tall, slim man and now that I think of it I recollect that he was a good-looking man. In our town he had always been respected.

MY FATHER came to the street and I saw this scene and stopped and I knew, from his silence, that he was displeased. Presently Mrs. Stuart went down the street, Mr. Sutherland walking beside her. My father said no word all the way home. In the house I told them about the fifty cents. My father's eyes, so very black, showed a rare anger and he said: "Tomorrow I wish you to return the money to her, Tod."

That fall rain fell heavily along the prairie and mud lay deep on our streets and the muddy river rose in yellow turbulence and tore huge chunks out of the banks near town. Geese turned south early, and at night I used to lie awake and hear their high, thin murmuring and was touched by this wildness.

One night, pacing down Bridger Street, I saw Hugh Sutherland standing directly across from the Himmelmyer house; he was a tall shape in the shadows and I went by without turning my head, not wishing him to know I had seen him. There was a rumor around town that he had asked Mrs. Sutherland to divorce him; and a rumor that he had proposed to Mrs. Stuart. Now and then, by day, I used to see him stand in the center of his door, caught in some deep, somber thinking. I recall that he was not more than thirty-five, though in boyhood that seemed old.

Clark Williston, in my grade at school, said, "Elizabeth ain't got a father," and I tore the shirt from his back and fought him until he fell on the ground. Mrs. Williston talked to my mother about it. My mother said nothing to me.

A boy is a harp whose strings are plucked by the fingers of many a wild, strange wind. There was a dread in those short, dark days, a dread of a future that was so slow in coming; and a feeling stronger than any feeling in the world when I walked across Gentner's meadow with Elizabeth.

Even then a sharp social line divided New Hope and on each Friday night those who belonged to the right of that line dressed and drove to the German at the Masonic Hall.

That Friday night I left my father and mother and went to a corner of the hall and sat beside Max Beal and Clark Williston. I saw Elizabeth Stuart standing with one of the Gilstrap girls near by, and then I noticed that Mrs. Stuart had come to the dance with James Pelky, who was a friend of Father's and not married.

My father and mother came by and smiled at me, and I saw them look at each other in a way that was odd and young; it was an expression that shut me out. Mrs. Stuart came by with James Pelky who was earnestly talking to her; and Hugh Sutherland came by with his wife, his eyes turning and following Mrs. Stuart with a continuing insistence. Mrs. Sutherland's face was quite red. Once she lifted her face and caught Mr. Sutherland's straying glance. I heard her laugh, quick and strident. She said something that seemed to hit him hard; his shoulders fell. I heard him say: "Nellie, please."

Elizabeth was in a chair farther down the wall. I got up and went toward her.

I said, "Would you like some punch?" and turned away before she answered. The music had stopped. I worked my way to the punch bowl and waited my turn. Howard Fitz-Lee came up, wiping his forehead. He was a short, huge-shouldered man with red hair and a red beard that fell down against his white shirt bosom like a crimson waterfall. My father came up and Hugh Sutherland came up and Howard Fitz-Lee laughed in a great, deep way and said, "Hughie, next time you go shootin'—"

BUT Hugh Sutherland wasn't listening. He had turned and was looking at Mrs. Stuart across the hall; and on his face was an expression I had seen before—sharp and tight and stirred. He went directly to her and bent over to speak, and when the music started a moment later she rose and wheeled away with him.

I took up my cup of punch, noticing how sober Fitz-Lee and my father were at the moment. Fitz-Lee said to my father in a low voice: "Trouble here, Tod." Walking across the hall, I saw Mrs. Sutherland waltzing with James Pelky. She kept turning in Pelky's arms, she kept turning her hard, discontented cheeks so that she might watch Hugh Sutherland. I reached Elizabeth and handed her the punch, more embarrassed than before. Elizabeth's voice was slow, it was soft: "Thank you very much, Tod." I heard Clark Williston laughing and I walked down the hall to the rear door, knowing that I would fight him before the week was out.

The door led to a wide second-story porch behind the hall. I went through the doorway and stepped out of the yellow lane of light into the dark shadows of the porch's corner. From the porch I saw the lights of the Derby saloon on River Street and beyond that the high smokestack of the brewery; and I was thinking of sliding down the porch post when I heard Hugh Sutherland's voice behind me.

I was trapped in the black corner of the porch. Hugh Sutherland held Mrs. Stuart's arm and drew her gently out of the hall until they were two tall vague shapes silhouetted against the lane of lamplight. After all these years I remember the way his words rode the shadows, so bitterly, so hopelessly, so forlornly.

"Alice," he said, "if there is any hope for me, you'll have to give it!"

Her answer was breathless and afraid: "Take me inside, Hugh."

"How much should I give up? I love you! Is there nothing to do?"

"Take me inside, Hugh!"

And then he said, in a long, dying voice: "There is some happiness possible for us, Alice—if we take it."

Her voice was only a murmur. I scarcely heard the words. "I have not known much happiness, Hugh. But how could we be happy by being cruel to somebody else? I want you to know that—"

Mrs. Hugh Sutherland was in the doorway and her voice was high and arrogant; the sound of it made me cringe, it made me ashamed for her. She said: "Mr. Sutherland, if you are through with Mrs. Stuart take me home!"

It seemed to me that the music got louder, as though to cover this. Mrs. Sutherland went inside and Hugh Sutherland took Mrs. Stuart's arm, and followed. From my position I heard the swell and fall of the music and, later, its ending. I went back into the hall and across it. The Sutherlands were gone and Mrs. Stuart and Elizabeth were gone; and the pleasantness had gone out of the night. My father and mother took me home a little later.

Next morning, which was Saturday, I drifted down Bridger and stopped at Elizabeth's gate and waited until she came out. Mrs. Stuart came to the door

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and said, "Not too long," and Elizabeth and I walked on toward the river. We cut through Fitzpatrick's alley and stopped to watch the huge wheel of the brewery spin around until its spokes were a blur. Beyond the brewery stood the high warehouses, out of which came the strong smells that carry across the years to stir me now—the smells of coffee, of burlap, of molasses, of flour, of whisky. Wagons and horses were parked in a solid tangle along this street and men moved in and out of the dark building runways, sweaty and deep-voiced. And these men were my boyhood gods. Stables adjoined the warehouses and Nipper's blacksmith shop stood here, with Nipper's huge, leather-aproned shape poised before the glow of his forge fire. This was New Hope in my boyhood, raw and strong and busy—with a kind of excitement stirring all of us.

We drifted along, Elizabeth and I, past this quarter of town and past the shanties and sheds and corrals until we stood by the open edge of the river. Westward lay the open prairie, marked here and there by a house and a windmill's trestled shape, and running on and on until there was only a blueness and an emptiness. The yellow river, swollen with a thousand miles of rain, swept resistlessly by. It rustled against the bank at my feet, undercutting the soft soil; I could feel the earth shake at the water's impact. A tree moved downstream, turning around and around. The T. J. Jackson came about Sawyer's bend, throwing black smoke from its stacks as it labored against the heavy current. The expelled blast of its engines made a steady, "Chuuu-chuuu-chuuu," across the quiet.

I took up a dead branch and threw it into the river, and bent at the crumbling edge of the bank to watch it whirl away. There was a pressure pulling me back and I turned and saw that Elizabeth held the tail of my coat. "Tod," she said, "I wish you would be careful."

These are the things I remember. They come out of that far, stirring past as bright as any memory a man will ever have. She wore a heavy coat whose collar tucked in at her chin. She wore a round, flat fur hat on one side of her yellow-blond hair. She was a leggy girl with deepest gray eyes and a composed, grave expression that seldom changed. We were both twelve and yet she was older than I. In the things she said. In the things she thought.

THE river shook the ground beneath me and the westward horizon was an invitation I felt in my bones—and something in me was hard and desperate. I did not know what it was then, but I do now. It was the desperateness of youth, waiting for maturity. For the dreams of youth are greater than is the body of youth—and waiting is the hardest thing when a girl with gray eyes stands by with her lips composed and her small hand touching your coat.

I said: "When I'm sixteen I'm going to drive a freighter."

She said: "You'd be away a long time."

"Well," I said, "I'd come back."

But she kept looking at me, and I remember now that gravity on her lips and the grayness of her eyes. She said: "Maybe you'll change, Tod. Maybe you'll want to work in your father's office. Four years is a long time."

Something in her voice brought a dread to me. For in boyhood there is only uncertainty—and the fear of it. I said: "You'll be here, won't you?"

"Maybe not, Tod. My mother—"

Young as I was, I knew what she knew. The T. J. Jackson's great throaty whistle sounded for the landing, the echo riding all across New Hope. We turned back along the muddy road leading into Custer, not saying anything. I saw Ben Jett-

son over behind the courthouse square, and he waved at me and made a secret signal. I went on with Elizabeth, past my father's office. Somebody ran down from River Street into Doctor Wyatt's office and in a moment Wyatt came out with the man, carrying his small satchel and walking very fast, back up River. When Elizabeth and I turned into Bridger Street we saw Mr. Sutherland at the door of the Himmelmeyer house.

Mr. Sutherland had been hunting. He held a pair of ducks in his hand and he was smiling at Mrs. Stuart who stood in the doorway. Mrs. Stuart wasn't smiling. She put up a hand and touched Mr. Sutherland's chest and she said something to him that took the smile from his face; and then both of them were still and gray. I recall that expression on Mrs. Stuart's face so clearly, even now. And I know now that she had let herself love Hugh Sutherland. But she shook her head at him and the pressure of her arm pushed him gently back. I hated Mr. Sutherland then. Because he was a man standing on Elizabeth's porch.

THE town marshal, Lot Graves, came down Bridger with his long legs traveling fast. His arm moved me aside from the gate, and moved Elizabeth aside. He went up to the porch and said something to Mr. Sutherland and Mr. Sutherland said, "My God," and came back with Lot Graves; the two ducks were still swinging on his arm as he passed around the corner into St. Vrain. Mrs. Stuart's face was pale and something smothered her voice. She said: "Come into the house, Elizabeth."

This was Saturday, middle-morning. My father came home earlier than usual. He said, "Mrs. Sutherland took laudanum but Doctor Wyatt has her out of danger."

My mother caught her breath. She said, "Oh," in a sad and gently diminishing voice.

My father said: "I am going to talk to Hugh Sutherland. I want you to go see Mrs. Stuart now."

My mother said: "She loves him, Tod."

"I am sorry for her," said my father, "and I pity Hugh." They had forgotten me for the moment. But I knew what my father meant. I knew he was thinking of Mrs. Sutherland with her bitter voice, with her intemperate angers. He said: "But it is his life and he can't run from it. It would be worse for all of them."

"Why?" said my mother.

My father looked at her in some surprise. "Because he is an honorable man. Because his conscience wouldn't let him forget. You go see Mrs. Stuart."

My mother looked at me. "Go outside, Tod. I want to talk to your father."

My father said: "Let him stay. It is time he learned some of the hard things."

My mother shook her head. "He will learn soon enough."

I turned out and put my feet on the gate and idly swung it back and forth. In a little while my father went to his office and Mother came out and walked down Bridger, going into the Himmelmeyer house. She stayed through noon, and when she came back I could see that she had been crying.

There were things happening in New Hope. I felt them and did not fully understand, but I was afraid. I ate dinner and walked along St. Vrain Street and stopped by the stage office. My father came from his office and Howard Fitz-Lee came from the store and joined him and both of them stood a while on the walk, very solemn as they talked. Then they went down to Hugh Sutherland's place and went in. Ben Jettson came from Wister's alley and said from the side of his mouth, "You hear about Mrs. Sutherland?" We idled along the street

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and stopped at the bank. Pretty soon my father and Howard Fitz-Lee came out with Mr. Sutherland, and my father put his hand on Mr. Sutherland's shoulder and said something and then Mr. Sutherland came across the street with his head down and his face gray, and I thought then that he was an old man. I hadn't noticed it before. He went on up Bridger but I noticed he didn't turn in at his house. He kept on walking until he was lost in the scatter of buildings at the edge of town. Once he stumbled over a loose plank.

Ben Jettson and I walked out the Omaha road and came down to the tall bluff and hooked our feet over its edge, watching the Missouri roll heavily by. Ben Jettson said something, but I do not remember what it was, for I was thinking of other things. At five o'clock that evening I came along Bridger Street and saw a wagon backed into the walk by Himmelmeyer's house. I knew then what was to happen. I sat on the steps of our porch.

Grayness swept over the prairie and turned the town dark. I watched the Himmelmeyer house until my mother called me in to supper. There was little talk. I sat before my plate and didn't eat, and my father said: "Do you feel sick, Tod?" But I saw my mother shake her head at him, and nothing more was said.

In a little while I went back to the gate and stood there. My mother went down the street to the Himmelmeyer house again.

IN THESE side streets, I remember, darkness lay soft and thick. Down St. Vrain the store lights made long patterns across the mud, and at the corner of Herm von Gayl's old saloon there was a solid brightness. The Omaha stage came up from the stables and stopped in front of the bank; and then I saw my mother come from the Himmelmeyer house with Mrs. Stuart and Elizabeth. I heard Elizabeth speak but I didn't leave my gate; and pretty soon she came up and stopped in front of me. All these memories are bright and real and some of the old hurt comes back, even now. The gate was between us and she was saying: "I am going away, Tod."

I said: "Where are you going? Maybe I can visit you when school's out."

She said: "I don't know."

"Well," I said, "maybe you can write me a letter. I'd answer it."

"All right, Tod," she said.

Mother and Mrs. Stuart had stopped, over on Custer Street. I remember how soft and gentle Mrs. Stuart's voice

was when it called back: "Elizabeth." Elizabeth said, "Here, Tod," and placed something in my hand. I could only see the faint glow of her face in this darkness but I heard her crying. That was all. She turned away and I saw her walk across the street to her mother and go on toward the stage. I remember this best: The way she walked, with her shoulders straight and swinging a little. From my place at the gate I saw Mrs. Stuart kiss my mother and step inside the stage with Elizabeth. The door closed and the driver made a complete turn in the street and drove down Custer. I saw Elizabeth wave; afterward the stage vanished in the yonder dark.

My mother was coming back but I left the gate and went down Bridger. A light came out of Clark Williston's house and I stopped in its beam to see what Elizabeth had given me. It was a small tintype picture of herself. I turned into the Himmelmeyer yard and sat on the steps.

I heard my mother call my name but I didn't answer it. There was the sound of wild geese overhead and away out at the end of Bridger Street the teamsters had lighted a fire that burned its red glow against the black. Somebody came out of the alley by the brewery and walked forward and I made out Hugh Sutherland's shape. He stopped by the gate of the Himmelmeyer house and I heard him breathe once, deeply. I was in the thick shadows of the porch and I don't think he saw me, and I sat very still and hated him. Afterward he walked on up Bridger, very slowly and with his shoulders down.

There was a little spatter of rain on the walk. Down at the landing, stevedores were unloading the T. J. Jackson, with tar flares burning. I sat on the porch of the Himmelmeyer house, feeling its emptiness as I have felt no emptiness since, and was this way when my father came down the walk and turned in. He came to the steps and was silent for quite a while and this is one of my strongest memories of my father now—this silence that understood. Presently he said, "All right, Tod," and we walked home. I recall that his hand, holding mine, was heavy and warm. It was a strong support to me as we walked through the night's black shadows.

These were my people and the memory of them now is warm and sustaining. Their voices follow me, kind and steady; and their faces, so grave from what they knew, are watching me through the dimness of time. What I remember best is their fidelity to the truth, as they saw the truth.



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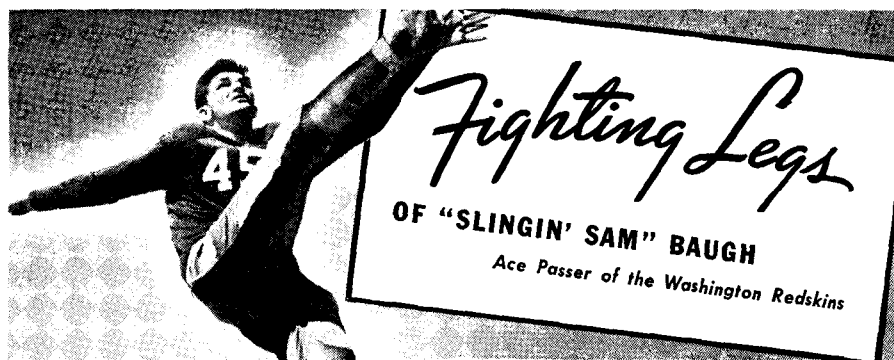
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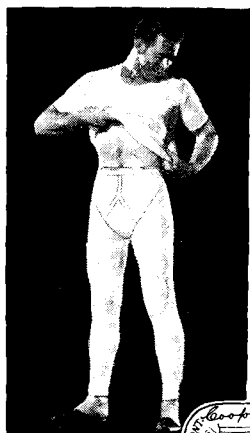
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FOR CHILDREN: Jockey,
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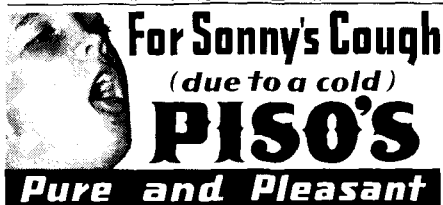
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(due to a cold)

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Happily Never After

Continued from page 16

danced a reel or sang around the piano. Hank and Sal went to the movies. And dwelt, vicariously, in marble halls. They listened, over the radio, to success stories. They read, in the magazines and newspapers, all about the Lucky Few. The men with yachts. The women with bracelets. The career girls and boys . . . the ones already there. *There! Where?* "Damned if I know," Hank said. "Here we are: young and intelligent and as good-looking as most of 'em . . . And there they are! How do they do it?"

"Some day . . ." Sal began.

"Yeah. Some day! Cold comfort, if you ask me!"

All their crowd felt the same way. They wanted to be somebody. Anybody. Only fast.

And it happened just like that.

One day, they were Sal and Hank, typist and draftsman, with fifty a week between them. The next, they were Sarah and Henry, sweepstakes winners, worth a hundred and fifty thousand.

THEY didn't have to give Peabody his third. There were no signatures on anything. But Peabody came around, and held out his hand and they gave him fifty thousand. Which left quite a slice, even when the income tax was paid.

At first, neither of them took it big. The night of the winning they went to Madame Bianchi's table d'hôte as usual and treated the crowd to spaghetti special and red wine. And the next morning, Sal went to work. So did Hank. It didn't occur to them not to.

Then, slowly, it began to filter into their consciousness that they were different.

"You're quitting, of course?" Peabody said to Sal.

"Why, no . . . I hadn't intended to," Sal said.

"No? Well, how about the girls who need work?"

"You mean . . ."

"I mean it's your duty to step out."

Trembling, with resentful tears in her eyes, Sal gathered up her things.

"Peabody's right," Harriet Meredith said. "Too many girls are going hungry. I should think you'd be ashamed to sit on a measly twenty a week when you've got thousands in the bank."

Sal dried her eyes and sniffed into the handkerchief.

"You'll all come and see me, won't you?"

"Sure we will!"

Hank walked out of the offices of Warren, Greenley, Smith and Chappell without waiting to be fired. He was through, he declared. Fed up. No more slaving for a pittance. No more throwing of pearls before swine. He was free, now. He'd open his own office. *Show 'em!*

He laughed at Sal because she missed her job.

"You're like the hen with its head off," he said. "You don't know you're dead! And in heaven . . . wake up . . . this is heaven, see?"

They were married in church. Afterward, reading a prepared script into a microphone, they told the world how happy they were. They were getting used to curious crowds, to the flare of flash bulbs, the insistent questioning of reporters. They were news. Young and beautiful and lucky. . . .

"Where you going on your honeymoon?"

"Bermuda . . . I've always wanted . . ."

"Then what?"

They looked at each other, vaguely troubled. Vaguely frightened. *Then what?* They didn't know.

All during the honeymoon, the question recurred, an ominous note in the ecstatic symphony of love. And they were in love! Deeply, tremulously, wonderingly. . . .

"Just think, if we'd had to wait!"

Unthinkable. Now they knew what life was all about. The first shy kisses that became, so quickly, so amazingly, expert and shattering. The dark intimacy. The sense of being not alone. They had it all. Life, suddenly, was fun. It was sunlight and laughter and sweet idleness.

"We'll play a couple of years," Hank said. "Take the world apart, and see what makes it tick. Then I'll open an office . . ."

Back in New York, they took a suite on the sixtieth ledge of a skyscraper hotel on Park and telephoned their friends:

"We're home! Come on up for a drink. Crazy to see you."

Their friends: Geraldine Wilkens. Harriet. Little Susan Chase, who worked at Saks. And Bill's pals: Les Grew. Ted Smith. Pete. Talented, all three of them. Hard-working. Pete, a disciple of Wright's, and Ted, a Beaux Arts man.

They came. But somehow the evening didn't click. The girls were interested in Sal's clothes and stayed in the bedroom, raving over the cashmere sweaters and woody, peaty tweeds from Bermuda.

But they were a little forced in their gaiety. Their own clothes seemed suddenly cheap and commonplace. They wanted to get away, although they didn't quite know why, back to their cheap little rooms.

Hank was having trouble, too. He exhausted the gossip of the office and tried to lead the way into one of the old arguments. Usually, a word against Wright was enough to start Pete off on a brilliant, inexhaustible tirade. But tonight the fuse sputtered and went out before it reached the high explosive. Drinks didn't help. Nothing helped. Hank was left with a monologue on his hands. He heard himself outlining, in detail, his plans for a career.

"Of course, I'd want you fellows in on it."

He couldn't be sure. But he thought that they exchanged glances. Mentally, of course . . . There was an embarrassed silence, during which Ted stared into his half-empty glass, his brow puckered, his eyes troubled.

"You mustn't count me in, Hank," he said at last. "I'm not ready. I need five years with the firm before I'll dare to stand alone. I don't blame you for pinning on your wings and taking off . . . Only don't go too near the sun!"

"JEALOUS," Hank said, when Sal told him what had happened:

"I said I'd stop by at the office tomorrow. And they said: 'Don't. We're happier not knowing how the other half lives.'"

The other half!

There were certain privileges and certain drawbacks. They hadn't been in New York a week before an army of bond salesmen, insurance brokers, investment counselors, real-estate agents and other financial experts advanced, licking their lips. All day long the telephone rang.

Hank lost ten pounds. He began to scream, "No!" in his troubled, tossing sleep. He was, he complained, an architect, not a businessman. He didn't intend to put his money in *anything*, except banks. Four banks. Half in cash. Half in savings.

"So I can get it out. Pronto. Who knows, I may blow it *all* in . . ."

"But, Hank . . . we've got to think of the future . . ."

"At our age?"

Hank kissed her.

"Listen, peaches. We're going to shoot the works. Hollywood. Hawaii. On around to Paris and London. Look. Time enough to go on a budget *next* year. Here's the world, the good old gaudy world! We've never seen it. Well, we're going to, now!"

And they did. Saw it from the decks of swanlike cruising liners, from the dizzy windows of transcontinental planes, from the rocking backs of camels, from the observation platforms of speeding de luxe trains. Eight months of it.

Then, one cold, gray morning, they woke to a Moulin Rouge hang-over in Paris.

Sal went to the window and stared down into the streaming streets.

"We don't belong here," she said. "It's swell, of course . . . But it's not ours. Oh, Hank . . . I'm homesick!"

THEY crossed on the Queen Mary . . . too fast to meet anyone except the bartenders and a few stewards.

Then the homing instinct got the best of Sal, and they moved into a flat in the East Sixties.

Small but swank. A maroon and gold doorman. Pushbutton, mirror-lined, plush-upholstered lift. Velvet rugs . . . deep. A pink and copper kitchenette with restaurant and bar service. . . "Just ring for anything you want."

Hank didn't open his office at once. He argued that if he were to build great houses he must build them for important somebodies.

Sal read her town and country magazines from cover to cover. But she was a little vague as to how, in New York, you meet people.

"Circulate," Hank explained. "Be seen places. With our looks and our money, it's a cinch."

They started in on the second twenty thousand. Blithely. And began the grand tour of the night spots. Café society. Sal wore crazy flowers in her hair and her eyes were always too bright.

And Hank no longer drew plans on the backs of menus.

They were never at home. Never, that is, after four in the afternoon or before three in the morning.

Sal spent her few daylight hours being manicured and "set" and fitted. All the crack saleswomen in town spotted her and, via grapevine, she was known to the jewelers and furriers. Heads pivoted whenever she passed. She had a certain swish about her. A very modern, desirable insanity. Pompadour. Lace gloves. Cork soles. Strapless bodices. A blank look in her shadowed eyes. And a thirst.

Which was Hank's fault.

Hank started out in good faith to stalk clients. He meant only to postpone accomplishment. A year.

But now that he could afford to play, work changed its face. It was so pleasant to loaf all day, his lean shanks wrapped tight in shot-silk dressing gowns, his bare feet thrust into Moroccan leather slippers. He recalled his labors with a hint of nausea. And tried not to think of his bank balance, dwindling day by day.

In the meantime, the sacrifices of his student years seemed remote and unreal. The hardships he had suffered belonged to the dim, unimaginable past. These things could never again happen to *him*. There was protection in the prompt, skillful ministrations of the housemaid, the immediate response whenever he telephoned an order for food or drinks. It became increasingly necessary to drink. The gay gesture turned into a muscular bad habit . . . the glass-to-the-lips habit.

The trouble was, Sal did it, too. It began gradually with cocktails at four, a little wine at dinner and just a few during the evening. The speeding up was hardly noticeable. But there came a time when they had to have just a spot before breakfast.

They bit into the third twenty thousand on their wedding anniversary.

"A year ago today," Hank said, "you finally capitulated. Wherefore . . ."

He drew her to the window. Twelve stories below, at the curb, a small red speck of a roadster glittered in the sun.



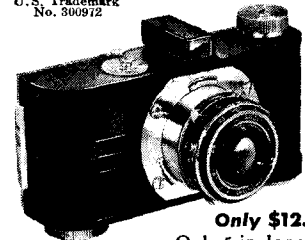
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CARL ROSE

"See that? It's ours!"

"But, Hank . . . !"

Hank snapped his fingers.

"Listen. When a famous architect drives up to a client's door, does he do it in a taxi? Certainly not. Get your bonnet."

They drove up into Connecticut. April. New leaves. Tender grass. Little puffy white clouds. They felt very healthy and clear-eyed and normal. The wind in their city faces. And all their young dreams excitingly unfamiliar, as if taken, fresh, out of tissue-paper wrappings.

"We're still sound in wind and limb," Hank said.

"Yes," Sal agreed.

"No harm done."

"No."

"And some mighty important lessons learned."

"Yes."

Hank glanced sideways, quickly, sharply, at her profile.

"Turn over a new leaf. And seal it with a drink! How about it? Our last." "Our very last."

They found a roadhouse, with awnings and hydrangeas in white pots, and a sign over the door that said:

"Ye Olde Tom Collins."

They felt very noble and very dry. While they waited for the ritual of bottles and bitters, Sal thought: "This is an important moment. I'm taking the pledge. Never again. Never, never again!"

Their fingers closed around the glasses and they lifted the clinking, frozen circles to the level of their questing, their frightened, their unbelieving eyes.

"I guess," Hank said bitterly, "we're no good. Here goes. Down the chute!"

He drained the drink and lifted four fingers at the barman.

"And make it quick," he said.

Then it was only an easy step to the why-not alibi. Six months. A pin point on the map of time. Long enough for Sal and Hank to slip, almost imperceptibly, into bad company.

Hank began to peel his eyes at brassy, blue-lidded blondes. And Sal didn't care much with whom she danced, or what her partners whispered.

They began to forget to send money home.

The third twenty thousand, savings and cash, vanished before mid-August.

And one morning Sal woke and couldn't remember where she had been the night before.

Hank lay beside her. The Venetian blinds were drawn. But the hot red sun of a summer afternoon blazed through the chinks. Outside, the world was going about its business. Only the wastrels, the lazy, the defeated and the sick were in bed.

Holding her aching head between her hands, Sal stared down at Hank, he who had been so sharp and brown and eager. His mouth was open. He had a black eye. . . .

SHE got out of bed. A throbbing pain beat with insistent hammers behind her eyes. She went to the dressing table and sat facing the triple mirrors and stared for a long time at herself.

Her new self: beyond even the help of make-up. Not even pretty.

She began to cry, and Hank, rolling over, hoisted himself on an elbow and regarded her dimly out of his good eye.

"What's the matter?"

"Us."

"What's the matter with us?"

She shook her head, rocking from side to side.

"We're all right," Hank said. "All we need's a pickup."

He reached for the telephone.

"Not for me," Sal said.

"What do you mean . . . not for you?"

She turned on him, passionately.

"Don't you see? What we were, two years ago, and what we are . . ."

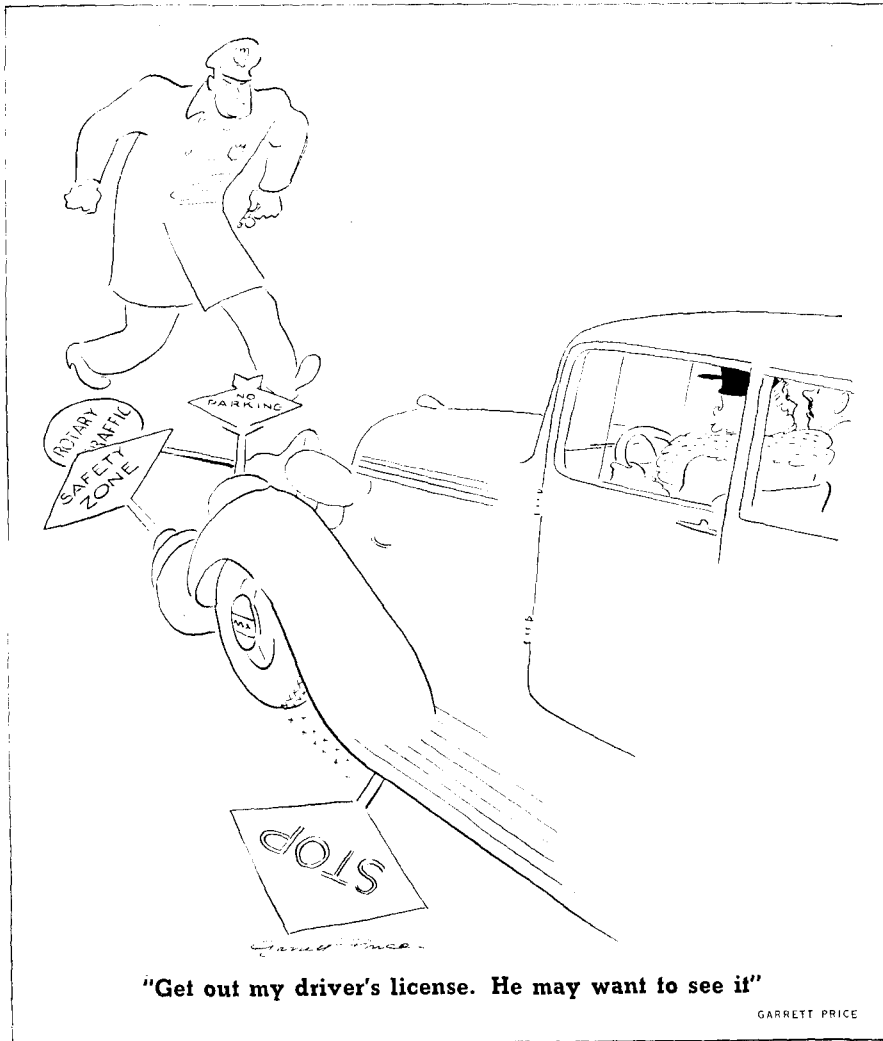
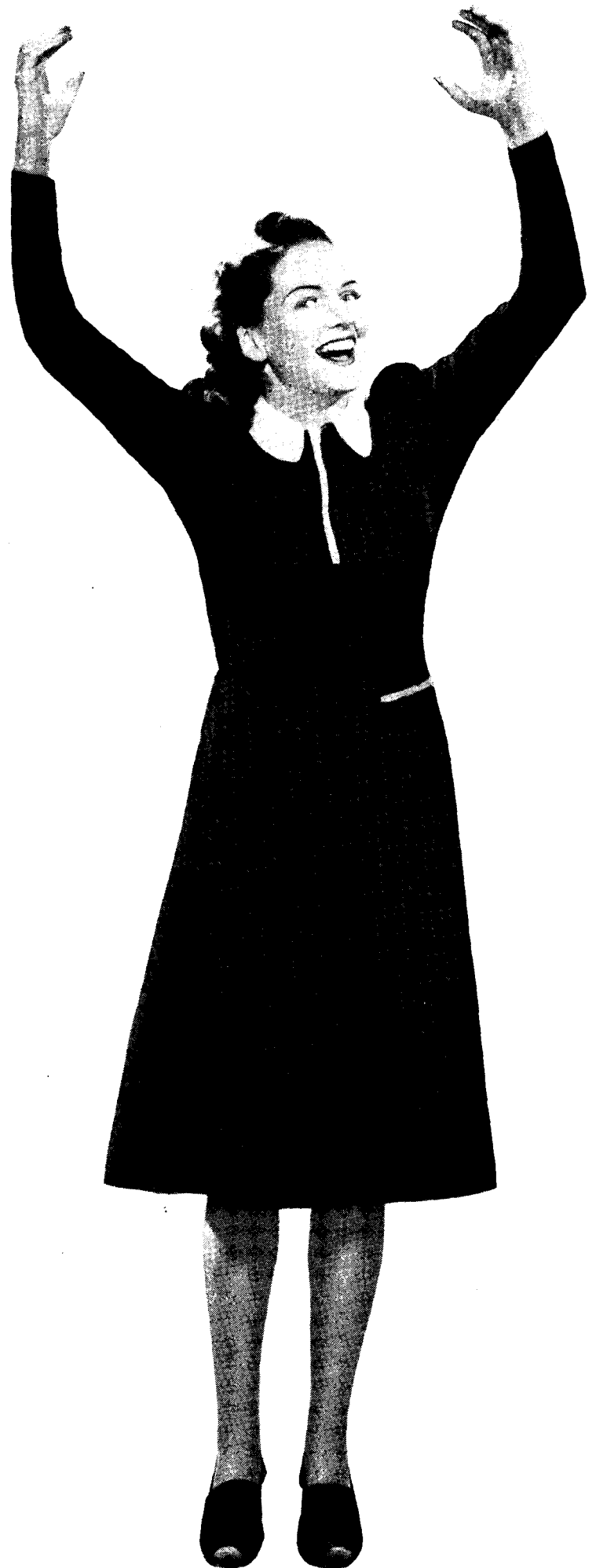
"Don't be righteous," Hank said. "Not so early in the morning."

"It's four o'clock in the afternoon."

"You don't say!"

Hank gave the order.

IT'S HERE



"Get out my driver's license. He may want to see it"

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"A drink," he said to Sal, "and you'll be yourself again."

He sat on the edge of the bed. Fought the demon nausea. Then went to the window, tore at the blinds and put his forehead against the blessedly cool glass.

"You're right," he said after a moment. "We're pretty awful."

He came back, sat beside her on the dressing-table bench, and forced himself to meet his reflection.

"The Easy Come Easy Go Millers," he said. "The Here Boy Millers . . ."

He laughed, the short, sharp laugh of disillusionment, abysmal, stark, complete.

"We're not even splendid sinners. We're silly little drunks."

"Look," Sal said.

She held out her hand. Tried to hold it steady. Couldn't.

Suddenly she turned and caught his arms.

"Oh, Hank. Let's give the money away! All of it! Every cent. Before it's too late!"

"You're crazy."

"No, I'm not. Don't you see . . . if we were broke, we'd work? We'd have to work!"

"You've got something there."

"Suppose we didn't have the price of a drink . . ."

She put her cheek against his. Held him close.

"Listen, Hank. We didn't earn all that money. Oh, try to understand! We're on top too soon . . ."

Hank drew away. Stood, swaying, the tips of his fingers pressed into his aching eyelids.

"On top," he repeated. "I wonder."

Suddenly he turned on her, shouting:

"Okay! Suppose we give it away. Throw it away. Gamble it . . ."

He broke off. Whistled.

"There's an idea! We'll go to Joe's place, tonight. Every night until we're broke. I'm game, if you are! But what do we do, then?"

"Work."

The word rang like a bell. They could hardly endure it. Such a loud, challenging, unequivocal word!

"Well," Hank said at last, "I guess we could, if we had to . . ."

When the drinks came, he put them on the dressing table. Within reach.

Their desire said: "Perhaps we'd better. We're pretty well shot. Just this once."

And their will said: "Don't. Don't, you saps!"

Sal wanted the drink. Wanted it with a consuming desire. She had to clench her fists, to keep from grabbing, draining the fiery stuff to the last drop.

She turned her back. She wouldn't watch. Witness Hank's struggle. His defeat. Instead, she took a bath. Whistling. Splashing. Pretending everything was swell. . . . Brushed her hair, hard. Slapped her cheeks. Wrapped herself in blue toweling and came out.

Hank was still sitting at the dressing table . . . the drink, fizzless, warm, untouched, before him.

THAT night, at Joe's, they were sober, pale, deliberate. Everybody knew Joe's wheel was crooked. And Hank had ten thousand in his wallet.

"Three nights," he explained, "and we'll be cleaned. You're sure you're game?"

"Sure."

"Then let's go."

Watching him play, Sal thought how much she loved him. And pitied him. Because, after all, he was only a kid with a new toy. Making believe. A kid cheated out of his chance. Unless . . . Wildly, she hoped he would lose, tonight. And tomorrow and tomorrow night.

But he didn't. The crowd clotted

about him. Beneath the white floodlights, Joe's spatulate fingers were pallid against the vivid green of the table. Pushing chips across to Hank. More and more. He couldn't lose. Ten thousand—twelve . . .

"He's winning."

"And how!"

"Fool's luck. The guy's rich as Croesus."

"Ain't it so? The richer they are . . ."

"Rich," Sal thought. The word was bitter. As the word "work" was sweet. She tried to hold on to it. To remember what it was she had seen so clearly this morning . . . that if she took another drink . . . if Hank did . . . it would be forever too late . . .

Someone touched Sal's arm.

"Aren't you the sweepstakes kids? The ones who had the lucky break two years ago?"

Yes. And what had they done with it? Where were they going now?

"To the bar," Hank said, when the game closed. He didn't meet Sal's eyes. "You see, you were wrong, sweetheart. Who wants to work, anyway? You're married to a winning fool! We'll drink to it. And tomorrow I'll buy you a whole armful of bracelets."

The crowd followed them. Staring.

"What's the use?" Sal thought.

HANK cleared a place for her and she hooked her stilted satin heel over the chromium rail. Rested her elbow on the glass. Smiled her painted smile. Old. And said:

"Okay. You win."

The way you throw a bouquet of fresh flowers into a fire.

The way you smash a dream into splintered bits, with a mallet.

The way you toss hope at the moon.

The way you abandon love. And take the path down into the dark forest. Never to return.

The barman spun the glasses across the reflecting surface.

"Here's to us," Hank said.

Sal lifted the glass. The liquid splashed on her wrist. Laughing, she tried to get the drink to her bright, unhappy mouth. And it spilled down her chin into her bosom across the white of her dress . . . staining . . .

"Don't!" Hank cried.

With a quick blow, he knocked the glass out of her hand. It shattered, drenching her.

They stared at each other, breathing fast and shallow, like runners.

"I love you too much," Hank said. He took her arms and drew her up beside him. "Come. Come home now."

Outside, in the car, she huddled in her wrap, crying.

Hank drove across town to Sixth. And down. And across. Into the slums. Dawn was at the gates. But the city slept. The poor slept. Behind blind, blank windows.

"Listen," Hank said. "You'll find twenty thousand dollars in hundred-dollar bills in my pockets. Throw them out. One by one. Ten a block for twenty blocks . . . Manna from the mad, mad Millers. Maybe a new start for someone tomorrow. Or maybe just a gesture . . . waste . . . I wouldn't know. All I'm sure of is the future. Your steady hands and my steady head . . . Set?"

Sal sat up, her hands full of money.

She tossed. There were tears on her cheeks but her lips curved into the old smile . . . the brave smile. Young.

"Tomorrow," Hank said, "we'll put what's left in trust, where we can't touch it. Not for ten years! We'll sell the car and the sparklers and all our clothes and send the cash home. We'll quit the flat. We'll keep out enough to buy a gardenia and bus fare. Maybe one meal. And we'll go after our old jobs. Is that all right with you?"

"It's swell with me!" said Sal.

Runnin' Scared

Continued from page 22

Cannon's dictatorship, was considered quite a progressive. And just before the convention he was pictured as a compromise candidate, a middle-of-the-roader who could restore harmony in the faction-torn Democratic party. But when his chance at the presidency rolled around, Bryan succeeded in stigmatizing him as the political implement of the Belmont-Ryan-Morgan bugaboo boys.

When Bennett was elected to the Senate as a militant wet in a supposedly dry state, he also was considered a liberal, a modernized remnant of the old Rebel Democracy that controlled Missouri for some forty years.

An Expert at Straddling

He is now being tentatively posed as a compromise, conservative enough to soothe most of the ruffled right-wingers, liberal enough to captivate most of the boys on the left. His ability to straddle factions has been well demonstrated in Missouri, where Tom Pendergast's old-line machine tried to mow him down in 1932. Bennett and Pendergast were active and acrimonious enemies. Then in 1934, Bennett tried to get his old school and Army friend, Tuck Milligan, into the Senate, and Tom again interfered, pushing his man Harry Truman into the job. Then Tuck's brother, Maurice, became the district attorney who prosecuted the election fraud cases against the Pendergast machine.

Reconciliation would seem impossible, but in this summer's primary the whole Missouri democracy was united behind Bennett. The New Deal might have jarred Bennett a little by including him in its purge. But as brave as the purgers have been, Bennett has been too much of a political Goliath for the zealous Davids to tackle.

But Clark can hardly continue on a national scale as a compromise. He is the darling of the Senate Democrats

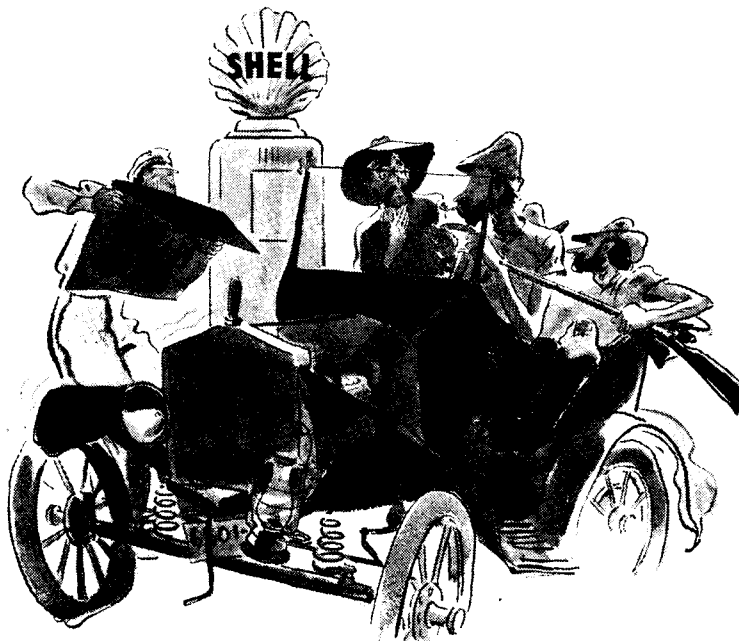
most often on the other side of the fence from such reputed liberals as Wagner. Jack Garner heads up the conservative forces, and Jack Garner thinks Bennett is a very smart lad.

During the past three or four years Garner has been slaving from early morning until his nine-o'clock bedtime building up a political fraternity for the 1940 convention. So powerful has his brotherhood become that it expects to influence the convention mightily.

Bennett's qualifications appeal to the Garner boys. The fact that he was instrumental in bringing NRA up to the Supreme Court guillotine, that his parliamentary maneuver resulted in the House voting down the reorganization bill, that he has fought a good many more Roosevelt measures than he has supported, is considered just the proper background for a Garner man. Add to this his long foraging in politics—he has attended every Democratic national convention since he was ten years old—his illustrious family name, his friendship with the Legion, and his hold on the "Show Me" state that has voted Republican five times and Democratic five times in the last ten presidential elections—and you have what seems a well-nigh irresistible political charm.

Bennett has lived for the opportunity to avenge 1912 and vindicate his father. He is on his way at last. Since his walk-over victory in the primaries, he is being pointed out more and more often as the man for 1940. There will be no Bryan then, and there will be no Belmont-Ryan-Morgan catch phrase. But history has a habit of repeating itself, and there will be a Roosevelt, who will claim by right of previous possession the "liberal" leadership of the party.

Bennett isn't bothered by it all. He insists he is most concerned with being re-elected this fall. "It may be a sure thing," he says, "but Dad always told me to run scared."



**"Great day, Zeke," he says,
"he's aputtin' ile in her!"**

I've read about these mountaineers—but I never saw any till the other day. Four of 'em pulled into my place in the worst old jalopy you ever saw.

They wanted a gallon of gas an' I gave it to 'em. Then I went into my talk about Golden Shell Oil.

All four of 'em just sat there an' looked at me kind of suspicious while I talked. Didn't move a muscle—except when they shifted their chaw.

I explained how Golden Shell Oil was made for stop an' go—how it went to work instantly and prevented engine parts from rubbin' together dry. I told 'em it only cost 25¢ a quart an' was the best oil buy on the market. Then I asked 'em if they'd like to try some.

I thought I saw one of 'em nod so I went around and lifted the hood. Darned if the whole thing didn't come off!

While I'm putting the oil in, one of 'em climbs out an' stands there starin'.

All of a sudden he pipes up. "Great day in the mornin', Zeke," he drawls, "now I remember what Gran'pappy told us. That there hole in the engine is for ile!"

From some of the motors I hear clankin' by this place, ol' Daniel Boone ain't the only one that's forgot what oil is for. Holy Smokes! How many bets for Golden Shell have I been missin'?

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer



"I'll bet you thought I lost them at Monte Carlo"

REARER KELLER

The Purge that Didn't

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERT, Editor
THOMAS H. BUCK, Editorial Director
CHARLES COLMAUGH, Managing Editor

ONE word from President Roosevelt that he didn't want So-and-so in Senate or House, and the voters nominated So-and-so for Senate or House.

That, as briefly as we can tell it, has been the story of primary after primary in the series leading up to the grand nation-wide explosion of ballots on Tuesday, November 8th.

The story—same plot each time, with only the characters changed—was acted out in numerous states: Iowa, Virginia, Texas, South Carolina, Idaho, California, Maryland, Georgia.

Candidates endorsed by Mr. Roosevelt as dauntless liberals went down to defeat—glorious defeat, maybe, but defeat nevertheless. Candidates supporting the Roosevelt curse of "Tory" or "yes-but liberal" won—inglorious victories, maybe, but nevertheless most of these men will be back in Washington to go on bedeviling the New Deal when the new Congress convenes.

All this happened in spite of the pouring of federal money into the "purge" states, and the promises of more if the voters should do the

right thing by the New Deal candidates. It happened, too, in spite of the fact, which few people seriously dispute, that the President of the United States has as good a right as anybody else to say how he would like to see any given primary or election turn out.

The "purge" simply failed. No excuses or explanations can rub out that fact.

What was the trouble? That is an important question, especially if you think, as many people do, that the bulk of the major New Deal innovations must remain and be perfected as parts of our social and economic setup if our capitalistic-democratic system is to survive.

In trying to find the answer to that question, we think one can discount pretty heavily that talk about how Roosevelt wants to be a dictator, and how the American people are fearlessly and properly rebuking this outrageous ambition. We don't believe Mr. Roosevelt has much more than the normal yen for all the power one can grab. And we don't think the American people suspect him of dictatorial ambitions.

If they did so suspect him, they would hate him. By this time, demands for his impeachment would probably be coming from all sides. Instead, most indexes of public opinion and most political scouts (our own Walter Davenport among them) report that the great majority of Americans feel the same personal affection for Mr. Roosevelt that they showed when they gave him his forty-six-state sweep in 1936.

This fact, we should think, is the egg from which we can hatch the right answer to the question why the "purge" was a flop. Here is how we work it out:

You can take many things from a friend of yours—thoughtlessness, disagreements on politics or religion or what is good to eat or which make of car is best, the fact that he doesn't like all of your other friends, and so on. We like many of our friends, indeed, because of their quirks and funny little human feelings.

But the rift in the lute arrives when and if your friend presumes to advise you how to run your home, your family, your life, without any request from you for such advice. His volunteered advice may be of the very best, and, in a free-speech country at any rate, your friend has every legal right to volunteer it. You might be wise to follow his advice and be thankful.

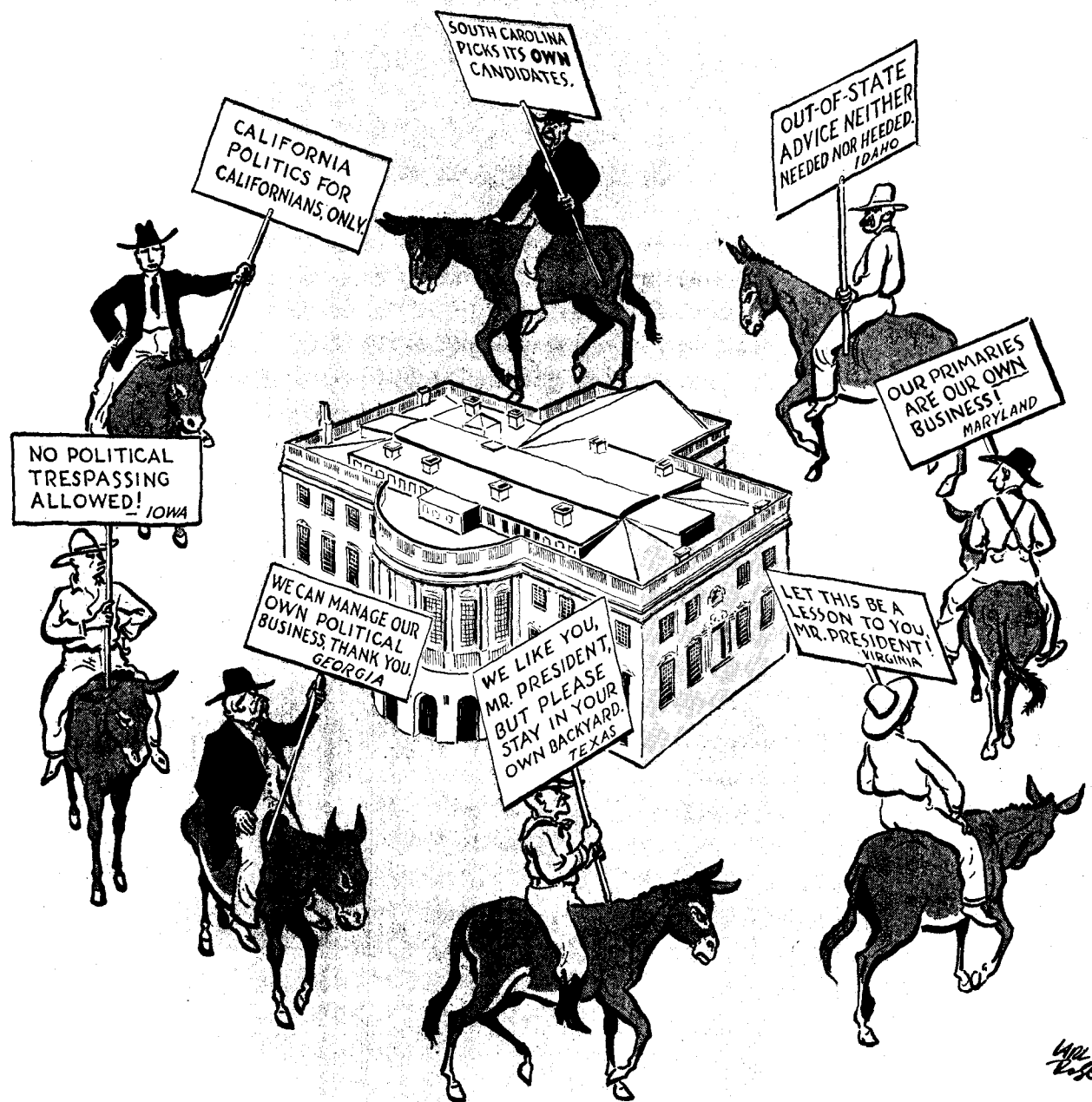
But if you are a normal person, you don't react that way. You resent the intrusion bitterly. The friendship is in grave danger of ending right there. If it survives, it will most likely be because your friend has sense enough to recognize his tactlessness in time and to do his best to smooth down your ruffled feathers.

We think the Roosevelt "purge" foundered on this simple fact of human nature—a fact of which General Jim Farley was reported to have warned the President in advance, but which the President's more intellectual advisers of the Corcoran-Cohen school seem to have discounted much too brashly.

We believe that the voter majorities in the numerous states where the purge went "poof" were simply telling Mr. Roosevelt: "We still like you, Mr. President, but we can manage our own local political business without advice from you, thank you kindly, and that is just what we intend to go on doing, if you don't mind, or even if you do."

If our theory is correct, then the Roosevelt "purge" was the greatest single mistake the Roosevelt administration has made up to now. It must have got under the skins of many more people than such more or less impersonal fights as the Supreme Court or reorganization fight. And it will go on festering under a lot of skins, we should think, for quite some time to come.

It remains to be seen whether the President will recognize this mistake in time, or whether, like Woodrow Wilson in the League of Nations fight after the war, he will go on bucking deep-seated popular prejudices until much or all of the really valuable work he has done is ruined.



Win an
Amateur Hour?



ANNOUNCER: "That was smo-o-oth playing, Luke. Now suppose you tell us how you're going to celebrate this big event!"

LUKE: " 'Tain't but one possible answer to that! I'm goin' to Double My Enjoyment with the smoothest bourbon I know—Ten High!"

Want to double your enjoyment of any high-spot occasion? Then buy TEN HIGH at your favorite liquor store or bar today. Countless thousands of smart buyers know that TEN HIGH has no rough edges to mar your complete enjoyment of its doubly smooth, doubly rich bourbon taste. Nothing is left to chance in the world's largest, modern distillery. Doubly careful control assures you that TEN HIGH always pleases your discriminating palate.

Double your enjoyment
with

TEN HIGH STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY

Hiram Walker's

THE HIGH SPOTS OF LIFE



90 PROOF Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois; Distilleries at Peoria; Walkerville, Ontario; Glasgow, Scotland

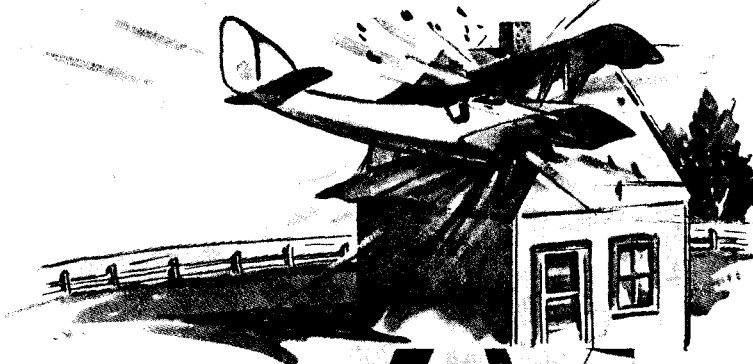
IT'S A THRILLING LIFE!

Folks who risk their lives as a matter of course are careful in their choice of a cigarette. They say:

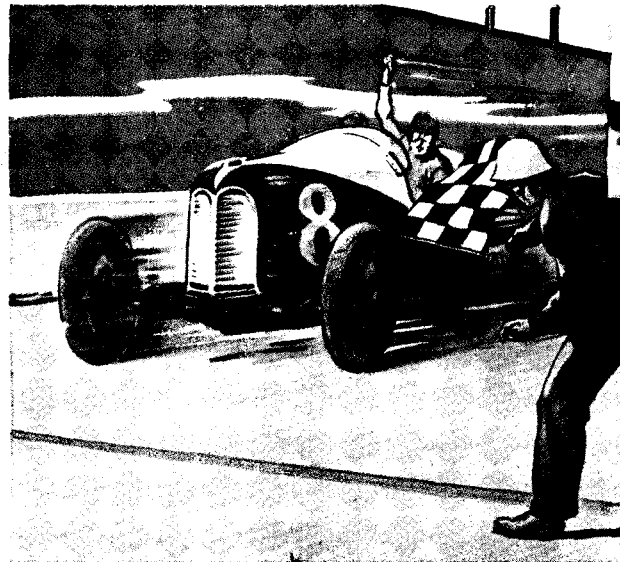
"CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES"



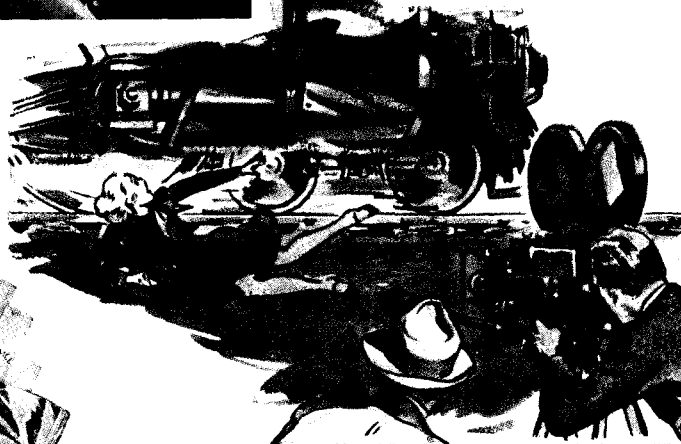
MAN THROWS LION! Mel Koontz, noted lion and tiger tamer, schools "big cats" for Hollywood films. Sketch (left) shows Mel meeting the lunge of a savage 450-pound beast. That's where nerve-power tells — as Mel *knows*! He says this: "Camels don't jangle my nerves — my mind is at rest as to that! Camels are *milder*. They have the real natural mildness that's *grown* right in the tobacco. We animal tamers stick pretty well to Camels!"



(Right) **CRASHING A PLANE** through a house is the spectacular specialty of Stunt Pilot Frank Frakes. And, at this writing, he's done it 53 times — on movie locations, at exhibitions. Time after time, with his life actually in his hands, it's easy to understand why Pilot Frakes says: "I take every precaution to keep my nerves steady as a rock. Naturally, I'm particular about the cigarette I smoke. And you can bet my choice is Camel. I can smoke as many as I want and feel fresh — never a bit jittery or upset."



(Above) **THREE TIMES** Lou Meyer won the Indianapolis auto-racing classic — only driver in history to achieve this amazing triple-test of nerve control. He says: "My nerves must be every bit as sound as the motor in my racer. That's why I go for Camels. They never get on my nerves a bit. Camels take first place with me for *mildness*!"



(Left) **THRILLING STUNTS** for the movies! Ione Reed *needs* healthy nerves! Naturally, Miss Reed chooses her cigarette with care. "My nerves," she says, "must be right — and no mistake! So I stick to Camels. Even smoking Camels steadily doesn't bother my nerves. In fact, Camels give me a grand sense of comfort. And they taste so good! Stunt men and women I know favor Camels."

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic

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R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE **COSTLIER TOBACCOS** IN CAMELS
THEY ARE THE **LARGEST-SELLING** CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Meet these men who live with tobacco from planting to marketing — and note the cigarette they smoke



"Most tobacco planters I know prefer Camels," says grower Tony Strickland, "because Camel buys the fine grades of tobacco — my own and those of other growers. And Camel bids high to get these finer lots. It's Camels for me!"



Planter David E. Wells knows every phase of tobacco culture... the "inside" story of tobacco quality. "At sale after sale," he says, "Camel buys up my finest grades at top prices. It's only natural for most planters like me to smoke Camels."



"I ought to know finer tobaccos make finer cigarettes," says grower John T. Caraway. "I've been smoking Camels for 23 years. Camel buyers pay more to get my finest tobacco — many's the year. Camels are the big favorite with planters down here."